

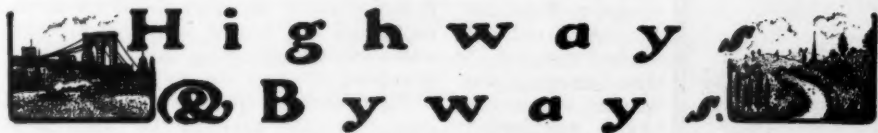
# THE CHAUTAUQUAN,

A Monthly Magazine for Self-Education.

VOL. XXXIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

No. 6.



THE great steel strike is one of the most remarkable contests between organized capital and organized labor known to industrial history. The issues involved, unfortunately, have not been presented or treated with the intelligence and fairness required by so grave a situation in a basic industry. It has been charged that the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers sought to compel all the non-union men in the employ of the United States Steel Corporation to join the union, and even asked the corporation to become *its agent* in that tyrannical undertaking. Many of the mills in the combination are "non-union," and it has been asserted that the Amalgamated Association insisted on an agreement with the combination *forcing* all those men into the union. Most of the criticism and condemnation to which the leaders of the strike have been subjected has been grounded on these versions of the controversy.

But, in truth, the Amalgamated Association never presented any such sweeping demand. There was no attempt to force a single workman into the union. What the officers of the Amalgamated Association demanded of the combination in the first series of conferences (those which preceded the strike) was that the "scale"—that is, the wage contract for the year—be signed for all the mills controlled by it; that the differences as to wages between the union and non-union mills be done away with, and that the non-unionists be *permitted* to join the union, many of them, it is understood, being under a signed pledge to remain unorganized.

This the representatives of the corporation refused to concede. They offered to sign the scale for all the union mills and a few "doubtful" ones in which the union had gained some foothold. Whether the strike was expedient or not, opportune and wise, or

the reverse, is a question upon which fair-minded men may differ. The United States Steel Corporation is itself a combination of combinations, the most gigantic "trust" in the world, and its directors cannot reasonably object to the efforts of a conservative labor association to strengthen itself and enable the unorganized to join it without incurring loss of employment.

The disagreement in the first conferences led to the strike, which was limited to the Tin Plate Company, Steel Hoop Company, and Sheet Steel Company. All the union men obeyed the strike order, and—to the surprise of the employers—also many non-union men. That is, some of the "non-union" mills were likewise closed by the order, a fact which indicated sympathy with the Amalgamated Association on the part of a considerable number of the unorganized men.

No attempt to reopen any of the closed mills followed. When the strike was two weeks old the influence of outsiders brought about another conference between the strike leaders and the heads of the combination. Mr. J. P. Morgan and President Schwab conferred with President Shaffer and Secretary Williams of the Amalgamated Association, and certain peace terms were proposed by the former. These terms were considered with great care by the executive committee of the association, and after a week's discussion at Pittsburg, the headquarters of the strikers, a final conference was held at New York in the offices of the combination. It ended in disagreement and failure. All that Mr. Morgan and his associates offered was the signing of the scale for the mills that were covered by last year's contract, except a few, which had not been closed by the strike. The officers of the Amalgamated, on the other hand, had receded from their first position and asked the signing of the scale only for those who desired it—the union

mills and those non-union mills which had voluntarily joined the strike. The corporation's final proposition was far less favorable to the men than its original terms.

At this writing the outlook is a gloomy one. President Shaffer has ordered out



THE LATE  
PROF. JOSEPH LE CONTE,  
Distinguished Educator and  
Scientist.

all the union employees of the corporation. This order, if carried out, will extend the strike to the four great companies whose mills have remained in operation and whose workmen have no personal grievances. A strike on their part would be purely sympathetic, but it is not seriously doubted that they will obey the order to quit that has come. The number of men now on strike is placed at fifty thousand, but the extension demanded will raise it to one hundred and fifty thousand. One considerable difficulty is that the Amalgamated Association has made contracts for a year with some of the companies in the trust, and a strike in their mills will be regarded as a breach of faith. The enormous cost of supporting so great an army of strikers is another formidable obstacle in the way of the leaders. The trust is said to be determined on "a fight to a finish"—or wiping the association out of all its mills and destroying the union in the steel industry. Its attitude hitherto has not warranted the imputation of resolute hostility to unionism as such, although President Schwab has declared that he regards membership in a union detrimental to a workman. J. P. Morgan, there is reason to believe, is willing to accord full recognition to labor organizations directed by conservative and responsible men. Ultimately, perhaps, the combinations of capital will withdraw all objection to the fullest organization of labor and to collective bargaining, but the present contest shows that this stage of development has not yet been reached.

troversey and animadversion. For the first time in the history of American jurisprudence blacklisting has been declared legal. In several states laws have been passed prohibiting and severely punishing this practise, and the courts have not heretofore questioned the validity of such legislation or its congruity with the common law. Judge Baker, however, has disregarded all precedents and has applied a radical principle which only thoroughgoing individualists have advocated.

There were no questions of fact in the case. For the sake of the legal issue involved the defendants admitted the allegations of fact and demurred to the declaration—in other words, they disputed the conclusion that what they were charged with was wrongful and criminal. The plaintiff was a girl whose trade was that of can labeling, and at this occupation she formerly earned fifteen dollars a week. In consequence of a strike in one of the canning establishments all the canners in Chicago agreed not to employ any one who had struck or who should quit work thereafter without the consent of the employer. Owing to this agreement the plaintiff, who was one of a number of strikers, had been denied employment in her trade, and had been forced to work for five dollars a week at an inferior occupation.

The case was one of systematic blacklisting, deliberate and actuated by malicious intent to injure the ex-strikers. Were the conspiring defendants guilty of a criminal action? Judge Baker answered the question



JOHN BULL:—"You're liable to lose your grip on that hammer, uncle, if you don't watch out."

—Minneapolis Tribune.

A labor—or rather anti-labor—decision recently rendered in Chicago by Judge Baker of the circuit court has excited much con-



in the negative. His argument, being brief and clear, may be quoted in full:

"When damage is sustained by one person from the wrongful act of another, an action for compensation is given to the injured party against the wrongdoer." By wrongful act is to be understood not an act wrongful in morals only, but an act wrongful in law. An act is wrongful in law if it infringes upon the right of another, and not otherwise. An act which does not infringe upon any right of a person is not, as to such person, wrongful. One has a right to decline to enter the service of another, and several persons, acting jointly in pursuance of an agreement to that effect, have the right to so decline. So, one has the right to decline to employ another, and several persons, acting jointly in pursuance of an agreement to that effect, have the right to so decline.

The existence of malice, of a malicious intent to injure a person, will not convert an act which does not infringe any right of such person into a wrongful act or a civil wrong. It follows that, in my opinion, the facts and agreements of the defendants set forth in the declaration cannot be held to infringe upon any right of the plaintiff, and therefore are not as to her, in law, wrongful.

Stated still more concisely, the principle of this decision is that what men may lawfully do individually they may do in concert. Each of the firms in the blacklist combination unquestionably had the right to decline to employ the plaintiff, and Judge Baker draws the conclusion that these firms had the right to act jointly and to agree to refuse work to the plaintiff and her associates. Into their intent or motive the law could not inquire, for they were not bound to have any reason for their behavior, much less to give one to anybody.

As said above, all agreements and conspiracies to injure some one and deprive him of the means of earning a livelihood have almost invariably been held to be contrary to law and public policy. Blacklisting effectually deprives the victims of work and wages, and in many cases involves absolute ruin. Can Judge Baker's view be good law? If it is—though nearly all the precedents are at war with it—then it indisputably follows that boycotting is also legal and innocent practise. Boycotting is simply the blacklisting of employers, or of merchants and others friendly to such employers, by strikers or dissatisfied workmen. What the employer tries to do



WILLIAM H. HUNT,  
Who will succeed Charles  
H. Allen as Governor  
of Porto Rico.

by blacklisting, the organized workmen try to do by means of the boycott. There is not a case on record in which the right to boycott has been upheld by the courts. Judge Baker's reasoning clearly legalizes boycotting along with blacklisting. One man has a right to withdraw his patronage or trade or good-will from a merchant or employer, and a thousand men have, in their individual capacities, the same right. It follows, if Judge Baker's doctrine be sound, that these thousand men have the right to agree together and conspire to boycott any one offensive to them, and malicious intent to injure cannot make such conspiracy wrongful. Are the courts prepared to abide by this logic? It must be admitted that employers, while claiming the right to blacklist, have denounced boycotting in unmeasured terms, and that unionists, while assisting and practising boycotting, have bitterly complained of the blacklist. Neither side has been consistent. But the courts certainly ought to apply the same principle to both practises. It should be added that Judge Waterman, also of the Chicago bench, has, in a similar case, followed Judge Baker's ruling, and, in a more elaborate opinion, argued the propriety of boycotting as a corollary to the legality of blacklisting.



AJAX BRYAN DEFYING THE LIGHTNING.

—Minneapolis Journal.

In several states the question of fair tax-

ation is a "burning" one at this juncture. No additional evidence is needed to prove that personal property, in the hands of rich and moderately well-to-do alike, escapes proper assessment and taxation. Every student, every official body which has inquired into



THE LATE  
PRINCE VON HOHENLOHE,  
Former Imperial Chancellor  
of Germany.

the subject, has become satisfied that personal property cannot be reached, and that all attempts at doing so merely encourage perjury, evasion, and dishonesty. Real property, especially in rural districts, is unduly burdened in consequence.

But this is not the aspect of the tax problem which is just now engaging the attention of officials and taxpayers in Ohio, Illinois, New Jersey, Texas, and other commonwealths. It is not to the failure to reach personalty that men like President Ingalls of the Big Four and Mr. Henry Holt, the writer and publisher, refer when they denounce our tax system as the worst in the civilized world. They have in mind the discrimination in favor of corporate property, especially of such property as is represented by valuable public franchises.

In Ohio a vigorous attempt is being made to assess railroads and other corporations *at the same rate* as individual property owners. Mayor Johnson of Cleveland is the leader in this movement, and it is in consequence of his strenuous efforts that the Democratic state convention (which, by the way, repudiated free silver and completely ignored the party's national platforms of 1896 and 1900) adopted an unequivocal declaration urging that "steam and electric railroads and other corporations possessing public franchises shall be assessed in the same proportion to their salable value as are farms and city real estate." The latter kinds of property, under the Ohio tax law, are assessed on sixty per cent of their true money value, while, according to Mr. Johnson and his followers, the quasi-public corporations have been assessed on from ten to fifteen per cent (if not less) of the real value of their property.

Mayor Johnson has not been successful in inducing the tax boards to accept his prin-

ciples or methods, but the Cleveland board of equalization (whose authority is under dispute) has been reorganized with the view of carrying out, if possible, or, at least, of taking into the state courts, the "radical" proposals of the Johnson element of the Democratic party. As a matter of fact, an injunction has already been secured from a Cleveland judge restraining the board of equalization from raising the valuation of certain corporate property in an "unfair and unusual manner."

The chief question which the courts will have to decide in the Cleveland tax suits is as to legality and propriety of arriving at the "true money value" of a corporation's property by multiplying the number of shares of its capital stock by the market value of the same at stated times, adding to the sum the bonded indebtedness of the corporation, and treating the total as the "value" of the property within the meaning of the tax law. On behalf of the corporation this method is assailed as arbitrary, unjust, and confiscatory. The value of stocks, it is asserted, is no index to market value, as the former depends on managerial skill, goodwill, the general financial situation, franchises, etc. Net earnings are urged as the safer and fairer measure of property for taxation purposes.

Chicago is likewise in the throes of a tax struggle. The city is in a semi-bankrupt condition, and its income from taxation is utterly inadequate, failing to cover even ordinary expenditures. The law limits the tax rate to five per cent of the "assessed valuation," or one per cent of the "full" valuation of the real and personal property of the state. Evasion is so general that, probably, half of the taxable property escapes the assessor. There is a state board of equalization, whose duty it is, among other things, to assess franchises of quasi-public corporations. This duty has never been performed, and the board has been scathingly denounced by one of the courts of the state for dereliction and neglect, if not worse. Permanent improvements are impossible, owing to a constitutional limit upon the borrowing power of municipalities, Chicago having exceeded that limit. Salaries of public officials have had to be reduced, street cleaning abandoned, and the police force weakened. Yet the public is quite apathetic, and while all recognize the need of reform, progress is scarcely perceptible.



In connection with this question of taxa-

tion, an important decision recently rendered by the supreme court of New Jersey is not to be overlooked. The case was that of the city of Newark *vs.* the North Jersey Street Railway, and the issue involved was the legality of the city's tax upon the company's road-bed. The local authorities had treated the road-bed as real estate, and assessed it as such under the general property tax. The corporation appealed to the state board of taxation, and secured a heavy reduction of the tax on the singular ground that "the trolley company had no greater right in the street than the traveler upon it, and that it therefore had no taxable interest in it." This was obviously contrary to fact and experience. The controversy was taken into the courts, and the supreme court has sustained the position of the Newark assessors. It says:

"As between Newark and the North Jersey Street Railway, the latter has acquired the right to lay in the soil the foundations for its rails, to lay rails thereupon, and the right to the continuous uninterrupted occupancy of such part of the public estate. Its poles and its tracks are there permanently, to the exclusion of any other person that might desire to occupy the land, and during the life of the grant the city of Newark will be without power to remove them. The company has a grant of a part of the public estate as its own permanent, exclusive use, and that is an interest in real estate; the part must be of the same character as the whole."

There is evidence on every side that the greatest confusion prevails in official, legal, and citizen circles with regard to the taxa-

tion of corporate property, especially of the intangible kind. A body of law is slowly being evolved, and the principle of equality of burdens is asserting itself. Resistance on the part of short-sighted corporations to equitable taxation and reasonable control is undoubtedly responsible for much of the favor which the alternative of municipal ownership and operation of public utilities is now receiving.

The taxation of special franchises—that is, exclusive privileges granted by the state or municipalities to corporations performing quasi-public functions—will probably receive an impetus from the remarkable

decision recently rendered by the supreme court of Michigan. Only in a few states are franchises taxed. New York enacted a law about two years ago taxing them as real property. The constitutionality of that act is still in doubt. New Jersey has adopted the plan of imposing a two per cent tax on the value of franchises. In some states it is the municipal governments which demand and obtain "compensation" for the special privileges—a policy which is not free from objections, for the companies compelled to pay a percentage of their receipts are slow to improve their service and to reduce their rate of fare. Municipal reformers have not regarded "compensation" with any degree of favor.

Here and there bold officials have asserted that even under the general laws for the taxation of property the full value of franchises may be taxed. This contention is now supported by the unanimous opinion of so able and learned a tribunal as the Michigan supreme court. The street railway company of Detroit had been assessed on the value of its intangible property, its franchises, though there is no express legislation in Michigan for the taxation of franchises. The company objected, and has been defeated in the courts. In the opinion referred to it is held that there is no occasion for specific and express legislation authorizing such taxation. The constitution of the state demands equal and



WILLIAM H. TAFT,  
First Civil Governor of the  
Philippines.



UNCLE SAM:—"My plaster is coming off for good."  
JOHN BULL:—"And I am sticking more on."

—Minneapolis Journal.

uniform taxation of property of all kinds, and there is no doubt that special privileges are "property." There is no excuse, says the court, either for ascribing a fictitious value to property, tangible or intangible, or for undervaluing it or omitting it from the tax roll.



EVELYN B. BALDWIN,  
American Explorer who has  
started for the North Pole.

A mere right of operating a street railway has no market value, but when an easement in streets and highways is granted, value is created. A street railway in operation is worth much more than are the combined elements which enter into its construction as second-hand material. When exclusive privileges are associated with tangible property the latter takes on a new form and is enhanced

—often very greatly—in value, and the basis of the market value should be the basis of taxation. Is there any reason, asks the court, for assessing a street railway for less than it would command in the market if sold? It is therefore the right and duty of the assessors and receivers to ascertain the market value of franchises and to assess them at the same rate as other property.

Now there is nothing peculiar about the tax provisions of the Michigan constitution. The organic law of every state in the union demands equal and uniform taxation, and hence what is true of the franchises of Michigan corporations should be true of franchises elsewhere. No special law for the taxation of such privileges should be needful, and if the tax officials did their duty no franchise having value would escape its share of the tax burden. But, as intimated above, the effects of such taxation may prove far from beneficial to the public. No doubt it is the realization of this fact which is prompting more and more public men to advocate municipal ownership and operation of public utilities. In Chicago, for example, a special committee of the city council, composed of the ablest and most upright aldermen, has drafted a bill for municipal operation of the street railways. Even the conservatives were urging the state legislature to pass this measure. The voters of Chicago

would be asked to decide upon the proposition, and there is little doubt as to what their verdict would be. Ten years ago equitable taxation of franchises might have operated as a preventive of "municipalization," but now this remedy is plainly insufficient in the eyes of the majority. In all parts of the country the movement for municipal ownership is steadily and rapidly gaining ground.



Porto Rico is now a part of the great free-trade union of the states and territories. The Foraker act, imposing a fifteen per cent tariff on the trade passing between that island and the United States, has been suspended by a presidential proclamation. The act itself, limited by its terms to a period of two years, had several months of life yet, but it contained a provision that whenever the legislative assembly of Porto Rico should adopt a system of local taxation and revenue adequate to the island's needs, and should notify the president of that fact, the latter might order the cessation of the tariff.

Several months ago the Porto Rican legislature passed the so-called Hollander tax law, which has recently gone into effect. It has completely revolutionized the tax system of the island, and for the first time in its history provided for a general assessment of all property. At first there was some dissatisfaction with the law, but the American



UNCLE SAM:—"I don't believe they will ever come over as long as the watch-dog is there."

—Minneapolis Tribune.



officials assert that all distrust and suspicion have vanished, and that an exceptionally satisfactory condition prevails on the island. There is no debt, and last year's budget has left a surplus of over \$1,500,000 in the treasury.

The fifteen per cent tariff greatly stimulated trade—the Porto Rican-American trade. The law was passed in April, 1900, and the first year of its operation showed an increase of \$4,000,000 in our exports to the island and a very material increase in the imports. The steady expansion since the substitution of American for Spanish sovereignty is clearly exhibited in the following table:

	Exports.	Imports.
1897 . . . . .	\$1,964,850	\$2,181,024
1898 . . . . .	1,481,629	2,414,356
1899 . . . . .	2,633,400	3,179,827
1900 . . . . .	4,260,892	3,078,648
*1901 . . . . .	6,292,660	3,748,093

\* Eleven months, ending May.

The opposition to the American administration has disappeared, and the people look forward to an epoch of prosperity, activity, and harmony. Of course, under the decisions of the supreme court in the insular cases, congress is at liberty to impose a new tariff upon Porto Rican exports to the United States, but this is merely a theoretical possibility. The freedom of trade Porto Rico has secured is as safe and permanent as that

of Oklahoma. But congress has not "extended" the constitution as a whole to the island, and the status of its inhabitants is yet to be determined. Are they citizens of the United States? Has the bill of rights "followed the flag" to their territory? These questions will be answered by the supreme court in disposing of cases still pending before it.



The fiscal year 1901, ended June 30, was a remarkable one as regards the foreign trade of the country. The expansion of exports continued steadily, despite certain unfavorable factors, such as the war in China, the campaign in South Africa, and the trade depression in Germany and Russia. A considerable decrease in at least certain lines of American exports would have surprised no one, yet the figures show an actual and very considerable increase in each of the great classes of merchandise, except manufactured goods, and in this class the loss is rather apparent than real.

Our exports aggregated \$1,487,656,544, exceeding those of the preceding fiscal year by over \$97,000,000. The imports were valued at \$822,756,533, being over \$27,000,000 less than those for the fiscal year 1900. The balance of trade in favor of the United States amounted to the tremendous sum of \$664,900,000, showing an increase of not less than \$120,000,000 over the balance of the previous year.

The reduction in the value of the imports is due largely to the fall in prices. Divided into classes, the values thus compare with those of the year 1900:

Articles of food and animals, in 1900, \$218,510,098; 1901, \$222,227,898. Articles in a crude condition for use in domestic industry, in 1900, \$302,426,748; in 1901, \$269,763,404. Articles wholly or partially manufactured for use in manufactures and mechanic arts, in 1900, \$88,433,548; in 1901, \$79,080,716. Articles manufactured ready for consumption, in 1900, \$128,900,597; in 1901, \$130,662,903. Articles of voluntary use, luxuries, etc., in 1900, \$111,670,094; in 1901, \$120,938,095.

The exports, divided into great classes, were as follows in the last two fiscal years:

	1900.	1901.
Products of agriculture	\$835,858,123	\$944,059,568
Products of manufacture	433,851,756	410,509,173
Products of mining . . .	37,843,742	39,267,647
Products of the forest .	52,218,112	54,312,830
Products of the fisheries	6,326,620	7,743,313
Miscellaneous . . . . .	4,665,218	4,561,278

The decline in the class of manufactures,



For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain, the Heathen Chinese is now paying.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

"on the face of the returns," seems considerable, and indeed the tendency for some months past has been downward. But the loss does not exceed a few million dollars. The exports of manufactures to Hawaii and Porto Rico no longer appear in the tables of foreign trade, and that fact alone accounts for a large proportion of the apparent decrease, since most of the merchandise shipped from the states to those territories is of the manufactured class.

As stated above, the favorable balance was the largest recorded in our trade annals. The net balances for the past three fiscal years (including silver and gold) reach the sum of \$1,745,236,489. It is further to be remembered that since 1893—the panic year—every fiscal year has shown a heavy excess of exports over imports. For the eight years ended June 30 last the net balances aggregate \$3,177,992,028. It is generally supposed that our current indebtedness to Europe,—the annual payments for freights, interest on foreign capital, dividends, travelers' expenditures, etc.,—will not exceed \$200,000,000. This accounts for half of the net balance. As to the other half opinions differ. Some allege that American stocks and bonds have been surrendered by Europe and acquired by our own investors in settlement of the difference. Others assert that Europe owes vast sums to American financiers and is paying interest on them. The question, "What becomes of the balance?" is under active discussion, and we shall have occasion to recur to it.

A petition signed by the leading cotton manufacturers of the south, recently presented to the state department, called attention to the fact that the chief market for American cotton goods is found in the very region of China which is now disturbed, and that the cotton goods used in China are largely of the grades manufactured in southern factories which, since the beginning of the Boxer uprisings, have lost half of their trade and have been compelled to materially reduce the running time of their mills. They declare that the "open door" is necessary for them to hold their important trade with China, and they call upon the state department to take whatever action may be necessary to secure the "open door" to China, and to prevent any movement by any European power calculated to close the Chinese market to our manufacturers. These facts will be new to most people, as also will be

the figures here given showing the importance of this cotton trade with China to the whole country.

The total exports of manufactured cotton from the United States amounted last year to but little over \$20,000,000 in value. Over one-half of this went to China, and of the \$10,273,000 worth of American cotton goods taken by China, almost \$8,000,000 worth was taken by the three ports of North China—Tien-Tsin, New-chwang, and Chefoo—all of which lie in the disturbed district. The foreign trade of these three ports amounts to about \$40,000,000 per annum, being greater by far than that of all the Yang-tse river ports combined. Of these three ports, New-chwang, the port through which passes our trade with Manchuria, is by far the most important to us. It alone takes almost \$6,000,000 worth of drills or sheeting, more than half our total export of cottons to China. The control which Americans hold of the cotton trade of this vast territory is shown by the report of the English consular officer stationed there. Out of 1,750,000 pieces of drills and sheetings landed at that port fewer than 50,000 pieces were of Japanese or English make, all the rest being American. The value of the cotton goods taken by this single port is more than one-third the total exports of the United States to the whole empire of China.

It is apparent from this that the United States, and particularly the south, which is interested in the manufacture of cotton goods, cannot remain unconcerned at the



THE SKELETON GETTING OUT OF THE CLOSET.

—Minneapolis Journal.

prospect of the partition of China. New-chwang is now held by the Russians who have taken advantage of the place that Peking has held in the eyes of the world, to pour an army of 200,000 men into Manchuria, and there to wage a successful war of conquest. The agreement just published between that power and China for the government of Manchuria offers little promise that the hold which the Slav now has upon that territory will ever be relinquished unless force is used by some power like ourselves with vital interests at stake. Eastern Siberia has been a growing market for the wheat and flour produced on our Pacific coast, but such a tax has just been levied upon American flour imported into that region as completely to demoralize the trade, and the action of Russia in this case is an indication of what may be expected by us in Manchuria and those parts of China supplied through Tien-Tsin and New-chwang if they are allowed to remain under Russian control. Germany's hostile attitude toward American products is of course well known, and should she be allowed to secure her claims to the province of Shantung, a small part of whose twenty-six million we now reach through Chefoo, we may as well regard that rich market as permanently lost. Our total exports to China last year were only \$15,000,000, two-thirds of which was cotton goods. Of the remainder, \$4,000,000 was kerosene oil, leaving about \$1,000,000 to cover other exports of every description.



APROPOS OF FRENCH DUELS: A HUMANE SUGGESTION.

—London Sketch.

Our trade with China has almost been limited to the two staples, cotton and petroleum; but it has been noticed that wherever our cotton goods have been introduced there has come an inquiry for other American goods. So, while the south, which grows and manufactures cotton, is chiefly interested in keeping an "open door" to China, still its importance to the whole country lies in the fact that it is through our cotton goods that we are introducing other American products into that great empire.



The French parliament has passed the "associations" act, which is rightly supposed to be directed against the monastic orders hostile to the republic (especially the Jesuits) and to aim at their expulsion. All the religious organizations which confine themselves to charitable and educational work will doubtless apply to the ministry for the license or grant of authority required by the law. The pope, who at first resolutely fought the act, has publicly advised the chiefs of the orders to reorganize and comply with the law. It is believed, however, that to some permission to continue their work will be refused by the government.

On the whole, the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet has succeeded beyond all expectations. As parliament is prorogued for the summer vacation, the ministry is "safe" till October, and it is worthy of note that at the end of that month it will have attained the twenty-eighth month of its existence, and will be the longest-lived cabinet in the history of the Third Republic. It was called into existence during the height of the Dreyfus agitation, which threatened civil war and a military attack upon the republic. It became known as the "ministry of the Republican defense," and it enlisted the active and loyal support of the Socialists, two of whose leaders were given cabinet positions. A large number of moderate Republicans, led by Méline, the ex-premier and extreme protectionist, have opposed the ministry, and if it has survived all attacks and realized nearly the whole of its program,



MINHUI CHO,

New Minister from Korea to the United States.

it is because the Socialist deputies have been solidly arrayed on its side.

Several labor measures have been enacted, and tax reforms have been instituted. The supremacy of the civil power has been asserted and vindicated, and the intriguing



SEÑOR LUIS F. COREA,

New Minister from Nicaragua to the United States.

generals whose anti-Dreyfusism was carried to dangerous lengths have been reduced to obedience. The so-called Nationalists are still sowing discord and disaffection, but their influence is small, and the stability of the republic is greater than ever. A general election is shortly to be held, and all the indications are that the country will return a decisive majority of Republican deputies

and repudiate the enemies of the existing régime. The recent elections for the councils-general in the departments resulted in overwhelming Republican success. In but four departments are the new councils anti-Republican. Evidently France is in favor of peace and the policy of the coalition now in power.

The last, and perhaps the most important, act of the French chamber of deputies prior to the prorogation was the voting of the first article of the government's bill for workmen's old-age and invalid pensions. This bill is an extraordinary one in many respects, and while it has encountered much opposition, it is certain to pass parliament and become law. Great Britain has been discussing "universal" old-age pensions, but the South African war has banished that great social reform from practical politics. France will be the first great nation to follow the example of New Zealand and Denmark in the direction of making provision for the industrial army of the state.

The act applies to all workmen, including agricultural laborers, but not to small merchants or other independent non-salaried elements. The beneficiaries of the pension system will number about 8,300,000. The details of the plan are summarized as follows:

Every workman under sixty-five is to be required to pay one cent a day if he is under eighteen and earns less than two francs. For those above eighteen the compulsory deduction will be two cents a day on wages between two and five francs, and three cents on higher

daily wages. The employer will be required to contribute an equal sum in each case. The money will be paid to and invested by the government in national or local securities. After the age of sixty-five any workman can demand a pension based on these payments. To workmen disabled before the age of sixty-five the state will pay a bonus not exceeding one hundred francs a year. Workmen who are sixty-five at the time the law goes into effect will receive a pension not exceeding one hundred francs a year if they have worked for thirty years. Those under sixty-five will be similarly dealt with on reaching that age.

It is estimated that the state will have to contribute 7,000,000 francs the first year, and that the amount will steadily increase thereafter, reaching a maximum of 90,000,000 francs in the eighteenth year, and then decreasing gradually to an annual charge, on the average, of 45,000,000 francs. As taxation is heavy in France and the expenditures are increasing at a rather disquieting rate, some statesmen believe the pension scheme to be impracticable, if not ruinous. But few deputies venture to oppose it, and there are Radicals who criticize it as falling short of the requirements of justice and humanity. The act will undergo modification, as the trade unions have been invited to offer suggestions freely and the cabinet is ready to entertain friendly amendments. The essential provisions, however, will stand, and a landmark in "social legislation" will have been established by the Republican ministry of Waldeck-Rousseau.

It might not be entirely correct to say that the present general movement throughout the country in behalf of public libraries is due to the liberality of Andrew Carnegie, but it is undoubtedly true that widespread interest has been aroused because of his gifts. In many places to which his generosity has not extended movements are under way for the higher development of the people through the medium of the public library. In fact, this movement has become one of the greatest educational developments of the generation.

One of the chief fostering influences of this movement is the woman's club, which in various parts of the country has made a special effort in this direction. There are now between thirty and forty state federations of women's clubs in this country, and these comprise a large number of individual clubs, representing many thousands of women. In nearly every one of these organizations there is a standing committee on library extension, and this committee is specially charged with the duty of urging the establishment of free public libraries wherever possible. The



result is that in many states the traveling library has become a part of the library system, and in several states where the traveling library system has not yet been adopted, the federated clubs have put in circulation traveling libraries of their own. Eighteen state library commissions are now in existence, and some of these owe their existence to the coöperation of the women, as for instance that of the state of Iowa, which was established last year largely through the influence of women's clubs, of which there are 224 in the state, representing 8,000 women.

The Iowa traveling library is in some respects a unique institution. There are now between eighty and ninety fifty-volume sub-libraries, made up of miscellaneous books, and a number of juvenile libraries. The plan is to make it possible for an individual or association deprived of the advantages of a good local library to secure at the simple cost of transportation any book or collection of books. This idea has been eagerly seized upon in many villages of the state, where a club, for example, interested in the study of art, history, criticism, or household economics, or indeed any other subject, is enabled to borrow from the state a well-selected collection of books such as it may need, and to retain it either three or six months.

The value of such a system is readily seen, especially in its relation to the higher development of the rural community. In Iowa there are a large number of small libraries of less than two thousand volumes, and it greatly increases the value of these libraries to secure fifty additional books from the

state as frequently as they may desire. In isolated villages and school districts, where there are no public library advantages whatever, the traveling library is of especial value.

It would be well if every village could have its own collection of books for free distribution,

and it would seem that such a result might be achieved at the expense of a little enterprise and public spirit. As a remarkable instance of this sort, the village of Greenup, Illinois, might be mentioned. This place has a population of about one thousand, and the citizens decided to create a library, depending wholly upon their own resources.

This scheme also originated with the woman's club, and it was not long before every resident of the village was interested. A "book shower" held at one of the churches brought out 282 desirable books as a beginning, and in a little while this was increased to one thousand volumes. Later five hundred more were added, and many contributions of money were received. A room in the schoolhouse was fitted up as a library, the local carpenters furnishing the shelving and the work of construction as their contribution to the good cause, and the librarians served without compensation. The village has now a good library, and the public spirit of the community has been greatly quickened.



DR. DANIEL PURINTON,  
New President of the University of West Virginia.



THE DESTRUCTIVE CHILD.

—Minneapolis Journal.

An interesting experiment is being tried by the American Publishers' Association, in accordance with a plan formulated a year ago and discussed in these pages. The condition of the bookselling trade has steadily gone from bad to worse in late years, owing to severe competition, lack of uniformity in prices, and the rivalry of the department stores. Many of the smaller dealers have been forced to add other "lines" to their trade, and the old type of bookseller—the purchaser's guide, counsellor, and friend—has nearly disappeared. The public, too, has suffered through the absence of a fixed price on books, for each dealer charged what he pleased and thought "safe."

After a great deal of intelligent discussion

the reputable publishers of the country evolved a scheme designed to help the retail dealer without injuring the book-buyer. On May 1 it went into effect for a year's trial. If successful, it may be renewed. Here are the main features of the plan: all copyright books



HORATIO J. SPRAGUE,  
Late United States Consul  
at Gibraltar.

—except current fiction, school books, and subscription books—are to be listed at net prices, and at a twenty per cent reduction from the prices heretofore claimed in catalogues and advertisements. There is no gain to the public or loss to the publishers in this reduction, for the real price of the books not marked net has been twenty per cent below the advertised price. The dealers must main-

tain the net prices, illicit cutting of them being punishable with rigid boycotting. The discount to the dealers is to be twenty-five per cent, but any publisher may grant a higher or impose a lower discount. Libraries are to receive a discount of ten per cent from the retail price. When a publisher sells at retail, he must not only sell at the listed price, but must add the postal or express charges to all customers ordering books from out of town.

There is no injustice to any of the parties concerned in this arrangement. Its benefits would be much greater if fiction were included, for it is notorious that the book-sellers dispose of more fiction than of any other kind of literature. Department stores must observe the new rules or find their supplies cut off. Some of them are opposed to the plan, and at least one store in New York is selling the net books below the publishers' prices. It seems to have no difficulty in obtaining all the books it wants, a fact which indicates laxity and breach of agreement somewhere. There has been some talk of appealing to the courts to enjoin the recalcitrant store from underselling the regular dealers, but it is doubtful if a case for judicial intervention can be made out. The publishers' agreement involves no monopoly and no restraint of trade, and they would probably be upheld in their refusal to supply with books those who decline to accept their conditions. But he who, in some way, has

managed to get the books is clearly at liberty to sell them at any price he may see fit—even below cost. Some department stores may go into the publishing business on their own account. Whether it is possible to rehabilitate the book trade and restore its former dignity and importance to letters is decidedly an open question.



The National Council of Women, which will meet in a three days' session September 11, 12, and 13, is a remarkable expression of the modern woman's enterprise. This energetic body, which has created the conditions out of which other federations might grow, is probably the most cosmopolitan body ever formed for the single purpose of elevating and strengthening the legal, moral, mental, and social conditions of a sex. Its scope is all-inclusive; its membership a remarkable aggregation of varying creeds, aims, tastes, and nationalities. For fourteen years its progress has been steady and remarkable. Its first president was the late Frances E. Willard; its present presiding officer is Mrs. Fannie Humphreys Gaffney. Out of the council has grown the Canadian council which, in numbers, is even sturdier than the parent organization, the councils of Indiana, Illinois, Maine, Rhode Island, New York, and Minnesota, and the great International Council of Women. The latter binds the humanitarian and philanthropic women of the United States, Germany, France, Sweden, Norway, Italy, Denmark, Great Britain and Ireland, New Zealand, Austria, Greece, and Russia. It has already played an active part in the correcting of false social and industrial conditions. Among the most active branches of this strongly organized force is the Universal Peace Union, which works along the lines of international arbitration; the National Association of Women of American Liberty, whose endeavors are for the preservation of public schools from all sectarian tendencies and to see that money set aside for the sustenance and establishment of public schools shall not be diverted to the use of any sect whatever; the National Association of Business Women, designed to aid in every way the individual worker and to protect her rights as trades-unions protect the interests of the masses. Incorporated with the National Council are societies for rescue work among women; benefit societies that issue death policies and are provided with funds for sick members; the National Council of Jewish Women, established for the purpose of deepening and strengthening

the religious feeling and training among children of their race, and especially for surrounding the families of newcomers with the best influences.

Perhaps the boldest step taken thus far by this amalgamated club body is the admission to its councils of the National Association of Colored Women, the first national organization of the educated colored women in America to help their own race. Its primary object is to secure a willing coöperation among colored people that shall work toward a lessening of the disabilities that attend their work in practically all lines; the strengthening of their own lives, and to raise the standards in housekeeping and in the home. Their motto is "Lifting as we climb."

From time to time the progress of woman suffrage has been recorded in these pages. In the United States and in New Zealand the greatest victories have been won by the persistent advocates of political equality and truly universal suffrage, but in Europe the movement is by no means barren of notable and significant results. In Great Britain they have been discussing the expediency of enabling women to serve on municipal governing boards, and even conservative organs have urged this reform on the ground that on questions of education, sanitation, dwellings, housing of the poor, parks, and other local interests the voices and votes of earnest, public-spirited women would be a potent factor for good. But the lead in this respect has been taken by little Norway, that thrifty, progressive, model nation. By a law passed by the Storting only a few months ago certain classes of women are enfranchised so far as municipal politics and administration are concerned.

Municipalities in Norway are independent in the management of their own affairs. Their governing councils are composed of from twelve to forty-eight members, according to the population. The members serve gratuitously and the term is three years.

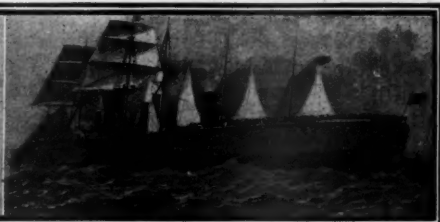
Women who are twenty-five years of age, have had fixed places of abode for five years, and pay taxes on an income of not less than three hundred kroner (eighty-one dollars) in the country or four hundred kroner in cities, or live with husbands who pay these amounts, are to have the same rights as men in voting and holding office in municipalities. Many intelligent women are still debarred from the suffrage under the property qualification, but the step toward complete enfranchisement is a long one. The agitation will continue, the leaders in the movement demanding national suffrage as well for all the women of Norway. The Woman Suffrage Association was organized in that country in 1884, and the chief leader is Miss Gina Krog, now fifty years old, a refined, educated, and talented writer and speaker.

Horatio J. Sprague, "the father of America's consular service," died at Gibraltar, July 18, at the age of seventy-seven. Mr. Sprague represented the United States at Gibraltar fifty-three years. He was born of American parents at Gibraltar and lived there all his life, having visited his own country but once. During his official career Mr. Sprague entertained three presidents who traveled abroad after leaving the White House—Fillmore, Pierce, and Grant. Mr. Sprague is said to have successfully met severe official difficulties during the Civil war and the Spanish war. He seems to have been kept at his post because of his efficiency.

The new White Star liner *Celtic* reached her dock in New York August 4 after her maiden voyage from Liverpool. The *Celtic* is the largest boat in the world, being 700 feet long, 75 feet broad, and 49 feet deep. Her gross tonnage is 20,880. She can accommodate 2,859 passengers and a crew of 335. At the same time she can carry 12,000 tons of freight. She has nine decks. It is interesting in this connection to note



THE CELTIC.



THE GREAT EASTERN.

that the *Great Eastern*, launched more than forty years ago, was nearly as pretentious in size. The *Great Eastern*, the disastrous history of which is familiar to all, was 692 feet long and 83 feet broad. Her gross tonnage was 18,915. She was propelled both by paddles and screw. She could accommodate, though not in accordance with our ideas of comfort, about 4,000 passengers.



Readers of this magazine will notice that in this issue a portion of the contents bears relation to the subjects of the Italian-German year of reading for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, which begins in October. The subjects of the nine-months' reading course ensuing appear in four books: "Men and Cities of Italy" in three parts, by James Richard Joy, Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer, and J. A. R. Marriott; "Studies in the Poetry of Italy," by Frank J. Miller, University of Chicago, and Oscar Kuhns, Wesleyan University; "Imperial Germany," by Sidney Whitman; "Some First Steps in Human Progress," by Frederick Starr, University of Chicago. A part of the contents of the magazine each month will be correlated with these subjects. "A Reading Journey in Central Europe" will cover Italy and portions of Germany and Austria. A series of "Critical Studies in German Literature" and a series of "Inner Life Studies" of historic figures in Italy and Germany will be presented. Attention is called in this issue to "A Florentine Monk's Romance," "The Beatification of a Saint," "The Ruin and Legend of Kynast," "A Pestalozzian Pilgrimage," and "A Black Hussar at Waterloo," as features suggestive of the topics about to be taken up in popular systematic form.



In this connection emphasis may be properly laid upon what we are pleased to call the Chautauqua method of studying current events to the best advantage. THE CHAUTAUQUAN appeals to every person who desires to secure a correct perspective of current events. Two years ago the leading feature was a series of illustrated articles on "The Expansion of the American People"; during the past year "The Rivalry of Nations: World Politics of Today," was presented; for the coming year Prof. E. E. Sparks, author of the "Expansion" articles, will furnish the series on "Formative Incidents in American Diplomacy." In such a series the attempt is made to set forth authorita-

tively and pictorially the topic uppermost in the public mind, concerning which people want to be well informed. With this series as a basis, the magazine couples special articles dealing at greater length with particular phases from time to time, and in the editorial section of "Highways and Byways" current happenings are treated so as to point out their relation to the great permanent factors involved in the chief topic under consideration.

Most people read a bit here, pick up a bit there, and skim an article somewhere, gaining only a mass of indistinct, unrelated impressions. THE CHAUTAUQUAN, by giving a comparatively brief but comprehensive historical view of the important topic of the day, sets up a standard in relation to which all one's reading on this subject naturally falls into place. The detached, floating, incomplete news of the hour is referred to a standard of comparison, gaps are filled, relative importance is established, and the essentials are the more easily remembered through the law of association. In other words, one has established a base-line of discrimination, from an intelligent student point of view; one will get definite results from one's reading concerning current events.

This method is not only sound in an educational sense, but we believe it is a real time-saver for people nowadays, for whose attention all kinds of publications clamor.

Specifically, the coming series on "Formative Incidents in American Diplomacy" will hang "on the line" for us, as artists would say, pictures of the significant developments in the policy which has been pursued by the United States in its relations with other countries, from the beginning to the present day of our "supreme" international importance. At the end of nine months we shall have learned what contributions the United States has made to the machinery and spirit of international intercourse; how we have conducted ourselves internationally, and why the current history of diplomatic developments is of paramount interest.

From these statements it will be seen that the magazine, by itself, seeks to present the best kind of current events course, for which people who may not care for the entire C. L. S. C. course may be enlisted. A number of clubs and literary organizations have made a reading course out of the magazine alone; for those who wish to specialize further in this direction the C. L. S. C. office has formulated a special course of supplementary book reading.





#### XIV. NSASE, THE SWORD-DANCER.

**W**HEN I regained consciousness, the sun was in the zenith. The horse to which I was tied was climbing upward slowly. Behind me rode the two men. We were still ascending rocky ridges toward the mountain crest, which I now saw was not far distant. The men behind me talked excitedly; now and then they laughed. My capture evidently meant much to them. Yet they may not have been thinking of me at all. At any rate, all I knew was that they talked Chinese—and perhaps I could not have known anything worse. Of course I knew nothing of their destination, though I recognized at once the stony byroad on which I had come up from Han Chow to Keinning.

I think no one ever cared less about the future than I did then. I remember I wished to “go to my Gawd like a soldier,” as the soldiers sing—not to be tortured to satiate the hate of a Chinese mandarin.

I was bound with ropes made of twisted straw. Now and then by raising myself on my hands or by straightening the muscles of my limbs I was able to lessen the pain. But when the pain eased I thought of Dulcine smothering in that marble tomb. Then I relaxed my muscles and let my bonds cut and tear me. Yet, as time passed, the same thoughts came in spite of the pain. I remembered the distracted Oranoff, and prayed God he would believe we had run away together; and I swore, so far as I was concerned, that he should never know otherwise.

But what of Dulcine? Could she live? Had the concussion of the falling of that tremendous tablet killed her? If not, was she not alive? I remembered the great size of the tomb. She could not exhaust the air in it in an hour or a day—no, not in a week. As for food, she was buried in it; food to last a soul’s lifetime. Yet the fragrance of that mass of cake and spice, would not that suffocate her? And I really wondered if it would not be a blessing to her to hope that it would, and speedily!

With these thoughts came hope—a hope quite as agonizing as the despair in which it was conceived. There was chance enough of the girl’s living, I believed, to warrant my attempt to escape, even though I had to thread the finest needle in the world to do so. If alive, Dulcine could not live very long, and if I would bring assistance it must be brought quickly. The measure of my life measured hers—and the least I could do now was to die in the attempt to save her.

My horse limped on, continually urged by those behind. At last there was a stop. My horse went steadily forward to a spot where the path widened, where Kepneff’s servant and I had built our fire. Long yellow grass lay above the deceptive overhanging edge of the sloping precipice of sandstone. To this he hobbled hungrily. A great mass of earth caved away, and horse and rider (who was luckily on top) went sliding downward, the ropes of straw being severed as we shot along. We brought up with a crash in tall bushes which had taken root in a

wide, natural catchwater. I was thrown through these bushes by the force of the impact, and lay quite breathless, as my guards, wild with excitement, rushed to the point where my horse had fallen.

They were not more surprised than I; but they were a deal more unlucky. For a moment I lay still to get my breath. Then I arose as best I could and ran along, keeping behind the shrubs. A rifle snapped on the ridge above me. Its companion repeated the command, and blood trickled from my hand, for the ball went between my fingers. I ran on, bending lower. Soon I was out of sight. Resounding hoofbeats along the crest announced that my guards were hurrying around to head me off.

Then I turned about and went leisurely back up the cliffs to the spot where my horse had fallen. I crossed the road and went down on the opposite side of the ridge.

I use the word "leisurely" without flippancy. I could not have gone otherwise, and I found I could not go far even leisurely. I had done this much on the strength of desperation, and other strength I had not. Yet I stumbled on, looking only for a place to hide. My legs were benumbed by the thongs which had bound them; the blood ran easily from my hand. I did not care where I went—and I knew I was caring less each step I took. It was easier going down hill, and I went on somehow to the bottom, to the brook where Kepneff's servant and I had drunk. I saw an overhanging bank, crept under it, and thrust my hand wrist-deep into the cold mud.

I was awakened by the monotonous thwack-thwack of a Quelpartienne's paddle, for these people wash their clothes on the stones of the brooks, beating them with boards. I was faint for want of food, it was coming on night, and I was worse than lost. I arose and followed the bed of the brook toward the resounding paddle. I would be very much safer in a Quelpartien hut that night than lying about the mountain-side.

When the woman saw me, she dropped her paddle and ran screaming up the bank out of sight. I fancy I did look ghastly, though I had tried to wash the blood from my face and head. What clothes my captors had left on me (they had confiscated my coat and hat) were bright enough with gold and silver to attract attention. I had torn the lining from my heavy vest, and had bound up my hand. I must have looked like a warrior wakened from his sleep on a for-

gotten mountain battle-ground. I did not blame her for running.

I went on to the path up the bank which the frightened woman had taken. But before I reached the top of it I was on the ground again. If I remember correctly I had not eaten since the noon of the day before, nor slept for a week, save my naps at Han Chow, at the legation, and on the horse to which I had been bound.

When I awoke again I was lying on a rush mat in an unlighted room. The smell of earth and the distant drip of water made me believe—as it turned out—that I was in a cave. My eyes became accustomed to the darkness and I saw a bowl of rice beside me. A woman began singing in a low monotone not far away. Presently she came to the matting which hung between the mouth of the cave and the rear of the hut built up against it, lifted a corner, and looked in. With the light behind her I could see only her figure. She was not dressed in native costume, and she was shapelier than any Quelpartiennes I had seen. She dropped the matting and resumed the song, probably thinking I still slept. From the moment I saw her I believed that it was she who befriended my servant and me as we passed this way before, and that now she had brought me to her hidden home to save me from my captors. The woman lit a candle, then two others joined her and an unsavory supper was eaten from wooden bowls.

I was just going to sleep again. The soft mat under me, the strange feeling of safety, the nourishing rice, and the woman's song made me content for the moment to stop thinking and to try to recover my strength for the journey to Keinning—I was confident that I was in the hands of friends who would see me through.

Then a rough, harsh voice brought me quickly to my feet, my hand at my beltless waist. The women screamed.

I knew that voice. I knew what the screams meant. I backed mechanically against the wall of the darkened room, and cursed the scoundrels for having taken my sword. For I was ready to fight—yes, with the dark cave behind me I fairly ached to fight them. I groped along the wall. It was covered with matting. Then I cut myself on a sharp edge. I felt—and it was a sword-blade. As I tried to take it down, another beside it cut me again. And beyond this were more—each sharper than an adder's fang. What did this mean?

My question was answered. Some one

came to me in the darkness. Finding me by the swords, the girl led me back to my mat where I lay down again at a whispered word of command in an unknown tongue. Fast quarreling in the outer room had been succeeded by violent rummaging about. The noise came nearer and nearer. By this time another girl had entered the cave. She brought some glowing substance like phosphorus which the two divided between them. Then, side by side, they took their station just within the matting, a glittering sword in each hand.

Then I knew I was hidden in a Quelpartien sword-dancer's cave. I was where no man had ever been before or would ever come again. The girls waited patiently, supremely confident in their magic power. They expected intruders, and intruders came.

Instantly, as by magic, the heavy mat curtains moved aside on the wire from which they hung. The girls, hardly visible to those without, were more plainly revealed to me. Their black, sequin-studded hair fell loosely down. A young tiger's skin enveloped each of them, thrown over one shoulder, caught together on the opposite loin, and hanging down on one side a hand's breadth below the knees. Their black hair was long, and was wrought into tiny snake-like braids which writhed about as the arms were put in motion, or darted off swiftly with the flames of the glistening swords which in an instant were whirling in their orbits.

Such a dance! My regiment could not have protected me more securely. A man's life was not worth even the weight of the dimmest ray that came from the swords. No battle-field ever was so deadly as the blazing zone through which those swords writhed and hissed. Though I had seen the secret of the illumination employed, nevertheless I utterly forgot my danger as the wild dance went on. It would have made any man forget anything.

Each broad sword was a flame of light; two thrown together with a practised hand wrought a sheet of flame; the four, when they cut the semi-circle together, sent blinding blasts of fire straight forward and straight back. Now a bolt of chain lightning fell from the right or left, seeming to cleave the ground. Now a flame poised overhead a second, then descended as the glittering blades came down. The fine black braids of hair curled lovingly about the round white arms, or, flying in the wake of the sweeping swords, stood extended. Often a descending blade severed them, and num-

berless braided ends lay on the ground beneath the softly stepping sandals. Now a ball of fire rolled spluttering around each form as the swords were whirled on a finger; then each white face was surrounded by a flame of light, the dusky eyes flashing beneath a thousand wayward wisps of hair.

I could not see into the room beyond. But all had become deathly still. The intruders now knew the nature of this hidden hut in the mountains. They knew they need not look for me in that cave, even had I dared to so much as approach it.

All this I read in the demeanor of the dancing girls. And as my baffled guards turned themselves into sight-seers rather than spies, the quick-witted dancers turned their cunning into an exhibition rather than a continuation of it as a menacing defense. They came back, sweeping the cave with light; they came forward in perfect unison and swiftly, throwing the great swords about them to a weird song which now became a feature of the performance. The new development of the fiery drama—the melody of the monotone and the more elaborate scenic display, the circles and squares of flame, the concentric circles and other nameless convolutions—rendered the close of the exhibition as marvelous as the beginning. Next to the last service at the temple of Ching-ling, I shall ever remember the dance of Nsase, the sword-dancer, which saved my life on the mountains of Quelparte that night.

At the end came a tumult of applause from the delighted spectators, now utterly at the mercy of my friends. I saw at once they meant to stay all night; and I also saw, with disquietude, that they were being received with hospitality, to say the least. Perhaps anything else would have aroused suspicion.

Food was prepared for the visitors, and the jars of *sul*, or native beer, clinked as they were raised and lowered. There was more laughter than talk, and more *sul* than rice. The girls, still fantastically dressed in the scant raiment in which they had danced, led in the laughter and did most of the talking; and Nsase outlaughed and out-talked her sister. The soldiers answered with many a coarse guffaw, which grew louder for awhile—and then quite ceased.

I had grown despondent. I did not know what the strange carousal of the dancing girls meant. I feared what might happen when all became drunk. I took down a forbidden sword and lay quiet on my bed.

I must have dropped asleep, and I know

not when the scene changed in the other room, nor just when Nsase and her sister ceased playing the tragedy they acted so well. I awoke when Nsase aroused me by unclasping my fingers from the sword. She was dressed decently and heavily, as for traveling. She smiled as I sat up, and instantly helped me to my feet. I saw she intended to start me on my way. In a moment I was ready—but I paused and pointed to the sword. I wanted that. Nsase led me into the other room.

Her sister and the old woman were gone. By the light of a paper lantern we picked our way along by the overturned pots and jugs. Nsase paused as we neared the door, looked at me, and then looked behind her. She still held my hand, and now she pressed it. I looked over her shoulder.

The two Chinamen lay stretched on the floor. The color of the liquor was on their bloated faces—and another color, too! In searching for me they had found the sword-dancers' hut, which no man may know, much less enter. And yet into it they had broken, rough and furious. They would trouble me and them no more!

Before we went out and mounted their horses, Nsase wrapped me in a long white robe, such as that she wore. She took the lead, and we pushed the horses on from ten o'clock until dawn. In this time we covered the distance the horses had traveled from daylight until noon the day before. As it began to grow light we were getting down deep into the mists of the Phan valley, and I knew that when they lifted Keinnying would be in sight. When it became light enough for us to see each other, Nsase dropped back, and we rode side by side. Now and again I knew the girl was looking at me from between the folds of her white headdress. We had not spoken—for good reasons. And yet, amid all else I was thinking, I had not forgotten her; she was not a girl easily forgotten. In a hundred ways she had shown that she had seen the world and knew it. Where had she come from, that she should now be found in the mountains of Quelparte, a past master in the outlawed profession of sword-dancing? And now,

her wild lessons learned from the old woman with whom she lived (for Quelpartiens are known as unrivaled in this soldiers' art), what strange land would claim her, what cities praise her—Singapore or Rangoon, Lhassa or Port Said? Strong, handsome—Oh, well; something set me to humming "Mandalay."

At last the mists did lift. And there was Keinnying just at our feet. Nsase had come farther with me than necessary. But I think she would have gone farther—much farther.

She drew up her tired horse on the last range of foot-hills, and dismounted. She pointed to the distant city, then, with a sad smile on her face, up the road which she must return. I dismounted, too, to rest a moment. It seemed good to feel safe again. We stood still awhile by our horses. I was more grateful to her than I could ever tell, could we have spoken the same language. It was a relief not to be able to try.

After a while Nsase reached under her long robe (she had taken mine off) and drew out a long, beautiful scabbard containing a finer sword than many more exalted officers than I carry. With an attempt at laughing the girl surrendered to me, and then girt the belt around my waist. For a second she held the scabbard. She was very close to me, and looked away at the distant city. Then she dropped it and went to her horse.

I was greatly moved by the gift, remembering that she took a sword away from me as we left the cave.

Though now more deeply in her debt, I was utterly helpless to repay Nsase, however much I longed to show my gratitude. But I could not in any way, so I only pressed her hand as I gave her the bridle and bade her farewell. She sat quiet a little while on her pony, then, as I moved aside, she rode off slowly and never once looked back.

With aching heart I watched the still figure till it was lost amid the great boulders by the side of the mountain path. Then I turned to my horse in haste to pass Nsase's good favor on. My life was saved, but there—yes, the mists had just lifted from it—stood the mound of the imperial mausoleum, where Dulcine lay!

#### XV. THE KEEPER OF THE TOMB.

As I descended into the great plain in which Keinnying lay, my eyes rested steadily upon the conical mound of earth which enclosed the imperial mausoleum. No one

gazing from those heights could have overlooked that peculiar formation. If I ever had a hard problem to solve before in my life it was a kitten's plaything to this: How



could that mound, made impregnable by the best of human skill, be entered, and the prisoner released?

The mound was about fifty feet in height. The diameter of its base was equal to its height. Its gravel sides had been turfed with grass since the imperial funeral. The magic city which had been at its base had disappeared, with the army and the great concourse of people. All the temporary buildings had been taken away; but the Hall of Spices remained, for it was not temporary. It was to be the Temple of the Tomb where services to the memory of the queen would be celebrated. As I pushed my horse down from the hills I felt the fever of fear fill my veins. It was verily a tomb.

As I came nearer—for I had to pass the mound to reach the east gate—I saw workmen on its summit erecting a diminutive temple roof to shelter the face of the great tablet. My spirits rose at the sight of these men, and I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of a familiar form. For, during the ride from the sword-dancer's cave, I had decided that all my hope lay in one man—old Ling's son, Kim. Not until then had I thought of him and remembered his appointment as Secret Guardian of the Queen in his father's place. I congratulated myself on having kept my hasty promise to the father, for the more I thought of it the surer I was that Dulcine's life was in his hands—but I dared not think what the grave youth would do or say. I knew the penalty of an attempt to enter that mausoleum. The body of the vandal would be divided among the capitals of the twenty provinces, and displayed in a public place.

If Kim could not help me, there was but one man left to ask. That was the king. Asking him would be to tell the whole miserable story of Lynx Island and Prince Tuen's victory. And yet, had not a week passed without the fulfilment of the terrible myth? Was the king not sane still, and the dynasty still secure?

And might not another week go by like this—and many?

I pushed my horse on as fast as it could go, knowing each moment was an eternity to Dulcine. I passed within a hundred yards of the mausoleum. A score of men were at work upon the little temple roof. The material for it was being brought up on the very car and track upon which the golden sarcophagus had ascended.

As I looked again at these scenes so indelibly impressed on my memory, I thought

of the terrible experiences Dulcine had endured since she bade me that last farewell. How the poor girl must have waited and waited and waited in her narrow cell for the signal that had never come! How her exhausted nerves must have trembled! How her very life blood must have been wrung from her heart as the moments passed! Did she know when the service of the priests was over? Could she have known when she was placed upon the sliding car? Did she realize that she was beyond the Altar of Spices—beyond all human power to save? Did she feel herself being lowered into her tomb—or had the stunning, deafening shock of the falling tablet first told her that her lover had proven faithless and had sent her to a living tomb after failing to bring back the real body of the queen?

I ached to hurry now to the mound, but I could not, dressed as I was. And so I pushed on into the city. But here another question arose. Where should I go? I could not go to the legation. Already Colonel Oranoff might have given out the news of Dulcine's absence, and of mine. Yet I was sure he would believe we were together, and that he would not quickly make public our disappearance. I could not help wondering if in all his diplomatic days he had ever faced a riddle more difficult to solve than this.

And so I turned toward the Japanese settlement, as I went into Keinning, and lodged at a Japanese inn. From there I boldly indited a letter to Oranoff. I said that for reasons which he would fully approve when we explained them, Dulcine and I had left Keinning together. I dated my note Tsi, the morning after the funeral, for I knew a boat had left then for Chefoo and Port Arthur.

Soon I was ready to return to the imperial grave. A fresh horse took me over the three miles quickly, but it was only by the best of luck that I was enabled to approach the mound. I found the roadway thither guarded by soldiers, but the men knew me, and sent at once for their captain who ascended the mound with me. The moment my foot touched this, I was beside myself with excitement. Yet I went on with the officer, continuing my questions regarding Kim Ling. He did not know him, but we were near the workmen and the building they were erecting.

And then a man, dressed more conspicuously than the others, stepped to me with an affable "Good-morning."

I had almost forgotten my mother tongue, it had been so long since I had had occasion to use it.

"Good-morning," I replied eagerly.

"May I see Lieutenant Ling?"

"Lieutenant Ling is not here."

"Kim Ling not here?" I cried.

"No."

"Was he not appointed keeper of the tomb?"

"No."

I quite forgot myself in my consternation—for I could not lose Kim now. I could not go to the king!

"But, sir, you must be mistaken; Ling was appointed to office here—I saw the appointment."

The man stepped quickly back, his eyes opening wide. I saw I had gone too far. But then, with utmost gravity he answered, firmly but kindly:

"He is not and has not been here, sir. I am Keeper of the Royal Tomb—Wun Yon Kip."

"Then where may I find him?" I asked in anguish, even holding my hands out to the men. I saw they were greatly moved, and I left them a moment together. I felt that Wun Yon Kip had not told the whole truth.

The tablet had fallen fairly into its place, without sign of crack or other mar. Directly upon it were laid the light sleepers of the building which was being erected upon it. I wondered if Dulcine heard these workmen. I could believe she still trusted me, as I trusted her, and was yet as brave and calm as when she had bidden me good-by.

"Have you inquired for him at the barracks?"

This came from the keeper of the tomb, who, after consultation with the officer, came and spoke at my back.

"No—he left the barracks the night of the funeral. His commission took effect when the queen was buried—where else could he be but here?"

I said this with the passion of despair, in a sharp, spiteful tone. I have often thought I might have saved myself very much had I used more diplomacy with Wun Yon Kip.

A long silence followed my fierce affirmation. The men talked again behind me. Then Kip said:

"You can find trace of him at the barracks, or of his uncle who is ringer of the great bell."

I felt I could do no more, and I left the men in as good humor as possible, though I

saw they thought I knew more than might have been expected.

I rode carelessly back to the barracks. I would find trace of Kim even if I met Oranoff himself. I called for Kim's captain. He came, and he knew less than nothing.

Kim Ling had disappeared from human sight!

From a soldier I found where his mother and sister lived, and bolted out of the barracks on that slight clue. At the gate I met one of my legation boys. He knew me almost instantly, and ran up saying:

"Go slow; I bring you *pinge* from Colonel Oranoff."

"Bring it to the great bell," said I, and I galloped on.

The house of the great bell was locked, and the keeper was away. I was turning to leave for Kim's house, when my boy came hurrying up. He brought this letter:

"Mr. Robert Martin:—Your commission as captain in the czar's cuirassiers is handed you herewith. I leave Tsi at daybreak for Port Arthur. I will return on the *Genkai Maru*, touching Tsi the 27th. I will return to Washington with you. You need not report at St. Petersburg before the spring maneuvers in May. Hastily, but gratefully yours,

"IVAN ORANOFF, Colonel."

This was dated the night of the imperial funeral.

Then Colonel Oranoff had not received my deceptive note! He was out of the country—and there were five days in which to get Dulcine from the tomb, and to meet her father at Tsi. I hardly paused to thank the man for obtaining for me such an enviable commission in that most wonderful body of horse in the world. I know he was thinking as much of Dulcine as of me in doing so.

I told my boy where I wished to go as nearly as I could, and he became my guide. At last he paused before a door and spoke to a little girl playing near.

It was Kim's house. The girl called her mother, who talked with my boy. Kim had gone away the night of the funeral and would return home at stated times. He had not come yet, and they did not know when he would come. They were happy in his fortunate appointment—but the news of the father's death, though they had not seen him for four long years, brought a gloom which even the son's promotion could not dispel.

Here was the end of my last rope. I could learn nothing further of the disappearance of Kim Ling.

I asked that news of his return be sent to his uncle, the old ringer of the bell, and I turned gloomily away.

I would wait a little for Kim before I went to the king. Passing by my inn, I stopped long enough to write a note to the Russian minister, saying that I had gone on a little journey to the mountains, and would return to Keinning in time to take the boat

on which Colonel Oranoff and his daughter would return from China. I also explained that Dulcine had joined her father at Tsi.

Then I went on to the house of the great bell. It was coming on night again — how soon the hours had passed!

#### XVI. "EMMILÉ."

The old ringer of the bell was standing in the door of the bell house as I came across the plaza to it. My boy told him something of me, which made him very friendly. To my surprise he could speak some English. He had been an old servant at the British legation before receiving his present appointment, which was, to all native eyes, a most honorable one. He had obtained it through the influence of his brother, General Ling.

I remained with old Kysang from that evening until the following night at midnight. As I look back on them, those hours were by far the darkest in all my Quelpartien experience. Since Kim could not be found, I must await his return. There was nothing else to do — that is, unless I went to the king. I determined I would not do this for at least one more night. I sent my boy again to Kim's house to make sure that word would be sent me upon Kim's arrival. He returned affirming that my wish would be obeyed. He also said that Kim's mother was afraid of me, and that Kim was now away longer than he had expected to be.

If Kim were delayed, for how long would it be? I trembled to think that Tuen might have entrapped the son as he had the father! If so, I was wasting each moment I waited for him, and would better go to the king this very night. By force of will I decided not to go to the king until midnight of the following night. If Kim had not come by that time I would hurry immediately to the Russian legation, where the king would be with his cabinet, throw myself at his feet, and tell all.

And how did I live through the terrible hours intervening? In other circumstances my stay of thirty hours within that bell house listening to the tales of old Kysang would have been of utmost interest. The house was perhaps fifteen feet square and twenty feet high. It was latticed on the sides, and roofed overhead. In one corner Kysang had a little room and a fire. Here I lay sleeping or smoking desperately while listening to the old man talk.

In the center of the house hung the great

bell of Keinning. It was twelve feet high, and more than half as broad at the mouth. It was made of a strange composition of metals, chiefly iron. It hung suspended from two heavy beams. It had no tongue, but was struck by a great beam hung on heavy chains. And when the beam was drawn back by the old ringer and crashed down upon the bell, a sound, the like of which one will hear nowhere else in the world, goes out over the great city, and echoes among the surrounding mountains. The composition of metals in the bell and the effect of being struck by a wooden instead of an iron tongue give to its tone a peculiar quality which is likely to preserve forever the terrible legend which has come down the centuries with it. The sound is plaintive and pathetic, from whatever part of the city you hear it — as if it were, in reality, the death-cry of a child.

The dynasty to which Whang Su belonged began one hundred years before Columbus discovered America, so old Kysang affirmed in telling the story of the great bell. I thought I could have told pretty nearly when it ought to have ended if myths be true, but I held my peace and smoked on. Each new dynasty must have a new capital; so the new king sent out three wise men to locate the site of his capital. These wise men, like all wise men, fell into a dispute, but on awakening one morning they found a narrow line of snow which formed a circle just here in the plain of Phan river. Providence had settled the question, and had indicated the propitious spot by this band of snow.

On this circle the work of excavating for the foundation of the city wall immediately began. One day a workman struck his pick in a metal substance. Digging carefully around it he soon brought to light a small iron bell of perfect proportions. The discovery was noised abroad, and the king ordered the bell brought to the palace. Immediately a proclamation went forth that a gigantic bell should be cast to hang in the center of the capital. Each of the twenty provinces was asked to furnish one-twentieth

of the metal, that it might be truly a national bell.

Messengers were sent riding forth to each province to bring the metal to the great mold which was being prepared at Keinning. Each province contributed its share gladly. Soon the king appointed a day for the casting. The nation assembled with the king and court on the hillside above the molten mass of metal. At the raising of the queen's hand the mold was filled. After a feast the great bell was lifted on mighty chains to hang before all the people. But even as the cheers of the thousands went up a loud report was heard which silenced the tumultuous applause.

The side of the bell had cracked!

Confusion reigned in the court, and the king's face was white with mingled anger and fear as he proclaimed that the bell would be recast on the morrow, and sent the people running to their temples to pray.

On the morrow a greater concourse gathered. A greater feast was prepared. Again the metal was heated, hotter than before. Again at the queen's signal the great mold was filled, the feast was enjoyed, and the bell was lifted from the mold.

And with a mightier report, again it burst asunder. The king and his nobles fell on their faces. The people rushed away now of their own accord, as fleeing from the very wrath of the gods.

Only one of all those thousands stood still. With an agonized face upturned this man beat his breast and walked onward, alone, up toward his prostrate king. Nearing the great dais built on the greensward, he fell on the ground. A nobleman brought the king's eye to him, and at a signal he arose.

"Sire, I was a gatherer of metal in Rang-do. As I went through a little village I asked for metal at each hut. In one, darker than the rest, I uttered my request. Whereupon an old woman replied, from the gloom: 'I have no metal, but take this,' and she unbound a babe from her back and held it out to me. I laughed and went on. And as I went the woman cursed the bell."

The court arose at these words, and all exclaimed:

*"A witch has cursed the bell!"*

Then the king set another day for the casting, and ordered that the witch and her child be found. The man was raised from the ground to which he had fallen in shame and terror, and, with a troop of horsemen, rode rapidly off into the mountains. The

prayers of a nation followed them and brought them safely back.

And now the green hillside witnessed again the assembling of the nation—for everywhere the strange tale had gone. Even the lame and the blind came. The great white-robed concourse formed a semi-circle about the molten crater. On the dais, again spread with tiger skins, sat the king and the queen. The court in gorgeous apparel again waited.

Just as the queen arose to give the signal for the filling of the mold a strange form was seen running through the crowds of people. All eyes turned to it.

It was the witch.

On she ran. Reaching the red-hot crater, she unloosened a babe from her back and looked upward to the dais. With a wave of her white fingers the queen gave the terrible command, and the babe was cast headlong into the boiling maelstrom of heated iron.

As it went downward its plaintive cry rang out, and all the people heard:

*"Emmilé, Emmilé!"*—"O mother! O mother mine!"

It was said that the cry was heard in every part of the kingdom, and not a mother but shuddered and turned quickly to her sleeping babe.

Then the great mold was filled, but the people waited in silence for the cooling of the bell, and feasted not. The chains straightened and lifted it again in air.

A nation held its breath. The moments passed. But the bell remained whole! The life-blood of the babe had proven the rare flux needed to cement its ponderous sinews. Cheer upon cheer arose, and the king proclaimed a holiday. A wooden beam was garlanded and hung to strike the bell. It was swung back at the king's command and descended.

But what sound came forth? *Only the cry of the burning babe:*

*"Emmilé! Emmilé!"*

And the queen fainted where she stood.

During a part of the time garrulous Kysang talked, I slept. There was nothing I could do before the time I had set to go to the king but sleep, and there was nothing I needed to do more. The booming of the great bell at midnight of my first night with Kysang awoke me with a fright I had never felt in my life before.

*"O Mother! O Mother mine,"* the iron monster cried, and a thousand Quelpartien mothers turned unconsciously in their sleep, and drew closer the infants beside them. And old Kysang, believing implicitly that the



cry was that of the murdered babe, lovingly stroked the quivering metal with his bony hand and crooned a plaintive lullaby.

On the second night I awoke with a frightened sob, as the great beam swept again through the air and announced midnight.

Yet I arose determinedly, shook old Kysang's hand roughly, and started for the door.

There in the open doorway stood a woman in white. Oh, God! I shall never forget that face. It was ablaze with the fire of deadly hatred and blanched with the most deadly fear.

I looked, and saw it was Kim's mother!

I went quickly toward her. Kim had come! She had brought me the good news. The one man who must know of Dulcine and her condition was now within reach. I knew he would tell me of her safety and help me release her. I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving from a thankful heart.

But all the time that white face stared wildly upon me. What could that mean?

The woman came nearer, then quickly ran around me and entered Kysang's room. She fell across the threshold as the old man was coming out, and lay sobbing her message in his arms.

Then he arose and came tottering forward. The little lantern partly lighted the space between us, but I could see the man's face was very pale.

"Kim has come, has he, Kysang?" I cried in anguish. The man groaned. The woman sat up and leaned against the partition of the room. I never saw a sadder face.

"Aye, yes, boy—Kim has come," the old man sobbed.

And then he burst into tears, and, putting his face in his arms, groaned and spoke to himself as though he could not believe it. Then he looked up, feeling, I think, the misery I felt. And he did not lessen it, as he said:

"Yes, Kim has come, but it is Kim no more. Emmilé!" sobbed old Kysang, "Emmilé! Emmilé!"

## XVII. KIM.

Kysang picked up the woman and went out. I followed the two through the black streets. I could get no further word from them, and they groaned at every step.

It was all too strange, almost, to frighten me—and yet I was frightened. What were their groans but words of fear and terror? What did they mean by saying Kim had come but it was not Kim? In my despair I sped on the faster through the smoky blackness, pressing upon their heels, for I felt better in action. Nothing seemed to allay the torture of my mind save exhausting myself in the hope of releasing Dulcine. I had waited in most poignant distress all these hours. And at the end had come this wild scene in the bell house, these groans and tears, these signs of terror and despair!

The fresh air and exercise aroused the woman, and taking the man's hand she now pressed on faster through a perfect maze of narrow streets filled with smoke. Quel-partiens build their fires beneath the floors. The chimneys empty into the gutters, and on damp nights the narrower streets are choked with smoke. Yet the smoke smelled better than anything else.

As I pushed on I asked many questions. Some I asked of the man before me. Some I asked myself. To none could I get or give

any answer. I wondered if this tumult could have been occasioned by Kim's loss of position. Might it not be that the boy already had sacrificed himself and his station for us? Had he already found Dulcine and saved her? This was too good to be true, by any possibility. He could not have known the identity of the white form we together had borne into the throne room that night. He could not have read the message he brought me from Dulcine. He could not have known that the fall of the great tablet had buried her within the queen's mausoleum. And yet I remembered with a start that Prince Tuen's wily servants had known all this—at least they had guessed it all and had acted swiftly and triumphantly on the basis of their supposition.

But while I struggled with these fears and hopes, we came to Kim's house. An excited crowd had gathered about it. Talk ran high, and was sensational in its nature. I told my boy, who followed behind me, to remain without and hear what was said.

I pushed on after Kysang and the mother. First I saw the little sister lying on the floor. She was shrieking loudly. There was no one else in the room. The mother led Kysang to a doorway beyond, and the two looked through. Neither crossed the threshold. Soon Kysang turned back with a

terrible groan. He came to me, and as he came he sobbed pitifully:

"What have you done—what have you done?"

I saw he at once associated my relations with Kim with the youth's present condition. I was utterly unnerved, but I went forward quickly when once they made way for me, and I entered without stopping at the door.

There Kim sat on the floor leaning against the wall—and they were right; it was not Kim. His hair was as white as snow. His head rolled idly from side to side. His eyes were staring dully out of distended sockets. The fine grave face was distorted out of every original proportion. He had gone away a sober, manly servant of the king. He had returned, within forty-eight hours, a white-haired, gaping idiot!

My anguish was of a selfish tinge, but it was no less genuine. Beside myself with terror, I fell prostrate at the man's feet. He had looked up at me, as I entered the room, with a perfectly blank expression of face. As I sank before him the head tipped foolishly forward, and the dull eyes looked stupidly at me where I lay.

"Kim, lad," I cried, "you know me—you must know me!" I held my arms out beseechingly to the silly face. The crowd had surged into the house and was pressing about the door looking at me.

The boy answered not a word. I grasped his ankles—and they were trembling. I felt his hands—they were cold and were shaking, too. He was trembling all over. Fright had unbalanced the mind. I kept on pleading with him, but to no purpose. He sat in a trembling lethargy. I could not arouse the staggered brain. But I remembered my only alternative, and stood up quickly and shut the door in those staring faces.

I was desperate. Failure here and now meant a confession to the king. I could not, would not, fail. I felt if I could get one word from Kim, Dulcine might be saved. I felt instinctively that his condition was attributable in some way to the terrible farce we had played. I knew a mind untinged by fright could be aroused again only by a like shock of equal violence. I acted on this theory. I put the lantern on the floor before the huddled, trembling form of the youth. I backed quickly into the farthest corner, and the silly face followed me. Here in the darkness I drew Nsase's sword. I had not looked upon it before save in daylight. Now it shone like the very sword

with which she danced. I had not swung it once over my head before the dull eyes opened wider. Noting the advantage, I whirled the blade bravely before me and rushed down upon the prostrate form of Kim Ling. He cowered back, displaying, by so doing, the first sign of mental activity. I threw the sword in the ashen face and shouted in the lad's ears. I seized the back of his long coat and threw him to his feet. Then I spoke sternly, even fiercely, my mouth not an inch from the quivering eyelids:

"The queen lives, Kim; tell me she lives—long live the queen!"

The next moment seemed an eternity to me. Physician never watched the action of a potent drug, when life was hanging by its slenderest silver thread, with more anxiety than I watched the effect of those words upon that disordered brain. I could see them burn deeper and deeper. As the seconds crawled along I felt the exultation of success. For once in all my Quelpartien experience I was winning, not losing!

The boy began to stand on his own legs. One by one the quivering muscles relaxed. One by one each wild light died out of his eyes. Then the lad slowly raised his hand and saluted me with his first particle of sentient strength, murmuring thickly:

"Aye—the queen lives—long live the queen!"

Then he fainted, and I laid him in his mother's lap. But she saw the change in the face, listened to the regular, quiet breathing, and wept over him for very joy.

As for me, I called my boy, and went quickly out into the night. I knew I need not look for more help from Kim. It would be days, perhaps weeks, ere he would recover. What was to be done I must do alone and do quickly. Pushing my boy ahead, I bade him guide me to the Russian legation. We ran on through the smoky blackness. When we stopped to rest I asked Pak what he heard outside of Kim's house.

"That Kim was dead," he said. Then he asked if it was true.

"No, not dead—but how did he get home?" I had been wondering how Kim had reached his mother's hut. Pak crept up to me in fear, and whispered:

"He was brought by men in black."

I started. I had forgotten those tongueless men in black. As soon as I thought of them I began running harder than before.

My mind leaped to the solution of this mystery of the mausoleum, and in a moment it seemed as though I had known it always.

And I changed every plan I had made—except that of going to the legation. I ran toward it all the faster, my heart pounding with sheer delight of discovery.

It was not later than one o'clock when I reached the legation plaza. I was admitted quickly, but I did not go to the king's wing.

It seemed like meeting a good friend to get back into my old room. I left it, in ten minutes, looking as though a typhoon had swept through it. When I went out, pistols were in my belt, liquor in my flask, and Nsase's sword at my side. I also carried a large bundle. Then I stole softly down the great hall of Oranoff's suite to Dulcine's room. The Cossack standing beside it knew me and turned the key.

I stopped the moment the door shut behind me. The room was in utmost disorder. And the sight held me spellbound a moment. Many long white bands of cloth lay upon the floor and chairs, and the heavy scent of spices and balsam filled the air. Here the brave girl had embalmed and anointed herself. How little she dreamed of all that was to follow. Yet had she known I doubt if it could have daunted Dulcine Oranoff.

In the center of the room stood a bowl of ashes through which each white band had been drawn to give it a musty color. I hurried by and hastily gathered up an armful of these bands. Then I went on to the great clothes-press through the open door of which I could see a quantity of woman's apparel. I stood there a moment in doubt. The perfume of those dresses—it seemed as though I was again in the girl's very pres-

ence! I buried my face there a moment, and the tears came hot when I thought where she was. If I delayed a moment while thinking of this, I hurried the faster afterward because of the memory of the awful contrast.

In a moment more I was on the plaza where Pak had brought the horses. But I paused once more and sent a wondering boy for Colonel Oranoff's mail. I ran through the pile of letters and took out mine to him.

We were tying our horses in a clump of bushes half a mile from the imperial tomb as the cathedral chimes rang two o'clock. We struck off, circling around the paddy fields, evading the sentinels who watched the avenue which led from the main highway to the mound. I know not what my boy took for a guiding-star but he brought me safely to the foot of the rise of ground upon which stood the temple of the tomb. There we lay still a space, listening. I soon made out the temple roof and the cone of earth beyond.

I felt certain that that building contained the secret of the mausoleum. Kim must have seen Dulcine, for he said the queen lived. Moreover he had been promoted to his father's old position, and I knew the general had been in immediate charge of the queen's body. Here Kim and his dumb black-robed friends surely lived, and I was determined to disturb their solitary reign.

Slowly we crawled up the hillside. We reached the matting hung along the sides. We crept in and lay down in the dark.

#### XVIII. THE SECRET OF THE ALTAR.

The chime at half-past two rang out from the city. We lay still as Indians—my boy Pak and I. We could not even see each other. It was the darkest hole I was ever in. Yet my plans could wait, if necessary, until morning light. And what I was hoping for might happen before then—if we were not too late.

I spent my time trying to remember the details of the temple. But all I could recall was the dais upon which the golden sarcophagus had rested behind the yellow curtains. I think we entered the building nearly where the hideous impersonation of Oranoff had stood and lured me away. I shudder even now as I remember that face. If I was right, then the altar was beyond. I trusted to luck, and we crawled far along and

stopped behind a screen which had been discarded since the funeral.

It struck three. The first dim gray of morning was showing. I could make out the outline of the pillars of the temple. The coming of morning would change my plans. Yet I was waiting. While I waited I undid my heavy bundle and took out a quantity of white bands. These I wound about my arms and legs. Pak assisted me, wondering but silent. Then I wrapped my body closely, and, lastly, my neck and head, leaving a slit to see through. Then I took Pak's long white cloak, such as all Quelpartiens wear, and bound it about my waist for a skirt. And I wound the scabbard of Nsase's sword in white and hung it at my side. We worked desperately, and it grew

lighter. Finally I lay quiet — and ready.

Only a moment after Pak seized my arm convulsively. I leaned toward him. He did not even whisper, but with his hand turned my head. I looked into the blackness beyond. I could see nothing. Then the soft tread of sandaled feet sounded outside the temple. The sounds came nearer. They mounted the steps. The matting was drawn aside and two men entered. The two in black had returned from Keinning.

My dearest hope was realized! We crouched lower, but I watched the two intently. In the dim gray light their black gowns could easily be followed. They stealthily crossed the large room to where the altar stood. There they stopped. And as I looked upon them, plain to be seen there in the dim light, they vanished from sight!

I leaped to my feet. I could see more plainly now, and no one was near the altar. With a stern word to Pak, I drew Nsase's sword and rushed forward. The hideous image stared down upon me as though frantic with fear. I did not blame it. The candles on the altar were burned out, but around it on each side I felt the hangings of heavy tapestry. I pushed one of these, and it gave away. Instantly I bent down and nearly fell into a hole through the floor which had not been closed up.

Sheathing the sword, I crawled under the hanging, and let myself down. My feet reached a step, and I stood and turned about. The step rested on a floor of stone flagging. It seemed lighter at my feet, and I bent over. Then I saw a narrow passage-way four feet high and thrice as long, with a torch burning at the end. And it led straight as an arrow toward the mound!

Drawing my sword again, I crouched down and went swiftly where the passage led. It, too, was paved with stone. No wonder it took time to build the mausoleum if a stone ballasted underground railway was a necessary adjunct! By the torch was a paper door, standing ajar. I looked beyond. The two were standing in a hallway beside an open door. Others were near them. The hall was some six feet in height, and extended on into the dark, but ever straight toward the tomb.

My plans were not to be achieved by remaining unseen. I waited just a moment. Then I threw the door open and rushed upon the group waving my sword. With gestures of alarm, the men fell across the threshold and shut a heavy door as I flew by. The moaning which came from that room has not

yet ceased to ring in my ears. I pitied men so superstitious — and yet I must have made a wild sight as a queen's soul rampant!

I did not stop here, for I knew that door would not be opened soon. I went on. I came to a flight of stone steps, almost a stone ladder, ascending very straight.

A cry of joy rose to my quivering lips. I sheathed Nsase's sword, and ascended silently. The steps were in a round shaft dug in the soft limestone, perhaps five feet in diameter. As I slowly ascended, the air became heavy, and I caught the dense scent of spices and balsam.

I breathed a prayer and crept upward softly, for I remembered how I was dressed, and there were no others I cared to frighten. At the top was a little room some eight feet square. A couch lay along the wall. Before it on the floor a paper lantern lay on its side. The flame had burned a hole through it. The candle was still long and would have lasted Kim all night, I thought. For this was surely his room. The lantern, lying where he had knocked it, proved the room had not been entered by the men in black, and I knew they would not come now.

All this passed through my mind ere I mounted the last step. My face was even with the curtain of the wall, and my eyes did not fall upon the heavily barred window in it until I was fairly at the top of the stairs. I sank quickly to my knees and crawled to it. The light cast by the bright candle fell downward. Panting, I raised myself to the corner of the window and looked down. At first all was darkness. Then, as once before in the temple of Ching-ling, a long, bright, shining object appeared slowly from the gloom, and my eyes rested full on the golden sarcophagus of the queen!

It was only by exerting my utmost strength that I kept from leaping to the window and crying out. But I feared the shock of the sudden greeting. Besides, my hands were around the great iron bars, and these tempered my exultation and set me to thinking. The window was two feet square. Four great bars two inches in diameter were planted in the solid masonry, in the hope of keeping the queen's soul in its gloomy cell.

I crept to the couch on which Kim had lain, where I lay still, thinking. The girl now and again turned and moaned in her troubled sleep. My plans had to be readjusted. As I sat there I remembered Kim. How nearly I had guessed the truth! The boy, like the father, sat facing the king's precious treasure — never to leave it save



for short visits to his home. What a life that had been for the lad to look forward to! Would that white-haired boy ever return?

I doubted it. For this must ever be to him the most dreadful place in the world. Here he sat in the dim light, gazing idly, perhaps, through those heavy bars. Suddenly the golden cover, closed by the king's own hand, started. I wondered if the youth had detected its first movement. Then a white hand was laid, maybe, on the golden curved side. He must have seen that! I groaned as I thought of such a spectacle in that place. Then slowly the murdered queen, asleep four years, sat up in her cell!

Oh, the terror with which the lad must

have thrown himself headlong down those stone steps. Little wonder the men in black heard his awful cry—little wonder that, when they found him, it was not Kim. No mind could have endured such a strain and retained its delicate equilibrium.

All this scene passed through my mind in a moment's time. Soon I had altered my plans to meet the new conditions. I righted the lantern and looked once more upon the sleeping girl. I could not see her face, but now and then I could faintly hear her moan.

I leaned for a moment in prayer against the heavy bars. Then, placing the lantern on the couch, I drew my sword and went down out of the room swiftly.

### XIX. THE FLIGHT OF THE QUEEN'S SOUL.

Running down the narrow hall, I passed the door of the priests' room. It opened as I came to it, but was quickly closed, and I heard a man fall to the floor with a groan.

This suited me exactly. I needed a little time, and I knew that the door would not be opened soon again. I crept forward quickly to the altar, and came out to my boy Pak.

Behind that discarded screen a transformation took place. Tearing the bandages from my arms and legs, I quickly donned a brilliant uniform. With a few touches from Pak's attentive hands, I stood forth as unlike the queen's soul, in which rôle I had been an undoubted success, as darkness is unlike light. Of the great bundle I brought little was now left. The white rags were brushed into a corner, and I took a single package under my arm. Then I walked to the center of the room, making a loud noise with my boots. There I uttered a long halloo. I repeated it soon vehemently. But I had to wait some little time. It took courage to open that door again!

A door opened slowly on the far side of the building, and those twelve tongueless creatures dressed in black entered, paralyzed with fear, even holding one another's hands. The door blew shut behind them, and every one whirled about with a gasp.

But they knew me, or at least my uniform quieted them, and I treated them as rough as any Russian. They filed to the long bench to which I pointed, and Pak was my interpreter. The gaping faces nodded replies.

On my oath, I knew not what to say first.

"The great king," I began at random, but in a very loud voice, "desires to know if all is well in the Temple of the Tomb."

The row of liars nodded affirmatively, looking sideways at one another to see if they agreed.

"Your rooms are comfortable?" I queried. "Yes."

"The service and appointments of the temple are complete?"

Again they nodded. I still played for time. But I now gave up in despair and blurted out:

"Send for General Kim Ling."

As Pak repeated this, the poor men shook like beech leaves in March. One of the two attempted to talk on his fingers, but gave it up quickly with a groan. Then he arose and pointed toward the city. I interpreted the gesture by asking:

"Keinning?"

And all the gaping heads nodded.

"He is satisfied with his majesty's arrangement?"

I put this lie into the tongueless mouths and they swallowed it whole, each looking blankly at his fellow as he wagged his head.

There was something ghastly ridiculous about it all, and I kept from laughing only with effort. But Pak was growing pale. I saw this and, alarmed, cut short this scene by coming to the point.

"His majesty feared lest in the commotion caused by the funeral the temple might have been neglected and might now be wanting for some necessity, or that actual use might have shown the need of change. He is particularly anxious"—and I whispered the words and made Pak do so—"lest the bars of the queen's window are so far apart that her soul would attempt to escape."

The words told awfully on the trembling

men. They fairly writhed. One tried to speak, forgetting in his excitement that his tongue had been removed. He sank to the floor. Another attempted to talk with his fingers, but they shook beyond all reading.

The Quelpartien idea of a soul's taking human form is matched nowhere, to my knowledge, save among that tribe of American Indians who leave a space in their funeral procession for the soul of the deceased to walk before the body.

I remembered that these men in black were the masons and carpenters of the imperial mausoleum. They planned and built the tomb. They built the watcher's cell, the window, and the passageway thither from the Temple of the Tomb. At last, after a confused wrangle, one man arose, stood before me, and held his quaking hands far apart, nodding wildly.

"Are the bars too wide?" I asked.

Pak repeated my question, and a dozen heads began bobbing violently.

Then I reprimanded them severely (not asking for further proof), and roughly ordered that the error be corrected.

Holding the package I carried more tightly under my arm, I started for the door through which the priests had entered the room. I saw they stood aghast at my presumption, but I turned to Pak and told him that the king had ordered the altar passage closed up.

These words had their effect. They knew I was about my business. So indeed I was. Then I ordered them to get their tools to remove the heavy stone in which the bars were planted, since double the number of holes must be drilled in it. This work could not be done in the tomb, so the stone must be carried away. Fortunately, like the great temple, the sound of hammer and mallet must not be heard in it.

I led the way, entering the higher hall by a passageway I had not noticed in my previous hasty incursion. No one was near me as I mounted the stone steps, as careful now to step heavily as I had been careful before to step lightly. Once at the top I ran to the barred window and cried:

"Dulcine — it is Robert — lie still until I call!"

A little scream followed my first word. Then utter silence reigned as the girl mastered herself. I wondered if she had fainted. Oh, the agony of that next half hour!

The priests came up fearfully, and went to work. The activity made men of them again, and soon the base stone was loosened.

They looked at me for the order to remove it, wondering, no doubt, if I would guard the window while the change was made. I gave the word by an eager gesture. They lifted it, and all went with it down the steep stairs. They were glad to get away from that black, open hole.

And, oh! was I not glad to have them? In a moment I had rushed headlong through it, down, down into the masses of cake and spice. Then I was up again and over the golden sarcophagus.

Dulcine's face felt cold as I covered it with kisses. I did not realize that she had fainted until she started into consciousness at the touch of my lips. Spasmodically she reached for me, and looked me steadily in the face. While life shall last I shall remember those bright eyes as they looked up at me in the dim light of that marble tomb!

But I saw the reaction was coming, and I knew there was much to do before it came. Drawing my wet face from hers, I lifted her gently from the glittering box and began to tear the white bands from her. She lay quiet in my arms, and spoke not a word, the brave, quiet smile the more beautiful in so dreary a place. From my package I drew a black gown, such as the priests wore, and wrapped it around her. Holding her in one arm, I threw the pieces of white cloth into the sarcophagus, and pushed the golden cover into place.

I put Dulcine through the window and crawled after her. Gathering her in my arms again, I bore her safely to the screen in the temple. There I drew over her a skirt and a fur cape I had brought.

Pak, true to my orders, was holding the horses outside the building.

And such of the worthy citizens of gray old Keinning as lived by the east gate and were astir in the first freshness of that morning saw a new sight under the sun. For a brilliantly dressed army officer and a girl rode in the gate. A native lad led their horses close together, for the lady, though seated on her own horse, lay wholly in the soldier's arms.

Even the grinning monkeys on the gables of the gate roof bade us welcome.

As we went under the gate I whispered, looking down upon her:

"You went through this gate a queen."

Dulcine looked up at the gate roof. She smiled dreamily, but sobered and nestled closely to me and did not speak.

She had been Queen of Quelparte long enough!

## XX. THE CZAR CONTINUES.

Regardless of the host of wondering servants, I took Dulcine from her horse myself at the legation entrance, bore her to her room, and placed her on her bed. At a nod the Cossack sentry closed the door behind us. Dulcine would not unloose my hand, and I knelt beside her. For several minutes she pressed my face upon her own in silence — then came the tears, and sweet relief.

When she let me go I silently emptied the jar of ashes into the fireplace and put the jar away from sight. Then I gathered up the white bands that were still left upon the floor and hid them, too. Nothing was left in sight to suggest that night. I poured a glass of white wine. Presently Dulcine sat up and drank the wine, and in the quiet of her own room quickly regained her strength and spirits. But she clung to me as though fearful of another awful separation. When I left her to order her breakfast she bade me hasten to return.

During these six months since the imperial funeral of the Queen of Quelparte I doubt if I have been separated from Dulcine more than a few hours in any day, and then she holds me very close before I leave her and closer yet when I return. Those few dark, terrible hours alone will never, probably, be forgotten. Since our wedding Dulcine has been happier and brighter, if possible, than I ever knew her to be, but the few times I have been compelled to leave her alone have proven the secret of her happiness, for in a brief time she will grow sober and gloomy. And so I almost never leave her. For this reason we speak less of the past than one might suppose. A tacit agreement obtains between us not to refer to the hours which so nearly cost us all the happiness we now enjoy.

After a time Dulcine asked me the secret of my failure to release her, and I told her briefly of my unexpected journey into the mountains, of Nsase, and of Kim. Before Oranoff's ship came from China, at Dulcine's request, I visited Kim and found him in his right mind and gaining in strength. When fully recovered he will find a permanent home and work at the Russian legation. He resigned his former position, and another now watches beside the grated window in the imperial mausoleum — one whose eyes will never see the awful thing which gave Kim Ling his crown of snow-white hair. I could not visit Nsase before our ship sailed, and perhaps the attempt would have been dan-

gerous. It may be that some time I can repay the great debt we feel we owe her, if such a debt could be paid at all. The czar's crown would not take from my side the blade she gave me, and it is the admiration of all.

Our life in St. Petersburg is very pleasant, though after Nell's promised visit, a post in the Russian legation at Washington, which has been offered me, may seem more acceptable. Quelparte seems very far away as we talk of it sometimes in a general way, but those nights and days there — they do not seem so distant. And sometimes when I am lying awake at night I feel Dulcine start suddenly and hear her gasp. Then I know she is playing queen again, and that the great tablet has fallen upon her marble mausoleum.

Colonel Oranoff is with us now and then. We told him our secret at last. Then he told another, and, presently, we were invited to dinner by that "hardest and best served master in the world." But he knelt as my wife entered, and kissed her hand!

To the czar and czarina Dulcine told more of the story of her burial than she had ever told to me. His majesty asked particularly concerning the Quelpartien myth that insanity comes upon relatives of deceased persons if the bodies are disturbed. I remember he was sober even when we all were laughing.

But when Dulcine was through and the czarina had kissed away the tears which came irrepressibly into the girl's eyes, Emperor Nicholas said slowly, in French:

"But the end is not yet." Then he told of Tuen's scheming to gain Quelparte, and of other matters not known in the public press. But soon my wife, pale and trembling, forgot host and hostess and arose unsteadily from her chair. When she spoke her voice sounded like a child's cry:

"I do not care for sequels, your majesty."

Nicholas sat quietly looking at the flowers as the ladies moved away, the czarina's arm thrown around Dulcine, but I heard him murmur as though to himself, "Nor do I, lady." For a moment we three sat in silence, but Oranoff was looking at the czar.

Then the latter turned to us, dark lines showing at once in his face; and he spoke sadly as he said:

"Myth or superstition, foolishness or not, gentlemen, the King of Quelparte has gone insane."

## A BIT OF SPAIN UNDER OUR FLAG.

BY LEONORA BECK ELLIS.



NOT haughty, blue-blooded Spain, not bull-fighting Andalusia, 'fiesta-keeping Castile, or battling Aragon, but work-a-day Spain, wearing the hickory shirts of America and toiling in plain ways to earn sound American dollars, yet with that inseparable picturesqueness lending color and quaintness to the situation! It was this we found one day in the winter of 1900 as we cruised along the coast imprinted so often with the footsteps of Spanish cavaliers.

There is no finer body of water on the globe than the Gulf of Mexico; none more beautiful, nor any approaching its size that is so rich in life. Embracing temperate, semi-tropical, and torrid regions in its great expanse, it affords to the living things within its vast arms a diversity of climate, salinity, and sea bottom well fitted to foster that superabundant life.

To be sure, the fisher-people, trappers, and plume-hunters on these waters and shores find existence easy-going; for the main problems of life are made simple. Food is here in riotous plenty, and in diversity sufficient to nourish; yet greater variety is readily obtainable by barter and sale. Fuel is little needed, but found in quantities. Shelter is a slight consideration in climate so kind; shacks of saplings and palmetto thatch are easily constructed, and are highly satisfactory. The problem of clothing is not brought quite so close to elemental conditions as are the other three; yet the requirements in that line, also, can be met with but little difficulty.

The simplicity and ease of living in such a locality have brought diverse people to the west coast of Florida to engage in its unsystematized maritime industries. In studying this coast, the status of its industries, and the nationality, character, and habits of living and work of its fisher-folk, I have been much struck by the great number of Spaniards and people of Spanish descent, and by their fitness for the occupations and climate.

A large fish ranch on Captiva Island, whose bay opens into beautiful Charlotte harbor, an important arm of the Gulf of Mexico, will serve as a type from which to gather acquaintanceship with the numerous similar ranches on our gulf shore.

It was at the cloudy close of a warm day in February of last year that our little sloop-yacht found its way from the open gulf through Captiva pass into a sheltered and quiet crescent of water that we found to be Captiva bay. Green mangrove islands dotted the sapphire surface of Charlotte harbor to the east, while on our starboard there curved inward a lovely beach, snow-white on its upper shelf, but, next to the surf-line, rose and purple with millions of delicate shells. Standing on deck, watching the sailors make ready to anchor, we suddenly discovered, as the boat drifted inward, that a flag was flying beyond a thick ridge of palmettoes, and that its colors were red, white, and blue.

We landed, and, following a well-marked trail, came out on the sheltered inner shore of what proved to be the northern spur of Captiva Island. The Stars and Stripes, much battered and weather-beaten but still majestic, floated from an old mast stuck in the sand, and about this center clustered a tiny village of palmetto shacks. A little man was lazily smoking in one door, while from the shack next to him came a great clatter of masculine voices.

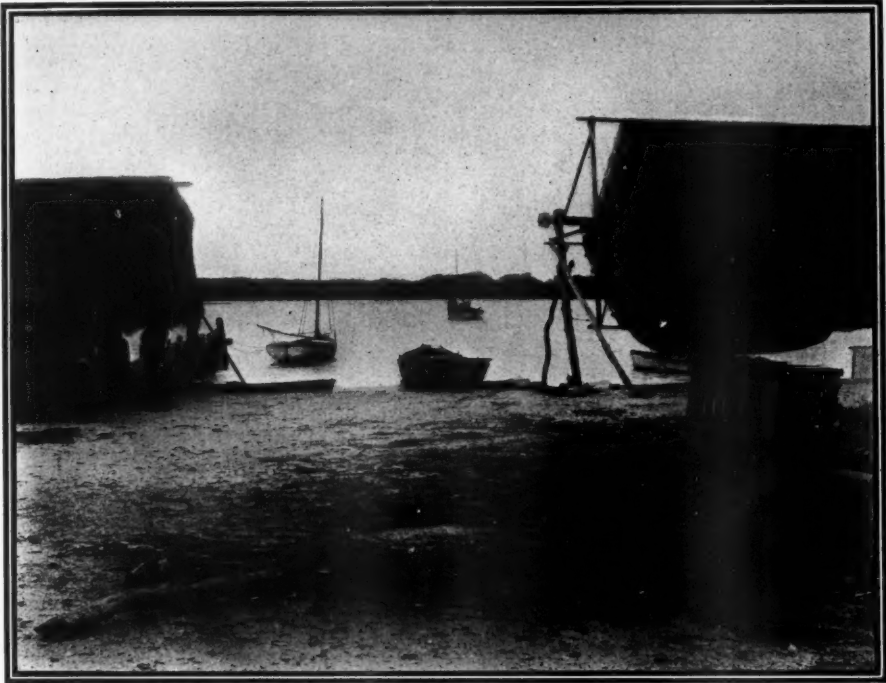
"Good afternoon," said the spokesman of our group, approaching the solitary smoker, "I hope that we are not trespassing?"

The man nodded with a smiling "*Buenas dias*," which in itself disclaimed any thought of trespass. On some further remarks from us, he shook his head in mild despair over our English, but trotted off towards the vocal tumult under the next thatched roof, observing as he went:

"I call el capitan. Manuel talk to you."

He returned quickly, accompanied by a man who, notwithstanding his simple costume of canvas trousers, cotton shirt, and palmetto shade hat pushed back from his curly, sunburned forelock, wore an air of dignity and command. He was scarcely thirty years old; his face was frank and pleasant, and though browned by exposure, inclined to the blond type; he was rather below the American medium height, but had fine, square shoulders, while his chest and throat, fully revealed by the wide-open shirt, were magnificent. Altogether he stood a good type of





AT THE CAPTIVA LANDING.

physical manhood, from his bare feet to his well-shaped head.

Seeing ladies, he took off his hat and gave courteous welcome, speaking English with as much fluency and correctness as the majority of our laboring people, and with an agreeable mellowness of tone and accent.

When we explained that we were cruising for pleasure, that we had put in from the open, fearing a possible tempest or squall from the sultry clouds, and that we had run into this sheltered haven without thought of trespass, as most of the islands in Charlotte harbor are uninhabited, he assured us we had done wisely. Bad weather was coming, he said, and he was glad that before it came we had found the safest and prettiest place on the coast. We must bring our boat around to the inside cove, for the blackest squall could never reach that.

"Make yourself at home," he concluded, with an easy wave of his hand. "You'd better stay a week or two, storm or no storm. Finest fishin' an' huntin' in the world right here. Got plenty of water?"

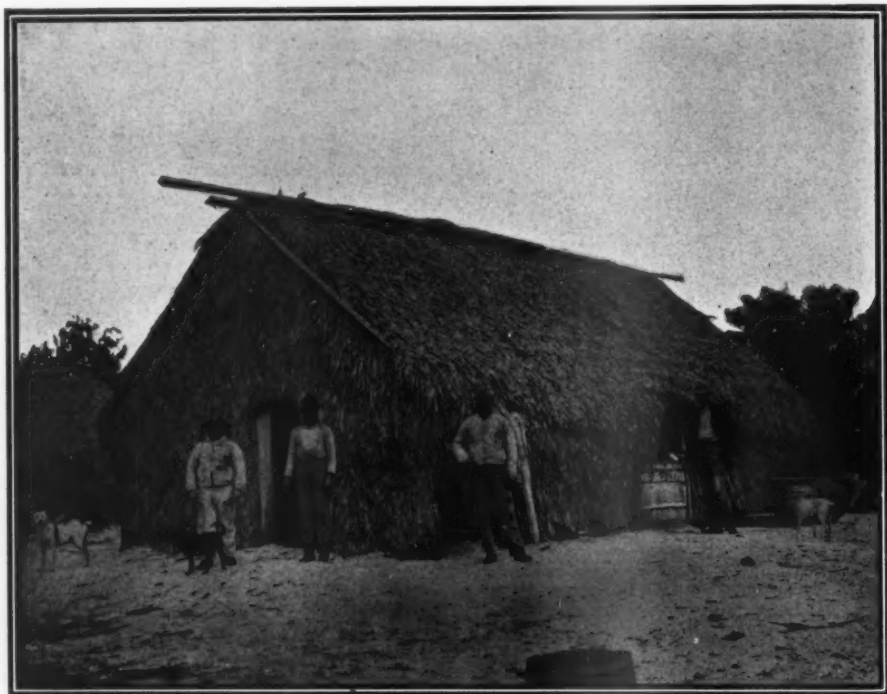
"Low, and we were getting uneasy," my husband admitted.

"All our barrels are full," the captain

said. "Your men can fill up when they've brought the boat 'round. Now I've got to go back an' finish saltin' down. Want to see it?"

Without delaying him by further questions, we followed to the shack where the men were at work. A silence fell upon them at first, and a certain sullenness appeared on half a dozen swarthy countenances. We could not miss their whispered "Americanos" mingled with some terms of contempt. But it was easy to forgive it; the conflict between our blood and theirs had ended but a few months back in their national defeat and humiliation. One cannot expect even Spanish fishermen in an alien land to forget at once. But the majority of the twenty men at work glanced at us with indifference or light curiosity, and soon resumed their chatter, laughter, singing, and whistling.

The shack was twenty-five feet long and fifteen feet wide, with clean sand for a floor. Nearly half of it was filled with sacks of salt piled on a sort of staging, while at the upper end were stacked thousands of salted fish, chiefly mullet, we could see, ready for shipment. Down the other half of the room ran



A CAPTIVA SHACK MADE OF PALM LEAVES.

a series of troughs or stalls. These were in threes, every middle one with a sort of latticed bottom for the split fish to be thrown into, and on both sides of this a trough of salt, at each end of which stood a man rubbing and packing the mullet with nature's preservative. The men displayed much care in the task, but worked with a rapidity that astonished us. Several men were hurrying up and down the aisles carrying the salted fish to two others who were doing the stacking at the upper end.

The captain resumed his place at a salt-trough, and worked as well as any private there, meantime talking easily with us in English, or directing, encouraging, and admonishing his men in Spanish. The slatted stalls were soon emptied, and the fishermen scattered. Manuel disappeared, and we went aboard the *Kite* which our sailors had meantime run around into the little cove.

We were finishing supper on deck when Manuel came to pay his *devoirs* in proper formal fashion. No rain had come, and only a strong breeze reached us in the tiny land-locked harbor; but we could hear the gulf sullenly booming outside, while from the

west the sunset banners trailed upward, lurid and threatening. We were watching these and listening to the sailors' interpretation of the omens, when a dingey shot out from the fishers' landing a hundred yards away. Another moment and the captain drew alongside, saluted us debonairly, and of course was invited aboard with much cordiality. How smartly and becomingly he had arrayed himself! The jaunty cap perched on his sun-yellowed curls, the red jumper thrown open at the throat, the blue silk sash, and velveteen trousers, even the pointed shoes and gaily-striped hose, seemed to sit as easily upon him as if he wore them all the time.

He paid us a long call, and proved a most entertaining guest, answering our questions with a readiness that encouraged us to ask more, and displaying great variety and accuracy of information regarding matters pertaining in any way to his calling.

"This is different from any of the fish camps we have visited hitherto," my husband observed.

"It's a fish ranch, not a camp," the captain answered. "It's permanent, you know, an' we manage our own business, take

our own fish to market, an' sell 'em ourselves. This was a fish ranch eighty years ago, when Spain owned the country."

I opened my eyes with a woman's delight at the aroma of antiquity.

"And you—were you born in Spain?"

"My father an' mother left Spain an' landed in Key West the year before I was born. I'm a good American," he said, with a smile of comradeship.

"Shall I put you down in my note-book as Captain Manuel?"

"Manuel Almas," he replied, showing his white teeth agreeably; "an' I'll be glad to be in your note-book."

"Are all of your men Spaniards?"

"Mostly Key Westers or Cubans," he nodded; "but three are only over this year from Cadiz. Then there's José who's lived about here seventy years, like his father before him. An' the two six-footers are from North Carolina."

We smiled, remembering the pair of blue-eyed, good-natured, slow-moving giants among the swart, squat, lively men around the fish troughs. Then, recalling the lynx-eyed, leather-skinned old Spaniard, I asked:

"And who is José?"

"Why, he's the owner of everything, you know—the schooner, boats, nets, the whole ranch outfit. He makes me captain; I manage everything, buy the supplies, sell the fish, get in all the money, an' pay him thirty per cent. Then I settle with the men, an' what's left is mine."



GASPARILLA LIGHTHOUSE. NEAR CAPTIVA PASS.

"Does José own the place, too?"

"José own Captiva Island? Why, it belongs to the United States. It's a light-

house reservation; but I hope they'll never spoil the ranch to put up a light. I've fished from the reefs to St. Mark's, an' there's not such another spot anywhere for fish to abound all the time an' without ceasin'. José keeps up the shacks. His father before him got a



THE LONE FISHERMAN.

permit from the government for a ranch here after Spain give up the land, an' José's had it renewed in his time."

"And is it José that flies the Stars and Stripes?"

He shook his head in laughing protest.

"He don't love 'em; learned diff'rent from his father, you know. It's *my* flag."

"Then you must be very patriotic."

He cast an arch glance around our circle.

"Yes, as long as the government don't enforce the fish law an' make me stop my business through the very months when

there's most in it. But the flag—I set that up when the war was on. The men mostly kicked; but I soon had 'em convinced that it was the safest thing for folks of their color an' lingo, with cruisers comin' an' goin' in these waters."

"Do your men often work on Sunday, Captain Almas, as they did today?" a young lady of our party asked.

"Why, is it Sunday?" he inquired, with face drawn into extreme gravity, but eyes that gleamed roguishly.

"We plum forgot that.

But I'll remember next time, sure."

When he rose to take leave, he invited us very pressingly to go ashore with him, even

urging that we camp there, as the ladies must be tired of the boat.

"My shack is at your disposal," he said. "Of course it's rough; but it's cool and large an' has curtains to divide it. I'd be glad for you to use it a week or two. Plenty of room in the next one for me."

With much appreciation of his very genuine hospitality, we yet declined to dispossess him. But we promised to spend at least the next day in enjoying the beauty and the sport of Captiva.

As his skiff moved from the *Kite*, the golden moon of the subtropics broke from



A FISHERMAN.

the clouds and splendidly lighted the picturesque shore and waters. Immediately the tinkle of a mandolin sounded from a bowery spot near the landing, another answered farther back, a broken guitar twanged from a doorway, and a banjo began to thrum. The first verse of a Spanish song, with love and wine and the heaving sea in it, was trolled out from the bower under the wild fig tree, and figures began to move in that direction. In a few minutes all the instruments and many voices had concentrated there; but I cannot say that perfect harmony was evolved from the blending. Yet we enjoyed it wondrously, and beyond a doubt they did. Now and then we could catch the strains and even the words of "Mabel Clare" and "Sweet Violets" rising above the Spanish songs; we divined that the two

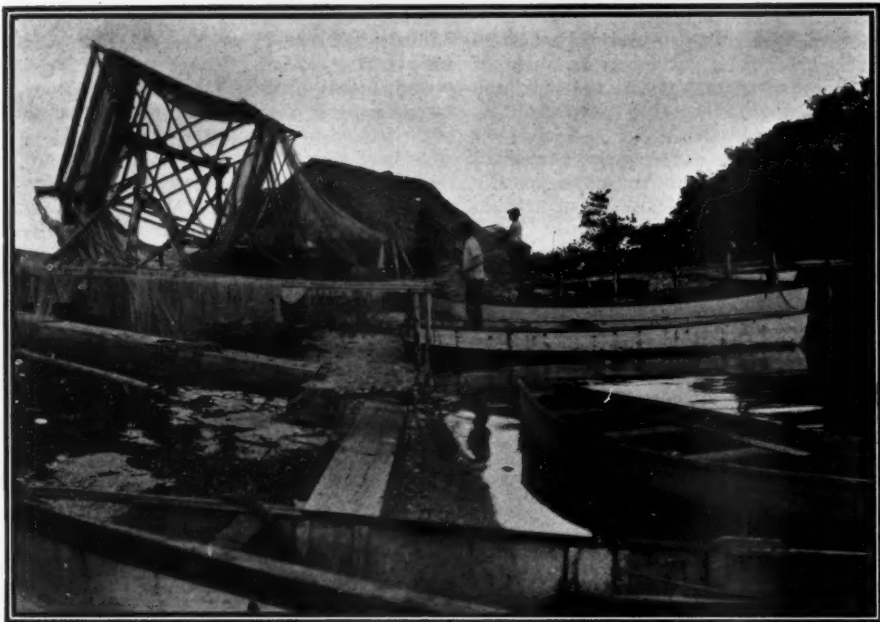
tall Carolinians, unacquainted with the language or music of their mates, had yet fallen under the spell of the moonlight, the soft air, and romantic scenery, and were making good their right to join in the concert according to their movings.

Variable winds and weather combined with our own inclination to keep us in the neighborhood of Captiva ranch for many days, and we gathered full information regarding its business workings and the pecuniary results accruing from such an industry.

The ranch is in active operation from August to April, and from twenty-five to forty men are employed all the time. Their daily routine is simple. At four o'clock each morning—unless raining—the cook, who, by the way, is an important and much honored personage in the little commonwealth, blows the conch, and summons to hot black coffee. The boats and nets are quickly made ready, and the men are out after the day's harvest in the neighboring inlets and coves. So marvelously abundant are the mullet in this bay that one haul of the great net often brings in eight thousand fish. We saw such a haul one quiet, sunny morning. The long fish-boat is fairly filled with these, the heavy seine is piled up, the men clamber in on the benches, taking their tonic drink of aguardiente before they start back, then home to seven, eight, or even nine o'clock breakfast. This over, all hands except the cook must hasten to the shed nearest the water's edge, and split and clean the fish, throwing them into the water-pen to wash. If the weather is reasonably cool or cloudy they may soak here some hours before being carried up to the salting-down shack. It was so on the day we arrived. But ordinarily they salt down in the morning and have the rest of the day free. For it must be admitted that *vis inertiae* is strong in the Latin blood; and with Spanish fishermen the best success is attained by having the day's tasks close on one another's heels and the *dolce far niente* undisturbed.

There is no more fishing until next morning. In mullet-fishing there would be but poor results, even if the men were willing. So for the remainder of the day everybody but the cook is free to follow his own desires. They sleep much, loaf much, play cards, and smoke endlessly, wash and mend their clothes if the notion strikes them, sometimes visit camps or ranches on adjacent islands, and often sail some distance to get fruit, wild, or from neglected groves and orchards. On moonlight nights, if they do not visit other





LOADING THE SEINE FROM REEL TO BOAT.

fisher-people, they play, sing, and dance among themselves.

Some of the wives, mothers, and sisters are generally with them; but we were unfortunate enough to miss these, as they had gone down to Key West with the schooner the day before our arrival, remaining there to visit until the next trip.

This schooner of José's is a taut craft of forty tons, and it carries all their fish to market. They sell wholly in Cuba, ordinarily at Havana, but occasionally at Matanzas.

Both places furnish far better markets for their class of goods than any of our own ports; for the Cubans consume quantities of salt fish, most of which must be imported, as, owing to the filth of the harbors and adjacent waters of Havana and Matanzas, all their fish are condemned as inedible or disease-producing.

Of course the war prices are now of the past; but Manuel's cargo always commands from five to seven cents per pound, sold in bulk. When you remember that mullet run

from one to two and a half pounds each, and that during these two years of increased demand they have salted down all other fish that may come into their nets with the mullet (excepting only the offensive "cats"), you can see that the ranch brings in returns handsomely disproportioned to the expenditure of capital and labor. The dried roes must be counted in, also; I regret to have to say that they sell very large quantities of these, the prices ranging from twelve and a half to sixteen cents per pound.



THE EARLY MORNING CATCH—3,000 MULLET.

José's capital invested is \$1,700 for the schooner, \$200 for the net boat, and \$75 for the great seine. He has several skiffs and dingies, but they amount to little; probably \$20 would cover all. Several of the men keep small sailboats of their own. A little labor keeps up the shacks, and \$75 would surely buy the entire camping outfit.

The schooner averages one trip per month to Cuba, and usually carries a heavy cargo of fish. But twice the preceding winter it had carried only eleven tons; this was owing to protracted wet weather. Neither the men nor the mullet will do their part when it rains; both keep strictly to cover.

The usual cargo is from twenty-five to thirty tons. Six or eight men man the schooner on these trips—a different set going each time, since the majority of them are as good sailors as fishermen—and this holiday is greedily sought. With a fair wind they often sail from Captiva to Havana in two days, the distance being only two hundred and twenty miles via Key West. But they usually linger a week in one or the other city, visiting friends, seeing the sights, and spending their money lavishly. Indeed, improvidence, that goes hand in hand with a reckless generosity on one side and a light indifference to the demarcation of *meum et tuum* on the other, seems to be a racial characteristic of these fishermen. This was well illustrated in the Captiva kitchen. Here 'Tonio (or in full, Antonio Quevasa) presided. 'Tonio the genial, the gentle, the generous. He it was who summoned the captain to talk to us on our arrival; he it was who pressed

on us dozens of sweet lemons (gathered in abundance from an abandoned grove on a neighboring island), loaves of his fresh bread, dishes of really delicious broiled roe, and all sorts of stews and chowders odious with garlic to our Saxon palates. He it was, too, who first spied out our camera, and begged for his "fotografia," insisting

that it should be taken with his watch in his hand—perhaps with some vague idea of proving himself a systematic chef; also that we should include his chum, a brigandish-looking old fellow who yet revealed his softer side by hastening away and returning with his mandolin and mimic tambourine. 'Tonio it was, again, who invited us each day into his quaint kitchen, a low shack of palmetto thatch, but, unlike the others, having boarded sides; it was furnished with a long, rough table, rude benches on either side, a much-worn stove at one end, various im-



ANTONIO AND HIS CHUM.

provised cupboards, and sundry barrels, boxes, and other contrivances for holding provisions. A giant coffee-pot furnished reminder of the one great indispensable on the fisherman's menu every time. A great tub was swung from the roof-tree, and lowered or raised by rope and pulley, this peculiar device being the camp method of keeping every sort of vermin from the bread.

'Tonio's bunk, with its flowered calico mosquito and sand-fly curtains, was in the kitchen; it was elevated—as we noticed all the bunks in the various shacks to be raised—about three feet above the ground, and under it a bushel or so of Irish potatoes were spread out and sprouting lustily in the

humid atmosphere. On a shelf above, onions were sending out strong green shoots, and I could not help thinking how disagreeable the smells must be in the night. But doubtless Antonio's Spanish olfactories are proof against unpleasantness of that sort. The ubiquitous feature of that apartment was the garlic, festooned and pendant whichever way you turned. One of the Carolinians said to us in confidence:

"Oh, we have plenty to eat an' abundance to waste; but if it wasn't for the coffee an' fish roe, I'd starve here. Everything tastes just like everything else from that everlastin' garlic. An' when it ain't garlic, it's spice. They even mess up the canned goods that way."

Abundance to waste! It did not require more than one trip to the kitchen to comprehend the fact. Even the numerous chickens, cats, and dogs that were hangers-on, had grown capricious in their appetites from overmuch feeding, while the mascot of the ranch, Manuel's huge, sleek black cat, had to be coddled like a princeling. Seeing all this, and remembering Florida prices, one could not question the captain's estimate of \$4,000 requisite to cover the supplies for seven months, even though the water is a good free market, lemons, sea-grapes, wild figs, pawpaws, and prickly pears cost them nothing, and no government imprint raises

the price of that indispensable commodity, aguardiente, their popular sugar-cane rum, the name of which, by the way, they corrupt into what sounds like "augerdent."

"Easy come, easy go" it is with these fishers' money, as one might almost say it is with their lives. Lightness and gaiety are their characteristics, rather than the austere resolution and courage of the men who risk so much on the Grand Banks every year. There is no death from exposure here, and very little sickness of any sort. There are no storms or dangers of the deep to be faced daily, little indeed to cultivate the sterner virtues. True, when we were at Captiva we knew Manuel to sail thirty miles in a blue nor'wester to attend a dance or "baile" at a ranch on Pine Island Sound, where a Spanish fisherman's five daughters were the center of charm. Any of his men would have done the same, and thought nothing of it; for they are not without boldness and endurance enough where their pleasures or desires are concerned.

Let them be, the men of Captiva and the neighboring islands and shores, with the gay sunshine on their sails and on their natures. Just as they are, with their virtues and their vices unaltered, they interest us, these aliens under our flag. Stranger things have happened than that a sturdy citizenry should grow from such beginnings.

## A FLORENTINE MONK'S ROMANCE.

BY ELIZABETH M. ELGIN.



HERE is one pilgrimage outside the gates of Florence which every student of art history should make, not merely for the interest which attaches itself to the work of an artist whose pictures may be seen in the Uffizi and Pitti galleries, not solely for an inspection of the faded frescoes by this master upon the walls of an ancient cathedral, but for love of a romance which even in this practical age appeals to the sentiment of every reader who learns, in connection with the art history of this painter, his heart history as well. It is a story which comes down through the centuries in unsatisfactory, broken bits, pieced out by tradition where history fails; yet a wonderful record even at its worst—a record which succeeding painters and chroniclers have brodered with the seed pearls of their fancy.

This pilgrimage should be to Prato, a

small town once belonging to Florence, whose fortunes it shared throughout the middle ages. It boasts of a church interesting to all lovers of early Renaissance architecture, and numbers among its sculptures and paintings works by Donatello, Michelozzo, Andrea della Robbia, the incomparable Mino da Fiesole, and Rossellino, and Filippo Lippi's finest frescos. It is not for these art treasures, however, that the pilgrimage should be made, as better specimens of the work of most of these artists may be found elsewhere. The student bent on satisfying a sentiment, should pass by the duomo and up the paved street in search of the narrow via Margherita where, in the convent of that name, once lived the young novice whose love the artist-monk Filippo Lippi stole unawares, and whose face looks out from the Madonnas of his famous canvases. In this Italian town was laid the romance of Fra Filippo Lippi,

the Carmelite monk who linked his name and fate with Lucretia Buti, and whose son was the Filippo, or Filippino Lippi, who as a painter is classed with his illustrious father, and his master, Botticelli; their works in the churches and galleries of Florence showing a strong line of demarcation from the style of all preceding artists.

This is the romance, as far as can be gathered, from the few authentic sources at the command of the twentieth-century historian:



"THE PAINTER LIPPI AND THE NUN BUTI." BY G. CASTAGNOLA.

Filippo Lippi, born at Florence in the year 1406 (some chronicles have it 1412), was the son of Tommaso Lippi, a Florentine butcher. At the age of eight years, being left an orphan, he was adopted by an order of Carmelite monks whose convent walls overshadowed the shop of his parents. It was in the church attached to this convent that Masaccio left those frescos which have been the inspiration of all Florentine painters since his day; and it is thought that the young novitiate must either have painted

under that master's instruction, or copied from these frescos in the Brancacci chapel, as his early work strongly savors of Masaccio's influence.

At the age of fifteen he took the vows of the order, more from necessity of circumstances than from inclination, it is presumed; but he was permitted to leave the convent in 1432, still wearing his monastic garb, to follow his vocation as painter, for which he early evinced a taste. He led a wandering life for a time, receiving commissions from patrons, one of whom was Cosimo de' Medici, who recognized the talent of the young monk, and afterwards befriended him in the greatest crisis of his career.

In 1442, Filippo Lippi was made rector of San Quirico at Legnaia; and, in 1452, he became chaplain of the monastery of San Niccolo di Fieri in Florence. Of his life during those ten years little is known, except the fact that some of his best panel pictures were executed at that time. Vasari, without whose notes on Italian painters modern historians would be hopelessly at sea, states that after his departure from the Carmelite convent, Filippo Lippi was abducted by Moorish rovers on the shores of the Adriatic, and taken as a slave to Barbary; that he was returned to his country by his master, who thus rewarded the artist for drawing his portrait in a wonderful manner. Unfortunately, Vasari's love for the embellishment of dry facts led him far afield in his search for interesting material, and this ingenious account of the ten years of the monk's life must be questioned.

His ablest work, now faded almost beyond recognition, was begun at the expiration of the ten years, in the choir of the pieve (now the duomo), at Prato; and here begins the romance which linked forever his name with the fortunes of this little dependency of Florence.

The nuns of the convent of Santa Margherita at Prato held among their number the two sisters, Spinetta and Lucretia Buti, aged respectively seventeen and sixteen years. These sisters took the veil in 1451 — not of their own free will, but at the instiga-





THE MADONNA BY FILIPPO LIPPI. THE FACE IS A PORTRAIT OF LUCRETIA BUTI.



MADONNA BY FILIPPINO LIPPI. "SAINTED FAMILY WITH ANGELS."

tion of their brother, who, upon their father's death, was left with a large family to support.

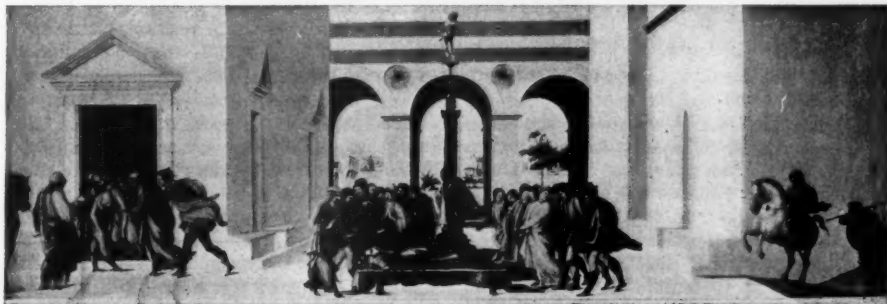
Filippo Lippi at this time was appointed chaplain to the convent of Santa Margherita, and of his own accord added the office of ecclesiastical painter to his duties. At the desire of the abbess, he set about completing an altar-piece for the convent chapel, taking as his model for the Madonna in his picture, Lucretia, the younger of the Buti sisters. In spite of the watchful eyes of the abbess, the painter contrived to declare his love for the young novitiate, who fled with her sister to his protection during the confusion attendant upon a public sacred festival in Prato, at which the nuns were present. The two sisters remained at Filippo Lippi's home for two years, and to Lucretia was born a son who was destined to perpetuate the artistic reputation of his father.

At the end of two years, Lucretia and Spinetta Buti were induced to rejoin the sisterhood, taking upon themselves fresh vows; but escaping again to the protection

of the monk, they called down upon his head the maledictions of the church, which was forced to take cognizance of the scandal. It was at this juncture that Cosimo de' Medici used his influence with Pope Pius II., and induced that prelate to issue a bull, releasing the two from their monastic vows, and sanctioning their marriage. According to Vasari, their daughter Allesandria was born in 1465, four years after the marriage of her parents; but some historians give credence to the story of Lucretia's untimely death before the kindly prelate could carry into effect his intentions on their behalf.

Filippo Lippi being now deprived of all of the benefices of the church, had to depend upon his pencil for a livelihood. Yet the heart which beat too high for a monkish garb, must have been an improvident one as well; for it is known that the artist was poor all his life, at times being in great straits for money.

After finishing the frescos in the pieve at Prato, Filippo Lippi obtained a commission



"THE DEATH OF LUCRETIA." BY FILIPPINO LIPPI.

to decorate the choir of the duomo at Spoleto, but was destined never to finish these frescos. After a sudden illness, supposed to have been the result of poison, he died at Spoleto on the 9th of October, 1469, and was buried in the duomo of that city.

Following this family history a little farther, we find that Filippino Lippi, born about 1457, became a pupil of Botticelli, and studied the frescos of Masaccio in the Brancaccio chapel, as his father had done before him. In 1484, he was chosen to complete these frescos, left unfinished by the master sixty years previous to that time. This work established his reputation, and caused him to receive the commission to fresco the Strozzi chapel in the church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence. In 1497, Filippino Lippi married Maddalena, the daughter of Pietro Paolo Monti. He died eight years afterward, on the 3rd of April, 1505.

The result of this union was a son, Francesco, who is mentioned in the quaint, conceited memoirs of the celebrated goldsmith, Benvenuto Cellini, in these words:

"About that time (1518) I contracted a close and familiar friendship with an amiable lad of my own age, who was also in the goldsmith's trade. He was called Francesco, son of Filippo and grandson of Fra Filippo Lippi, that most excellent painter. Through intercourse together, such love grew up between us that, day or night, we never stayed apart. The house where he lived was still full of the fine studies which his father had made, bound up in several books of drawings by his hand, and taken from the best antiquities in Rome. The sight of these things filled me with passionate enthusiasm, and for two years or thereabouts we lived in intimacy."

The knowledge of these few facts in the life history of these two painters of the fifteenth century makes the visit to Prato seem truly a pilgrimage to the shrine of love and genius. One treads with thoughtful steps the narrow, roughly paved streets where, six centuries before, human ambition and human love played so prominent a part, and made this little Italian town stand out from among its fellows as the background of a romance unique in the annals of the world's history. It makes the student pause before the open door in the high convent wall which runs along the via Margherita, to glance with an interest which forbids the imputation of curiosity, at the worn tiled flooring beyond the court, where the feet of

the young nun must have passed and repassed many hundreds of times during her enforced seclusion. It compels him to pay homage to the filial affection which erected a shrine in a niche in the wall outside, where behind wooden panels a Madonna by Filippino Lippi commemorates a parent's love, as human in its tendencies as that of the bright-faced Italian mothers who come with their *bambini* in their arms to kneel before it. It causes him to visit the old duomo, where, if time presses, scarce noting the beautiful circular pulpit carved with sphinxes and serpents by Mino da Fiesole and Rossellino, he passes on to the choir to peer at the frescos, once glowing with the life and color of Filippo



"ADORATION OF THE MAGI," BY FILIPPINO LIPPI.

Lippi's brush, but now beautiful only to a Ruskinian disciple with patience enough to await the one hour in the day when the sunlight throws its brightest shafts through the stained windows. It causes a return to Florence with a renewed interest in the frescos of the Strozzi chapel by Filippino Lippi, and in those by the same hand in the church of Santa Maria del Carmine which completes the chain of circumstances connecting the lives of father and son; the old convent church forming the center and circumference between which their lives circled. And then, having received his reward for this self-imposed duty which ends in pleas-

ure, the student may feast his eyes freely upon the works of these two masters — beautiful alike to the initiated and uninitiated — which decorate the walls of the Uffizi and Pitti galleries, like jewels upon a queen's fair front.

In the Pitti there hangs a Madonna in a rich frame, by Filippo Lippi. The face of this Madonna is the real portrait of the nun Lucretia Buti, whose flesh tones gleam with the pale bisque tints so characteristic of the artist who delighted in showing the material, rather than the spiritual side of motherhood. The sentimentalist may prefer the supposed portrait of the young novice which, in a painting called "The Painter Lippi and the Nun Buti," hangs on the walls of the Academy of Fine Arts among the modern Florentine works of art. But the authenticity of the former portrait is well established, while the latter is merely the creation of poetic fancy.

This same academy holds an authentic portrait of the monk, painted by himself, in his "Coronation of the Virgin" — a work in his latest style, and one of his masterpieces. It is remarkable for its unusual size, and for clear, harmonious coloring. The kneeling monk at the right of the picture, from whose clasped hands there floats a scroll bearing the words "*Is perfect opus*," is Filippo Lippi. The face is characteristic of the artist, who was essentially a painter of the material things of life, in con-

tradistinction to the æsthetes who preceded his school. Browning, in "Fra Lippo Lippi," puts these words into the monk's mouth:

"We're made so that we love  
First when we see them painted, things we have passed  
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see;  
And so they are better, painted — better to us,  
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;  
God uses us to help each other so,  
Lending our minds out."

Another writer states with the same correct judgment of the monk's character:

"Fra Filippo Lippi added to that whole-strength and sanity of sight an even clearer perception of natural beauty and grace. The glories of the physical realm in landscape, in the power of men, and in the loveliness of women were handled now with a growing boldness which outran the delicate timidity that had restrained it in the shadow of the church."

There is another round Madonna on the Pitti walls which shares equal honors, in the public eye, with the elder Lippi's Madonna. This is Filippino's "Sainted Family with Angels," a painting charming in conception, composition, and richness of



"MADONNA ENTHRONED." BY FILIPPINO LIPPI.

color, shown in the wonderful green-tipped crimson wings of the adoring angels, and the garments of the kneeling figures. The delightfully conventionalized background with roses, suggests Botticelli; and one might be pardoned for attributing this *chef-d'œuvre* to the master instead of the pupil.

Unmistakably the work of the younger Lippi is the "Adoration of the Magi," in the Uffizi, with excellent portrait faces,



"CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN." BY FILIPPO LIPPI.

among which may be seen the features of Pietro Francesco de' Medici. In the same gallery hangs a "Madonna Enthroned," by the same artist; in richness of design it suggests Carlo Crivelli, but shows decidedly original treatment in the descending angels in the upper half of the painting.

Very different from this artist's other works is his "Death of Lucretia," a long, narrow canvas in the Pitti. He has taken the death of the wife of Collatinus as his subject, probably gratifying a personal feeling, which prompted the portrayal of a scene in the life of the Roman matron whose name was the same as that which his mother bore. The painting is filled with figures whose

interesting facial expressions and grouping form its principal attraction. In the distance, through the arches of the background, may be seen a pleasing landscape effect.

This closes the description of the life, and of most of the principal works of two of the chief artists of their time, whose influence made itself felt upon the work of succeeding Florentine painters, and whose glowing canvases are today lasting attractions in the galleries of Florence. The touch of nature which makes the whole world akin is present in all their handiwork, and causes their Madonnas, in their material loveliness, to rival the more saintly creations of brother artists.

## ARCADY.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Where is Arcady? where  
Is that lovely land? you say;  
You have footed a weary track and dreary  
Day upon eery day;  
Yet never a pilgrim found  
Who has glimpsed its hills afar,  
But met many dreaming of the beaming  
Cast by its gleaming star.

Where is Arcady? where  
Is that wondrous clime? you cry;  
Where unfolden is the olden  
Charm of its golden sky?  
'Tis given to every soul  
To gaze on it once, forsooth!  
With the eyes of—in the guise of—  
Under the skies of—Youth!



## A DAY IN TENERIFFE.

BY MARY CHOLMONDELEY, AUTHOR OF "RED POTTAGE."



It is seven o'clock on a February morning. Candelaria has just brought me a cup of goat's milk, and I may as well drink it at the open window. What an air comes blowing in, warm as an English June, but laden with

"Them spicy garlic smells,"

which would tell me that I was in a sub-tropical climate, if I shut my eyes.

High and near at hand, shutting out most of the turquoise blue of the sky, which will be bluer still presently, rise the fantastic, tortured outlines of the range of volcanic hills which shelter Santa Cruz from the north. These hills fill me with a species of horror. They appear to me like the work of demons, and as if temptation and crime lurked among their stony-tilted ravines and rent clefts. Among those clinging cactuses and clumps of "devil's fingers" Faust might have walked and stumbled, with Mephistopheles at his ear. But today, with the morning sun and the cloud shadows upon their seared, grotesque faces, they look almost dignified, almost absolved of evil. A weird beauty takes possession of them.

It is silent up there. Down here at their feet the day is already in full career. The black goats are bleating and ringing their bells. The "Canarien birds," as a German friend calls them, are shouting among the pepper trees. The canaries are not yellow, as they ought to be, but brown, which I regard in the light of a personal injury. There goes the hoopoo again. "Cuk! cuk! cuk!" just like the first note of the cuckoo, repeated three times over, but more sweetly. I wish I could see him.

A girl's voice, fresh and gay as any bird's, but with a strident note in it, comes from the tomato gardens near at hand. I lean out of the window. Yes, they are all at work again picking the tomatoes. An immensely stout woman, clad in white trousers, is poisoning a tray of tomatoes on her head. Surely the most advanced of our "new women" only needs to see a few of these fat Spanish women in trousers, in order to be convinced that we cannot in all things imitate man with advantage. The costume certainly makes the feet look small, but when one has said

that one has said all. These trousers make such a deep impression on my mind that I inquire into them. I find that they are lent by the farmers to the peasant women to protect their dresses while they pick their tomato crops.

On one stone terrace above another narrow strips of earth have been rescued from the hillside, and here, in long lines, the crops are grown. On the terraces below the tomato crop the prickly pears stand in serried ranks, with a white bandage on each of the many fat, upraised hands. They look like a plant hospital. Even the chance prickly pears—the out-patients—struggling up the hillside are nearly all similarly bandaged. It is the first process of the manufacture of cochineal. The young of the cochineal insects are sprinkled on these bandages, which are then tied round the unlucky cactus, which is obliged, so to speak, to furnish board and lodging to the insect. Seen near at hand, this insect does not present an engaging appearance, having a strong resemblance to the Norfolk Howard family. I applied the point of my umbrella to the poor parasite-covered plant the other day, in a spirit of inquiry. Several cochineal insects immediately went to their last account, and a deep red blot trickled down the cactus and stained the point of my umbrella. I looked. I felt that I had committed murder. I fled.

When the insect is full grown he is collected, passed through a sieve, ground into powder, and finally becomes, among other things, a means of culinary beauty. Whenever I see persons eating a pink blancmange or "shape" in the future I shall make a point of mentioning this interesting process to them.

And now Candelaria reappears with a *Baño caliente*. Candelaria is a very pretty girl, and she wears a pink cotton blouse with crimson rings on it, which suits her olive complexion admirably. She looks even better in it than in her white cotton gown of yesterday, when she waited at table, with flowers in her hair, and two gold rings on her fingers. Victor, the butler, also wears a gold ring on Sundays. I cannot imagine why he does not marry Candelaria; but perhaps he will, if he is given time, especially

as at present he is restricted almost entirely to her society, because he dare not take a walk for fear of the conscription.

I wake V., who is still sleeping the sleep of the sluggard in an adjoining room, in what she calls her "meat-safe"; and an hour later, having breakfasted, we take a turn in the garden. We peep over our neighbors' wall to see how they are getting on, to the surprise of a little golden-brown calf which is lying in the sun, tethered to a twisted shrub of plumbago, the blue flowers of which almost touch him. Though it is not yet ten o'clock, it is already hot, in spite of a fresh, light-hearted air that comes dancing across from the sea. The sunlight trembles on the yellow stone steps and on the trailing, climbing masses of the bougainvillea, which has flung its mantle of purple over the balustrade. Through an opening in the trees we glance down across the white watercourses and green terraces to the little town of Santa Cruz—its irregular, flat-topped buildings and quaint cupolas, outlined as if cut out in white paper, sharp white, against the fierce blue of the sea. Far away on the horizon the Grand Canary lies like a cloud. We look ruefully at that blue sea. We have no colors in our paint boxes to reproduce that vivid marvel of color. The sky reflects it, as one dazzled glance shows us, through the network of pink almond blossom above our heads.

An immense, prosaic German steamer, with yellow quarantine flag flying, after making a vulgar and unseemly noise, has anchored exactly on the top of the highest white-lace cupola, making a capital T of it.

"If B. were here, wrestling with her art," says V., meditatively, "she would draw in that steamer exactly as it is now, impaled on the top of that spire."

The aloe near at hand has drooped even since last week. Poor aloe! I watch it with a painful interest. It has put out a monster flower, a giant, as high as the house, and is dying slowly in consequence. I did not realize that it *was* a flower until I was told.

"Methought it was a trusty tree";

and I supposed that all the leaves—and

what great double-edged saws they are, eight to ten feet long!—had grown at its foot by mistake. What I took for the trunk is the stalk of the flower! Once in a hundred years, it is said, the aloe flowers thus, and then dies.

We turn back into the shade, and drag our deck chairs along the stone flags to the yellow tank under the orange trees.

"Now," I say sternly, "if we don't improve our minds early in the day, we shall never improve them at all. Fetch Prescott."

We are reading "The Conquest of Mexico" aloud to each other. We have been reading



A GROUP OF TENERIFFE CRAFTSWOMEN.

it for some time, but we make but little progress. When the "Conquest" is shut (as it generally is), our marker seems to cleave to the fly-leaf. This, however, is not true, as we are in reality half way through the first chapter.

V. opens the book and spreads out the atlas on her knee.

A large yellow butterfly comes floating through the shadow, and settles on a crimson hibiscus, which is hanging like a flame against the pale green stem of a coral tree. The two ardent colors quiver together in the sunshine.

"Where were we?" I ask stoically, when the butterfly has flown away.

"They had just sent a humming-bird out of the ark," says V., "and that apparently without any collusion with the old world;" and she begins to read.

"The dyes used by the ancient Mexicans were obtained from both mineral and vegetable substances. Among them was the rich crimson of the cochineal, the modern rival of

the famed Tyrian purple. It was introduced into Europe from Mexico, where the curious little insect was nourished with great care on plantations of cactus."

"Just as they do next door," I remark.

V. goes on, unheeding.

The sunlight is scattered like silver coins among the little round stones and on the pink verbena which nestles round the tank. The goldfish swim lazily near the surface, and the big red one eats a bit of floating stick, and then, just as I am beginning to be anxious, spits it out again to quite a surprising distance. It must have a very strong popgun inside it. A gray lizard comes out and suns himself on a patch of sunshine on the watercourse. On the edge of the tank, in a wicker pot, stands a tiny orange tree, about a foot high, composed of two twigs. On one of them are two oranges; the other is in full blossom. The H.'s bought it for half a dollar in the town.

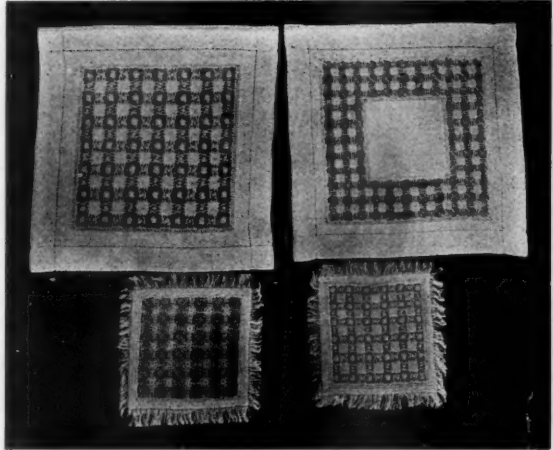
V.'s eyes leave her book and follow mine.

"I can't live any longer without a little tree like that," she says. "Now that I have seen it, I know that I have been wanting it all my life."

"As R. said, when he married F.," I reply. "Go on." Thud! Down comes a ripe orange on to the stones. V. shuts Prescott with a will. It is an understood thing that she eats any oranges that fall from the trees. She says she looks upon it as a sacred duty to prevent waste. She cer-

up into the foliage above us, where orange flowers and oranges, green and yellow, are all tangled together. "You will die of one on your head some day."

We no longer read as we used to do under the betanga tree, because the small scarlet fruit is always dropping from among its white



DOILIES MADE BY TENERIFFE WOMEN.

blossoms, and distracts V.'s attention continually. She says it tastes like hair-oil and medicine, and urges me to try it, but I have lately taken so much medicine and so little hair-oil that I have not the courage.

Amid the singing of the canaries another sound mingles suddenly — the sweetest sound that can reach the ear in a thirsty land — the murmur of running water. Suddenly, also, the fallen rose and bougainvillea leaves in the dry watercourse begin to move swiftly,

borne along by the down-coming water, and in another moment it is rushing and dancing all round us, overleaping its miniature white channels, and filling the whole air with music. Juan, the gardener, comes hastening down to regulate its course among the trees of the garden and the vegetables below the terrace, for none must be wasted. Water is an expensive commodity in Teneriffe. Juan is a melancholy young man, dressed in white, with a black sash round his waist, instead of the usual red one, because he is a widower. His little son, Juanillo, runs at his heels. Juanillo is generally clad in a pink shirt, encrusted with earth. But, as today is a

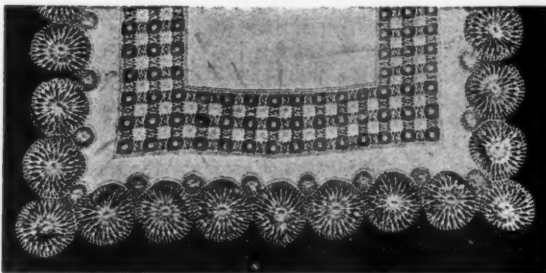
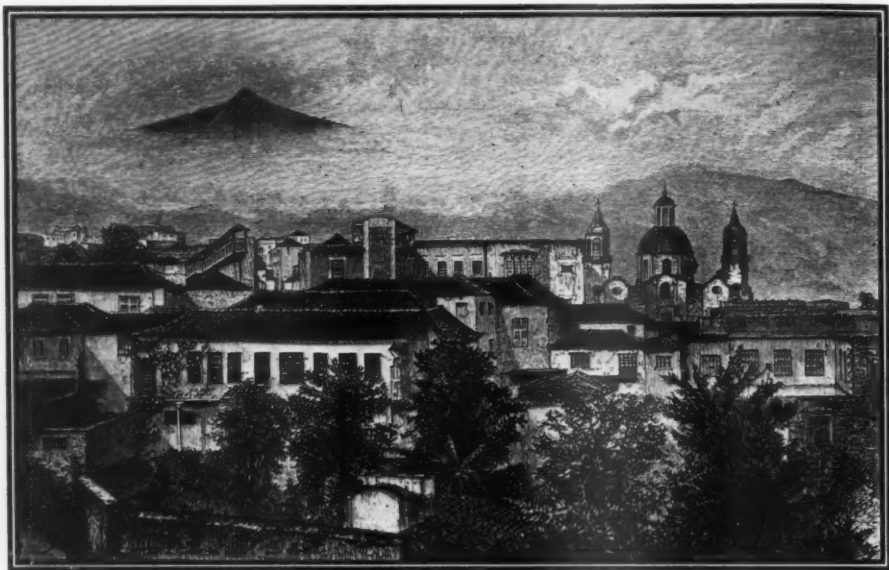


TABLE CENTER MADE OF SILK BY TENERIFFE WOMEN.

tainly performs it. The other day, after a gale, she was seriously indisposed.

"They do come down with a bang," she says, releasing her features for a moment from the severe strain of suction, and gazing



THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE FROM VILLA DE OROTAVA.

saint's day, and a balloon is to go up from the bull-ring, his face is washed and powdered, and his father has arrayed him in his best blue cotton frock and sailor hat. It is a girl's frock, but his father is not aware of that, and no one, not even the old garden woman who sits opposite him on her heels picking tomatoes half the day, has told him of the mistake.

"V.," I say reproachfully, "Prescott."

"This climate does not further intellectual development," says V., unabashed. "One wants the accessories of chilblains and a red nose and a fog to foster the cultivation of the mind. Just look at that beetle walking out of that clump of mignonette. What a green coat of mail! Hot weather, I should have thought, for plate armor. And—oh! look at those two red dragon flies above the tank."

We both gaze at them. The large, clashing blue ones we have seen before, but these, blood-red, poised above the water, are new to us.

Perhaps when the hibiscus flowers die they turn into red dragon flies!

A gentle chatter reaches us in our orange-flower nook. "The Icod women," V. says, and down goes Prescott on his face on the stones, and she is off.

I am hardly less excited, but I pick up Prescott and follow more slowly.

Some Icod women with their exquisite

drawn thread work have appeared here once before, and we have for some time past been anxiously waiting for others to descend from their mountains.

They are squatting on their heels, spreading out their wares on the clean stone flags under the oleander tree near the front door. The oleander ought not to be in flower in February, but it is, and has hung out dusky pink blossoms here and there among its long leaves.

The women nod and smile at us, as if we were old friends. One wears an orange silk kerchief on her head, and the other one of violet silk. They are both dressed in white cotton gowns with a pink sprig, and wear white, embroidered aprons.

V. is standing by them in the sunshine. I have often seen her gardening in England in the white blouse and blue linen skirt which she is wearing now, without noticing them. But under this blazing sky these ancient garments take out a new lease of color, and startle the eye by their vividness. Even the silver clasps at her waist seem to have undergone a fresh burnishing. She looks quite as gaily attired as these Spanish girls.

I advance cautiously. I endeavor to preserve an air of indifference, as if merely strolling past.

"Barat! Barat!" screams the pretty woman in the violet kerchief, spreading out a white gown.



I look at it, shaking my head. The embroidery is exquisite. The spider web, the wheat sheaf, the rose, and the red cross, are all there beautifully finished. She throws it over a piece of pink material, and the color shines through, bringing the cunning tracery of white threads into delicate relief.

I look at my watch. Eleven o'clock. Two hours before luncheon. I may have time to buy that gown. Last time they were here it took two hours to buy a white petticoat and an apron.

Gradually the household gathers around us. Victor, in easy undress, with a water jug in his hand, strolls out. Candelaria follows. The cook joins the group, holding an

"Five pesetas."

"What's a peseta?"

"A peseta is worth about eightpence."

"Then five about eightpences, and three times that would be—?"

"Ten shillings."

V. utters an exclamation of astonishment and drops the gown.

"My good woman, I am a *pobra Inglesa*."

"No! No!" scream both the women, nodding and smiling at V. "Rica! Rica!"

I have in the meanwhile found a small hole in the white gown. This is pointed out to the women with much pursing of lips and shaking of heads.

"Two and a half dollars," they both shriek together in Spanish, and toss the gown at V.

"Two dollars," says V., holding up two fingers.

They shriek a dissent, and she tosses back the gown at them, and goes slowly indoors. I follow her. We withdraw into her bedroom, leaving the door ajar.

The violet neckerchief follows to the door, and throws the gown once more at V.

"Two and a half dollars."

V. throws it out of the room.

"Two dollars."

The gown is thrown in again.

"Two dollars and two dogs."

We close on the bargain. V. produces the money—two dollars, and two penny pieces of ten centimos with a lion on them. These the women call the big dogs, as they have no personal acquaintance with lions. The halfpence or five centimo pieces are little dogs.

We then all go smiling out into the sunshine and begin buying a child's frock.

The luncheon bell rings long before we have finished, and Mrs. D. implores us to remember that other women with equally good work will probably follow in a few days' time.

And so they pack up their bundles and walk off with them on their heads, and we return to the prosaic side of life. But even luncheon is not very prosaic today, for the table is covered with pink roses and begonias of the same shade, and among them a hideous gray manthis, about three inches long, is walking, I must own, with remarkable dignity, considering that his legs are bent the wrong way. He looks more like a child's drawing of a dragon than anything else.

'We are going for a drive after luncheon,



STREET SCENE IN SANTA CRUZ.

embroidered petticoat against her, and putting out an immense yellow-shod foot. She does this every time the women come, but she never buys anything.

We have looked at everything; we know what we want. Business now begins. I retire to the other side of the path, and sit down under the pomegranate tree. V., who has in every respect a more flinty nature than I, conducts the bargaining.

She takes up the white gown. "Quanto?"

"Tres douros." The women hold up three fingers.

"Miss D., what's a douro?"

Miss D., from an upper window, replies, "A dollar."

"What's a dollar?"

and we have not to wait much more than half an hour beyond the appointed time before our carriage and three appears at the gate, and we set off. We do not wish to go in state, but we find that three horses are more usual here than a pair. Sometimes we see two horses hitched to a carriage with a mule sandwiched between them.

We are soon clattering down the narrow streets of Santa Cruz; Santa Cruz the capital; Santa Cruz the dirty; Santa Cruz littered with refuse and slovenly soldiers and mongrel dogs; Santa Cruz the evil smelling, where a few years ago the cholera raged and will rage again. Our three horses make a tremendous noise on the round stones between the high yellow and pink walls. Half the women of the town are leaning out of their windows and quaint, roofed-in balconies. Two camels, with patient, treacherous faces pass us

on silent, padded feet, nearly brushing us with their loads; a young woman, with black lace mantilla and fan, comes out of a green doorway, followed by her duenna. A soldier in the street is making love apparently to three sisters at once at an upper window. We rattle with many crackings of whips past the Plaza, past the church where Nelson's flag is kept under glass, and so out along the sea road, the splendid new road, cut out of the living rock, which leads to nowhere and skirts the sea for miles.

"Cortez may have landed at this very point on his way to the New World," I remark.

"Now M.," says V., reproachfully, "don't be improving. We did our duty by Cortez this morning, and this afternoon we ought to unbend."

Our driver is certainly unbending. He has lit a cigarette, and is resting his feet on the top of the splashboard. The universal smoking at first surprised us, but we are now becoming accustomed to be served by a shop-

man who is smoking, to see a priest smoking in the church, to be begged of by an old woman who is smoking, and to see the young women washing, or rather banging and rending clothes, with cigarettes in their mouths.

Presently we pass a hole scraped out of the rock, some twenty feet above the road. It has excited our curiosity before. It is apparently inaccessible, yet shows signs of habitation. On this occasion a man is sitting in it with his long white blanket, looking very

much at home, beside a small fire, the smoke of which curls blue against the cliffside.

"I know that you will always give out now that you have seen the cave-dwellers," says V. "It will be my duty to tone down all you say when we return home."

I treat this remark with the silence it deserves. We are both dying to see these cave-dwellers, who live in the interior of the island, and who are, we are told, a remnant of the Guanches—the original inhabitants of Teneriffe before the Spanish conquest.

And now we turn back and see Santa Cruz lying like a handful of dice at the foot of a



MONUMENT IN SANTA CRUZ COMMEMORATING THE GUANCHES, THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF TENERIFFE.

sweeping range of hills, and beyond, behind, a small excrescence peeps up, like the top of a sugar-loaf fresh from the stores. The driver waves his cigarette at the sugar-loaf and says, "*Pica!*"

We have heard of the Peak all our lives. We have read how the straining eye of the traveler ever looks too low as he approaches Teneriffe, and then sees the Peak high in air above him. We have waited patiently for nearly a month, while "it kept itself to itself." Now our illusions drop from us. We gaze at that snow-covered bagatelle, and then at each other in silent indignation.

"Is that all?" I say at last, in the tone of a cabman looking at a "long shilling." And apparently it is all, for a cloud rolls before it, and it is gone. A low clap of thunder is tossed about among the steep ravines past which the road runs. Make haste home, coachman, or we shall be caught in a storm! One black cloud after another is hurrying up across the jagged hilltops. Our three horses make better speed uphill than down, and we are soon clattering through Santa Cruz once more, and up the main street. A sudden whirlwind of dust catches us in the open by the bull-ring, and

with it come the first large drops of rain. But we are nearly home now. We reach the gate, and leaving the carriage we run up the short drive.

The gust has fallen as suddenly as it rose. All is very silent in the garden, where the birds nearly deafened us earlier in the day. Not a breath-stirs. It is the lull before the storm. The low sun peers over the shoulder of the hill.

We look back. The peaks of the Grand Canary lie clear and ethereal against an opal sky, above a sea of changing amethyst, which near at hand melts to a shimmering green as of reflected larches in still water in spring.

Is that vision of a holy city, rising stainless, girt with amber, and crowned with pearl, above a sea of glass—can *that* be Santa Cruz? Nay, for surely we can almost see its streets of gold; in the silence we can almost hear the song of those who walk therein in white robes.

For one moment the rainbow flings its arch like a benediction across transfigured sea and sky and gleaming town. And then, with a sigh—as of one who sees what God would have him to be—our little island world hides its face and breaks into a passion of tears.

## MAMMY'S LOVE-STORY.

BY JULIA B. TENNEY.



YOU want to hear 'bout me an' Tobe? All right den, honey; if yer jes' lay down dere and keep de kivers up ober yer so yer won' tek no col', I'll tell it to yer agin; but I 'specs yer mos' tired ob hearin' it by dis time.

Well it were dis yer way. Me an' Tobe growed up togeder, down in Fauquire, Virginny, on ole mars' plantation long wid de' udder servants (an' dere was lots ob 'em—mos' as many as dere was chillun ob Isrul in de wil'nes, I reckon), and we growed monstous sot on one 'nudder.

Tobe he'd tek me to all de bush-meetin's an' de cake-walks, an' we was mostly always mo'ners togeder at de funels spite ob de res ob de yung blades dat was always er tryin' to cut Tobe out wid me.

He warn't much to look at, dat's sho', kase he war as freckled as a guinea-keat's egg, an' squint-eyed, too, let 'lone bein' tur'ible short an' bow-legged; but he war always kind and gentle-like, and he ac' like a real white gemman in his ways wid de

wimmen on de place—kinder pertectin' an' perlite-like.

Well, den, it all go 'long comf'table tel' Miss Sally—dat's your ma—got mar'ied; den de trubble begin.

Yer see, honey, I b'long to Miss Sally, an' coh'se she want tek me 'long wid her to her new home, an' Mars' George—dat's yer pa—he ain' mek no offer ter buy Tobe, spite ob de fac' dat Tobe he keep er throwin' out hints on de subjec'.

'Bout two days 'fore de weddin', I tries Miss Sally. I goes in her room when she war by herself, an' I axes her ain't Mars' George don' want a good stable-boy. Den I say dat his hoss what he brung wid him fum Georgy when he cum ter spen' de summer look mighty rusty an' po', like he ain' been rubbed down right; an' I say he don' look like old mars' hoss what Tobe tek care ob—he jes' as fat as a pig 'fore Chris'mus, an' as shiny as mars' bal' haid.

But Miss Sally she jes laff, an' say: "I reckon dat's one word fur de hoss an' two fur Tobe, ain' it Cynthy?" An' den she go

right on a-packin' her trunk, an' I don' neber get 'nuther good chance at her.

Well, arter de weddin'—an' don' say 'twan't a gran' one!—all de quality in de kintry 'scusin' de pres'dent hisself cum dere, an' dance an' eat an' drink wine, tel' de air made yer dizzy. An' arter it were all ober, an' de bride an' groom was sayin' good-by, ready to git in de keeridge to go to de depo', I slips off an' goes down by de smoke-house, whar I see Tobe a-settin' wid his haid buried in his han's, jes' a-cryin' like a baby.

I acts like I was s'prised to fin' him dere—kase I ain't gwine ter spile him by runnin' arter him, no ways; but I seen him fum de kitchen doo' long time befo',—but he jes' jump up an' grab me in his two arms an' he say: "Cynthy, is yer goin' off an' lebe me, an' den mar'y some udder man, an' forget all de good ole times what we done had sence I toted yer 'bout de place in de wheelbarrow when we all war little? Cynthy, I ain' neber lubed no gal but you, an' I can't somehow want ter; an' tonight, when you dribs outen dat gate, you lebes Tobe no better'n a daid co'pse, kase dere won't neber be no more use in nuthin' fur me, Cynthy, arter you is gone."

Well, honey, I felt a big t'ing in my throat jes' then, an' swallowin' of it made my eyes feel wat'ry like; an' somehow I feel awful sorry 'bout lebin' Tobe. 'Peared like I jes' couldn' gib dat little bow-legged nigger up no ways yer fix it! So I jes' up an' says: "Doan' you tek on so, Tobe," I says. "I gwine ter cum back 'fore de year's out an' git yer. Doan' you be skeered dat I gwine git mar'ied to ary udder man, Tobe, kase I jes' couldn'!"

"Does yer mean it, Cynthy?" says he. "Does yer cross yer heart dat yer gwine ter cum back an' mar'y me?"

"Yes, dat I does," I says; "dat's zac'ly what I is gwine to do." Den I hear 'em callin' me at de house, so I jes' jucked away fum him, an' skipped back to de kitchen. But I sha'n't neber forgit dat nigger's happy laff; an' he say, for all de worl' like he war in meetin', "T'ank Gawd! Amen, amen!"

Well, honey, arter we all got 'way off here down in Georgy, look like I warn't goin' be able fur to keep dat promise to Tobe, kase fur two reasons.

Fust, Miss Sally ain' say nuthin' 'bout goin' home on a visit, like I hope she will; but she an' Mars' George jes' pintedly took up wid one 'nudder an' bill an' coo an' doan' so much as t'ink ob de ole home.

I git putty lonesome, an' wish for de

home cabins. 'Cou'se dere war plenty ob cabins dere on Mars' George's plantation, an' de servants was as thick as fleas, but dey warn't like our people; dese here was jes' plain "niggers," oun was cullud folks.

Dere was one man here—de butler—yaller, an' tall-complected, wid side-whiskers like fine-tooth com's. Mars' George done sol' him arterwards fur impitence, an' he 'serve it, too. Well, he sot hisself up to co'tin' me, but I soon put him whar he b'long'! I tole him why'n' he go hunt in his own spare-grass patch, an' let his betters 'lone.

Miss Sally she favor his plans, an' she say: "Cynthy, why is it you don' like de 'tentions ob Wellin'ton? I think he is a very nice, inspectable young man," she says.

I answer: "Yes'm, Miss Sally, ain' nothin' matter wid Wellin'ton 'cep jes' a swell haid an' dose 'dic'lous siders what makes him look like a Jack-in-de-box; an' I doan' keer 'bout de 'tentions ob anyt'ing what mek yer jump ebery time it 'pears."

'Long 'bout Chris'mus, I jes' lis'en sharp an' hope dey-alls would say sumpen 'bout goin' home. But dey neber let on dey hab n'ary udder home 'sides dis one way down here in Georgy. Las' one day I hear 'em talkin' 'bout sendin' a box ob presents home, an' 'pears like my lef' side got too heavy fur me to tote. We done been 'way fum home now gwine on five months, an' I ain' neber hear a word 'bout Tobe all dat time.

When I hear 'bout dat box what war gwine home fur Chris'mus, I ax Miss Sally kin I put a teensy little bundle in it, an' she say:

"Yes, indeedy."

Den I got some ob de ole cravats what Mars' George done tired ob, an' frowned away, an' I clean 'em up an' i'on 'em nice, an' den I cut a big heart outen a red pas'bo'de box, kase I couldn't write none; but I knowed Tobe would un'erstan' dat dat stood fer my lovin' heart to him, an' den I wrop all ob 'em up an' tuk 'em to Miss Sally.

She say: "Well, Cynthy, whose name mus' I put on de bundle?"

I felt kinder foolish-like, an' I didn't want Miss Sally an' Mars' George to git de laff on me, so I says kinder musey-like: "Lemme see, Miss Sally, yer might put Jim Nicks' name on it—But den he's so pizen 'ceited, an' he t'inks all de gals is in lub wid him. Let's see. Ef yer put Adam, den Lizzy'll have er duck-fit. Better write ole Petes'—or Tobe—or—oh, I reckon you jes' might as well write dat little freckle-face nigger Tobe on it, 'case he so no 'count dat nobody won't t'ink to git him nuthin'."



Mars' George he wunk 'roun' de corner ob his paper, an' Miss Sally laff a little bit an' say: "You suttinly is kind, Cynthy, to 'member no-'count little Tobe, when such a fine-lookin' young fellow as Wellin'ton is hangin' 'bout you day arter day." But she writ de name on de bundle, all de same, an' sent it in de box.

Well, chile, dat present like to mek Tobe bus' wid joy, so dey tel' me. Dey say he crack his ole fiddle-strings so fas' dat it soun' like corn er poppin', an' he dance de fus hoe-down dat he done dance sense we alls done leff ole Fauquire. Den he go up to de big house an' ax ole miss to write out his t'ankee fur him, an' she writ 'em jes' like he say. Honey, dat letter soun' so natchel when Miss Sally read it off dat, you kin b'liebe me, I could smell de hair-ile dat Tobe done put on his haid wheneber he dress hisself up, an' talk fine like dat letter soun'. I kep' it, an' I got it yit, Miss Sue, honey. It went un'er my piller ebery night, an' in my frock-wais' ebery day for a whole year.

Well, 'long 'bout T'anksgiben time de nex' year, you come. War you come fum? Why, right outen de sky, honey. I seed yer when yer cum froo; an' yer lef' de doo' open a crack, same as yer always does de doo's now. I war a-settin' out on de back po'ch steps, an' de sky war dark—dere warn't no moon dat night. An' jes' as suddent a big yaller star bust t'rough de sky, an' I heered a sort ob whisshy soun' like wings 'bout me, an' de berry nex' minit I hear you cry up dere in your ma's room. De nex' t'ing I had you in my arms, jes' a-huggin' an' a-kissin' yer 'most to pieces, kase I was so glad to see yer.

Dat night, when I look outen de window 'fore I lay down on de palate by Miss Sally's baid, whar I axed 'em to lem me sleep, de big yaller star had gone, an' I ain' neber seen it sence. So I knowed it were a doo', an' de angel what brung you down shet it when he went back up dere—Lay down, lay down, baby, nex' t'ing you be habin' de croup agin. Keep de kivers up ober yer, yer needn' t'ink you is pas' baby-troubles ef you is 'mos' ten years ole. Dere, now, stay tucked in nice an' tight.

Well, when de nex' Chris'mus cum your ma an' pa 'low to spen' it at de ole home. Doan' say my heart didn' flop when I hear 'em er plannin' it! I knowed dey'd tek me 'long to tek keer o' you; an' 'peared like de days couldn' git 'way fas' 'nuff tel' de one fur startin' cum. But it cum at las', an' de ole train jes' 'peared ter sneak 'long on its

han's an' knees, an' ter stop at ebery blessed 'simmon tree on de road.

'Long to a'ds seben 'clock in de eben we rid into de station, an' dere a-stan'in' on de platform, foremost ob de white folks eben, ef dere warn't dat little freckle-faced Tobe, big as life—but dat ain' sayin' much.

I jes' step down, unbeknownst-like, wid you in my arms an' let on like I don' see him—kase de man's de one for to do de runnin' arter,—and I teks you up to your gran'ma, who was stan'in' dere wid Miss Cicely er-watchin' fur we all.

Yer Ant Cicely she jes' snatch you outen my arms, an' sech 'mirations you neber did hear. Dey were right, too, kase you suttinly war a putty little pink-an'-white critter, wid big brown eyes dat war de berry graben image ob ole miss' eyes.

Den Tobe he step up an' tech me on de arm kinder skeery-like, an' say: "Cynthy!" I jump like I didn' know he war dere, an' I say: "Who dat call Cynthy? Oh, it's little ole Tobe, ain' it? Huh! you better go 'n git de trunks."

His face, dat is gen'ly 'bout as roun' as a basin, it git so long an' miserble at dat, dat I feel 'bleeged to say more kinder-like: "You doan' know de trunks when yer see 'em. I'll jes' hab ter go 'long wid yer an' pint 'em out, seein' 's you is so no-'count."

Miss Sally she turn 'roun' den an' say: "Cynthy, we will tek de baby home wid us, an' you kin ride up on de trunk-wagon wid Tobe."

Den dat nigger's face shine agin. I flounce a little bit arter I see Miss Sally not lookin'. an' I says I mos' rader walk it. But Tobe he 'member de ways ob me by dat time, an' he jes' laff, kase he know I warn't goin' do no walkin' when I kin ride aside ob him.

Well, chile, dat suttinly war one happy Chris'mus. We stayed at de ole home t'ree weeks an' a day, 'zacly. Dat las' day? Wait er minit, I gwine to tell you 'bout dat now. Keep kivered up an' lay still, kase yer been mighty sick an' mammy doan' wan' yer ter git col'.

All de time fum de fus' day Tobe he 'low he goin' ter ax ole mars' ter let me an' him git mar'ied. But, I 'spon', what's de use in we gittin' mar'ied ef Tobe got to stay in Virginny an' me gott to go 'way down in Georgy?

When de days keep er-slidin' 'way like dey war greased to go fas', an' me an' Tobe couldn' t'ink ob no way to git wesselfs happy, we git to feelin' monstous moanful. And Miss Sally she tek notice, an' she ax me

one day: "Cynthy, why ain' you sing any more, dese days?" An' she say ain' I glad to git back home agin?

I 'low: "Yes, miss — Miss Sally, dat I is; but it is de *goin' way agin* dat's worryin' me."

She look kinder sad, an' she say: "Would you rader stay here, Cynthy, an' lem'me tek Rose back to nuss de baby?"

My, but dat fetch me up! To t'ink ob dat trif'lin', onery, shif'less Rose er-takin' you to nuss. "No, miss," I says, good an' strong, "*dat* I wouldn't! I goes whar dis chile goes, whedder it to heben or to de debbil!" Yas I did, honey, I git so comflustered dat I jes' up an' swear dat berry way.

Miss Sally laff agin, an' she say: "What's der matter, den, Cynthy?"

I pick up currage den an' say: "Well, Miss Sally, it's jes' disser way. Dat no-'count, freckle-face Tobe, he pester de life 'mos' outen me fur to mar'y him. But I say, what's de use er we gittin' mar'ied an' he stay in Virginny an' me 'way down dere in Georgy? Dat 'ould jes' keep we boff tied down good an' fas' to *nuthin'*, an' 'less Tobe go 'long out to Georgy fur to black Mars' George's shoes an' keer fur his hoss an' sech-like what dat fancy Wellin'ton too much ob a gemman to do decen' — den I doan' see nuthin' to do 'bout it but jes' natch'ly say 'howdy,' an' 'goo'by.' You arn' t'ink Mars' George like tek Tobe 'long of us, is you, Miss Sally, kase he ain' no 'coun' to ole mars, he so triflin'-like an' freckle'?"

Miss Sally she laff an' she laff, tel' I feel mighty foolish. But she say: "I'll see what I kin do 'bout it, Cynthy." Well, arter whiles I hear her er-talkin' to all ob our folks down in de li'berry, an' I know fum de laffin' an' goin' on old mars' ain' mad 'bout it, nohow.

Presen'ly, jes' as I lay you down in de ole crib an' tuck you in, dat peart Rose cum up an' she say ole mars' want see me in de li'berry, an' Rose she was to set wid you. Den Rose she say, er-grinnin' for all de worl' like a chessy-cat: "So you wants dat little guinea-keat nigger go down Georgy wid yer, does yer? Well, Lord knows none ob us doan' wan' him kep' here! Tek him, an' welcome," she says. I knowed by her er-sayin' all dat dat she been er-lis'enin' at de crack ob de li'berry door, jes' like she usen to do, so I ups an' says: "I'd heap sight rader hab speckles on my face dan donkey-ears on my haid, an' be er-stealin' de news outen de key-holes." An' I jes' slaps her face good as I goes pas' her to de doo'.

When I git down to de li'berry, all de

whole endurin' fambly war er-settin' dere. Ole mars' he say: "What dis you wants me ter do, Cynthy? I can't be er-giben my niggers 'way right an' lef' fur nuthin'," he say. "Is you wan' *buy* Tobe an' tek him 'long fur your slabe? Lord knows he ain' been nuthin' short ob dat sence you cum back here, nohow. He eben forgot to do de churnin' yes'day, an' little Dan had ter do it. What yer gib me fur him, Cynthy?" he says.

I knowed I ain' got money 'nuff to buy eben a piccaninny, let 'lone one mars' house-servants, an' de lump in my throat git so big it 'mos' choke me, an' I jes' draps down on de floo' by old mars' cheer an' cries, an' I say: "Ole mars', you is rich an' you got ober hundred niggers, an' dis here little bow-legged, squint-eyed, freckle' nigger ain' no credit to de plantation, no ways you put it; an' you says yo'se'f dat he so no-'coun' he done forgot to churn dis week. Mars', he wouldn't bring ten dollars at a sale, he so triflin'. Ole mars', *gib* him to Miss Sally! You won' neber miss him, ole mars' deed you won', sir; you got so many fus-class ones dat ain' bandy-legged an' wuthless. Miss Sally suttinly do need a good trus'able nigger to black Mars' George's shoes, kase dat fancy Wellin'ton down dere ain' been brought up right like we alls is. Gib him to Miss Sally, old mars', an' God'll pay yer, kase *He* know I ain' got de money fur to buy Tobe." An' I jes' dubbles up an' cries out loud. Den ole miss she cries too, an' Miss Sally, an' yer Ant Cicely dey cries, too. An' ole mars' he walks to de winder an' blows his nose hard, an' says sumpen to Mars' George. An' Mars' George says: "Yes indeedy," hearty-like, an' he blows *his* nose hard and coughs.

Den ole mars' come back, an' he put his han' on my shoulder jes' as tender-like as he tech de baby, an' he say awful gentle: "Cynthy, you is won de case." Dat's jes' what he say, "You is won de case." Kase ole mars' is a jedge, yer know, so he 'bleeged ter talk dat er way. "I meks you a present ob Tobe," he says. "He is to be your slabe, as he seem to like dat office, an' you kin see dat he serves bofe you an' your white-folks well tel' you choose to gib him freedum-papers."

Dat's how cum it dat you hear me tell Tobe, when he git 'strep'rous, dat he my slabe an' I sell him less he mind me peart an' spry. Well, honey, de day 'fore we lef' de ole place we was mar'ied, right dere in ole mars' parlor under de arch, an' by de self-same white preacher what mar'ied your ma

an' pa. Miss Cicely she gib me a lubly white swish frock what hadn' neber seen de wash-tub; an' I beg Miss Sally ter lem me wear de settin'-room curtain fur a weddin' veil, so she don' it. Arter de weddin' ole mars' gib us a big supper, an' all de niggers on de plantation cum. We had it in de summer kitchen, an' we danced tel' 'mos' fo' 'clock in de mornin', an' de oberseer cum an' tell us ter stop de racket an' go ter baid.

De nex' day we all cum back to Georgy. Dat dun been 'mos' ten years 'go now, an' it doan' seem no more'n yes'day when I gits ter tellin' it. Honey, yer jes' orter seen dese niggers here when Mars' George tell 'em, "We done bring back you all a bride an' groom." Dat whiskered fool 'ob a Wellin'ton he fall back agin' de doo', an'

jes' let off a hoss-laff when he see Tobe dat night in de kitchen; an' he say, er-hol'en out his arm high an' straight: "Pass un'er my arm, speckle-face, an' show de ladies how big you is." An' dat's how cum I to slap his face fur him. Mars' George, nex' day, he tell Wellin'ton fur to be perlite an' kind to Tobe, kase he were a fam'ly-servant an' much 'spected, an' he ain' to be 'sulted. An' dat fix Mars' Wellin'ton. An' dat's de story ob me an' Tobe.

Now den, honey, it 'mos' seben 'clock, an' I mus' go down-stairs an' see if Tobe got de wood cut fur mornin'. I'll fetch yer a glass ob milk when I comes up d'reckly, an' den you say yer prayers an' go ter sleep, kase de hoo-doo man suttinly do ketch yer if yer stays 'wake arter dark.

## "THE HEARING EAR AND THE SEEING EYE."

BY N. HUDSON MOORE.



WITH the coming of September the bird student becomes alive once more to the possibilities of every tree. You can never tell what chance visitor may be hiding behind the leaves, and you must train your ears to be on the alert so that even a feeble "zeep" may not escape you.

The autumn migrations, to my mind, do not seem to go with such a rush and a sweep as the spring ones. But a new puzzle is added in the numbers of young birds, and the changed plumage among the adults.

I spoke of the bobolink laying aside his coat of cream and black, and hushing his rippling song; his example is followed by others whose coats were as gay as his. The goldfinch gradually suffuses his gold and black with an olive green, but retains till later his sweet song; the scarlet tanager, that spirit of flame, puts out his light with this same favorite olive green, though he keeps his black wings and tail as a mark of supremacy.

All birds molt after the nesting season, and renew their entire plumage; some of them adding a line of color to the edges of each feather, some just renewing their everyday suit.

In this month the warblers are once more with us, and we have the chance offered us—which we may have missed in the spring—of learning about these brilliant and beautiful birds.

It has been my personal experience that in the autumn birds are a little less shy than in the spring: whether they feel more secure, or a trifle more languid, one cannot say, but they seem to perch more and to show themselves a little more freely. Last September on Long Island I became acquainted with a family of yellow-billed cuckoos. Just outside my window was a large Russian mulberry, and on it I observed with pleasure quite a number of the larvæ of the polyphemus moth, whose cocoons I was looking forward to capturing a little later. But I did not get one. A cuckoo found them, and I saw her prepare her meal. She would seize one of these great fellows, quite three inches long, and pass him up and down through her bill till he was perfectly limp. Then, tossing back her head, she started one end of the carcass down her throat, swallowing and swallowing till it all disappeared, and her gullet visibly protruded. By actual count she ate five of these great worms in less than an hour. The next morning, hearing that curious rustling which the cuckoo makes in passing through heavy foliage, I again sought the window. This time she had brought her family or some friends, for there were four birds in all. They looked over and under every leaf on that tree, I verily believe, and disposed of every one of my larvæ. Sometimes it was quite a struggle. The worms were so large and their struggles in the pinching process

so vigorous that the birds would sometimes fairly lose their hold on the twig, and be forced to seek a lower one. But never once did any of them drop one of the worms, and they all ate them in the same way, end first, with much humping and swallowing.

In the autumn when the hard, sour wild cherries are ripe, much bird nature may be studied under one of these trees. Robins will gorge themselves, and then sit a woe-begone ruffled bunch of feathers; and as digestion goes on, will cast from their bills the offending pits. As soon as the tension is relieved, they will stuff themselves full again. Cedar-birds also love cherries, but their manners are much more polite, and they never have the appearance of stuffing, no matter what the fact may be.

In the first part of this month one may see the humming-birds perching—that is the females and young. The male prefers to be ever on the go, and seems more elusive than the tiny mate.

Towards the end of the month the thrushes fit through the shrubbery, and the first white-throated and white-crowned sparrows make their presence known. Neither of these birds nests in this part of New York state, so that it is only during their migrations that we know them. The white-crowned is the rarer of the two, and by far the sweeter singer. In the autumn, when they return in flocks with the young birds so handsome in plumage and so eager to show their accomplishments in song, one is ready to yield to them the palm among all the sparrows. Both spring and fall they are very fond of heaps of brush, and on a September afternoon they will make the thicket ring "to many a flute of Arcady."

That protection is doing much for the increase of our song birds, and that the fashion of chiffon instead of feathers is doing more, there is abundant evidence. In my city thicket, one hundred and fifty feet square, have nested this season the wood pewee and least flycatcher, robin, catbird, song sparrow, chippie, purple finch, goldfinch, summer yellowbird, warbling vireo, and oriole, making the mornings lovely with their songs, and each day delightful with their charming ways.

In some way birds by their intelligence and beauty appeal to our affections more than other creatures of a lower type. Yet among these latter is constantly going on a round of life so interesting that we lose much by not observing it.

Early in September takes place the nuptial

flight of the ants, and these tiny insects, only less remarkable than the bees, prepare to perpetuate the species, and get ready to pass through the winter. The method observed in a formicarium or nest is governed by definite laws. Only the workers hibernate. The females produced in autumn, having taken their marriage flight and laid their eggs, are stripped of their wings, either through their own efforts or by the workers, and after their brief soaring, return to the humble fashion of their kind, and run about. Indeed, they do not seem to take at all kindly to wings. You may watch them pouring out of the exits from the nest, crawling up grass-stalks or any foliage near at hand, and after much tentative effort and abortive buzzing of the wings, spread them and let the wind carry them where it will. Sometimes these female ants return to their own nest, more often they are carried so far away that when they return to earth they are taken to new homes by workers of the same species, and are cared for till they lay their eggs. Often from a large nest there will be so many of these winged females and the diminutive males that accompany them, that the air will be filled with clouds of them, usually in the late afternoon. Towards dusk you will notice many of these female ants on the ground, or caught on nearby foliage, moving awkwardly about, with wings much torn and damaged, and apparently very glad to be done with the burden of using this unaccustomed means of locomotion.

It seems very astonishing to note the preparations made against the coming cold weather by these and other insects which have danced the summer through on gauzy wings. Something warns them of the approach of frost, and the hum of their active wings fills the hot afternoons.

The predatory ichneumon flies are found everywhere, seeking some patient larva, or some handy string or bunch of eggs which will offer lodgment and food for its ravenous offspring. Under the electric light globes you may find sadly damaged moths, just as in the spring we found many dead birds. Even now we may find occasionally one of the latter, though for some reason not so many as in the spring.

Caterpillars in every direction are spinning the silken homes which are to protect them from cold and frost. Those larvæ which spin no cocoons are preparing to descend deep into the earth, and in their beautiful chrysalid cases, which so often resemble



bronze, safely weather frost and snow. Our friend, the potato worm, is one of the largest and finest of these, and one of the most singular with its handle-like attachment. So far we have not visited the wild flowers to note what they have to show; on them we shall find many a wanderer. In the royal purple with which September decks herself, we find many flowers most attractive to insect life.

Do you know that humble herb rejoicing in the name heal-all, heart-of-the-earth, self-heal? Quite insignificant by the wayside, it lifts its dust-covered violet head to its friends, the bees. More freshly purple, more erect and attractive when growing in a field or spreading in a pasture, at all times this flower provides a feast for its insect friends. The honeybees buzz about it, collecting nectar and pollen from its hooded corolla, and assisting the plant to pursue its mighty travels, by assisting in its fertilization.

With September's joys must be mentioned the asters — the large lilac New England aster, the late purple aster, the heart-leaved, the broad-leaved, and the wavy-leaved, all helping to make beautiful our autumn bouquet. Starwort is a pretty name for these lovely flowers, which belong strangely enough to that self-assertive family, the thistles. Iron-weed, another member of this same family, supplies the strongest note of color in the swamp, by the road, or in our bunch, and is well beloved by bees and butterflies alike. The joe-pye weed, close companion of the iron-weed, though more crimson in its purple than the latter, is another plant most attractive to insect lovers.

A single visit to some plants wearing September's color will prove to you the truth of Sir John Lubbock's statement that blue was the favorite color of bees, by "blue" mean-

ing the range of shade to these deep autumnal flowers. The joe-pye weed, or purple bone-set, as it is more familiarly called, also has about it swarms of butterflies, they being able to secure the nectar which lies in the bottom of the tubular flower. This plant is also called thoroughwort. During this month we find the last of the vervain, that visitor from across the seas so woven about with legend and folk-lore. This plant rejoicing in so many names — herb-of-the-cross, Juno's tears, enchanter's plant, holy-herb — has brought with it some of the ascribed virtue it bore in the old world. As a love-philter, as a general cure-all, it has been cherished

and sung from the days of the Druids down. Witches used it for occult purposes, yet a freshly gathered sprig was also used to "hinder witches from their will."

There are few books which make more delightful reading for the lover of flowers than one called "Folk-lore of Plants" by Mr. Thiselton Dyer. It paints a little halo round the commonest weed, and I have known it to inspire a love of plants, where interest was before lacking.



SEPTEMBER BLOSSOMS.

#### SEPTEMBER NOTES.

On the 15th of June I was witness to the curious determination of swarming bees, and the utter powerlessness of man. In the very center of the city, about three o'clock on a warm afternoon, I noticed the air filled with bees. They followed a man driving leisurely along in a runabout wagon, and finally became so thick that you saw him as through a mist. The horse became restive, although the bees did not sting, and the crowd which began to gather advised the man to stop. The queen was discovered on the axle of the hind wheels, and there the swarm hung, the horse being removed from the wagon. There must have been full forty thousand bees. Traffic was suspended, and many hundred persons watched this strange sight in the city streets. A nearby hatter gave the owner of the wagon a long round pasteboard box, such as holds a dozen straw hats, the hanging swarm was neatly swept off into it, the cover put on, the horse hitched to the wagon, and the owner drove off, already in his mind a prosperous bee-keeper!

Many bird stories are coming to me now of experi-

ences of various correspondents. Of all the number I select only one, because it is the prettiest of all. It illustrates admirably what Mr. F. H. Herrick calls "habit," as he rather frowns on the word "instinct," and deprecates reading into bird ways, human points of view. Our bird was a female oriole, about to build a nest. The party of the second part an invalid, not a very heavy sleeper, and her trained nurse.

About four o'clock one May morning they were both awakened by what the nurse unsympathetically called a "yelp," and there on the window-sill stood the oriole gathering up some threads which had been scattered there after the completion of some sewing, with which she flew away. Both nurse and patient lay perfectly still, and in a few moments back came the oriole, and gathered the remaining shreds. When she returned for the third time and found her stock exhausted, she looked through the open window, and, as everything seemed quiet, ventured within. On a table quite three feet from the window stood a work-basket, and she flew to this and hurriedly began to seize at the loose threads from the spools of cotton and silk. In less time than it takes to write it, the whole fitting of the basket was in hopeless confusion. Some scraps of darning-cotton she did get off, but became discouraged after her sixth trip and came no more that day.

The next morning at the same hour she came again, but quite silently. Things had been arranged for her, the basket holding bits of worsted and cotton cut in convenient lengths. Every night the basket was arranged, and every morning for ten days she came and took away the bits. She never came after eight o'clock in the morning, nor did she again shout in triumph, but did her work silently and speedily. The

male bird stayed outside and helped in building the nest which was placed near the window, so that the invalid, grown better now, was able to watch the housekeeping in the home for which she had provided the material, and to say "good-by" to the last nestling as it flew away.

"There's a little band of singers  
Every evening comes and lingers  
'Neath the window of my cottage in the trees;  
And with dark they raise their voices,  
While the gathering night rejoices,  
And the leaves join in the chorus with the breeze.

"Then the twinkling stars come out  
To enjoy a merry rout,  
And the squirrels range themselves upon a log;  
And the fireflies furnish light,  
That they read their notes aright—  
The katydid, the cricket, and the frog."

There are some other members of our band who join in only occasionally, the smaller owls, and whippoorwill. Sometimes at night it is possible to distinguish the voices of birds migrating, and late in the month the wild ducks sound their "honk."

Among the warblers you may easily find the myrtle, distinguishable by his yellow rump and wing-spots, though his general coloring is less gay than in spring-time. The Maryland yellow-throat, the Blackburnian, the hooded warbler, and the black-throated blue are all easy of identification, and less restless than in spring, but equally gaily colored. The fox sparrow which we missed this spring may be caught now, and once again the kinglets are whispering in the larches, but without the rill of song they poured out on their way north.



## THE RUIN AND LEGEND OF KYNAST.

BY ANNA LOUISE VESTER.

"Behold where grandeur frowned.  
Behold where pleasure smiled."  
—Shelley, "Queen Mab."



HOW very glad I am, Mrs. Marston, that you persuaded us to come here with you!" cried my Aunt Edith enthusiastically the morning after our arrival at Hirschberg. "Look at those mountains!"

"Oh!" we all exclaimed in a breath. "How wild and grand!"

We were a body of American tourists traveling through Europe, and were now looking out on the magnificent view of the Riesen-Geberge, one of the outlying ranges of the Alps that stretch beyond the blue Danube and help to form the boundary line between Prussia and Austro-Hungary. Ah! those mountains piercing the wide, free air, o'er-looking the petty strife of the world, majestic in their disdain, awful in their grandeur! They imbue the heart of man with the love of liberty and the fire of patriotism. We had come hither to visit the hot springs of this vicinity and the old dismantled castle among the mountains.

An hour of exhausting walking brought us to a gigantic perpendicular crag which loomed a thousand feet heavenward; and there, perched upon its very crest, huge, massive, towering amid the clouds, stood the ancient ruins of the castle.

We gazed in almost incredulous silence. Could human hands have erected that structure so far removed from other earthly dwelling, where eagles alone could nest? Even so. It was built, we were told, by the hands of slaves nine hundred years before. Such a fortress! Breasting in former days the storms of feudal war, it now stood contending with the elements.

Soon, however, we ascended the steps that led to the summit of this mighty crag of Kynast.

Not far in the distance stood the Schneekoppe, a mountain pointing five thousand feet to the skies, crowned with eternal snow. In this mountain the Elbe rises, and winds wondrously clear and blue into the distance. The huge, frowning Schneekoppe, however, jealously hides from view its beautiful, smooth bosom, except from this aery height of the towers of Kynast.

With conflicting sentiments we explored this ancient edifice, girt by its feudal ramparts and yawning abyss. It yet retained sweeping façades and the magnificence of the palace, while here and there among the crumbling decay rose fragments of a lordly tower, or a vast hall, to tell the tale of once pulsing life. A tender sadness tinged the atmosphere; a subtle, shadowy mystery hung over the entire scene.

Below, the city gleamed in the distance. Detached portions of its ancient walls still breathed tales of cruel pillage. To the south yawned the broad, massive Sattlers Ravine.

A thousand witcheries hovered over mountain and cleft. Glistening streams and lakes and tarns made the scene sublimely beautiful. Tradition, however, and the graceful credulity of the olden time lent a charm apart from the snow-pinnacled mounts; the steep acclivities and crags; the sublimity of the awful gloom; the tiny silver falls and crystal lakes. Over this wildly picturesque region hovered spirits of a mighty departed people.

"Didn't you promise us a legend, colonel?" suddenly asked Aunt Edith.

"I remember nothing of such a promise, but I did say that there is a legend connected with this ruin and its grim ramparts," replied the colonel.

"Tell us!" all chimed in, forming a circle around him.

Colonel Travers, our guide, was a great traveler, having circled the globe several times.

"Aye," he said, looking thoughtfully at the moldering rampart, "thereby hangs a tale." And then proceeded:

"In the day of dim tradition, when the gallant Conrad and his bold knights made their pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and

"To reverence the King, as if he were  
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,  
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,  
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,  
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds  
Until they won her."

the castle of Kynast was in the full enjoyment of its palmiest days. Here was then held many a feast and banquet; wit and revelry held command; and many an armored

knight and his lady fair swore vows of eternal love under the star-bathed atmosphere, or, in the brilliantly lighted halls, looked love perhaps they dare not speak. This now moldering picturesque monument then had a mistress, a rare and exceedingly beautiful daughter of the baron, its master.

"A certain bold, handsome, and nobly-mannered knight, Ladislaus, Duke of Montferrat, had won the heart and promise of the hand of this pearl of beauty.

"Medaled with honors of the lists, and riding a spirited black charger with which he had done many a deed of daring and bravery that had excited the admiration and applause of all his courage-loving comrade knights, he was foremost in rank and title as well as in the chase, ever victor at tilt and tournament—the flower of bravery.

"It was his custom when he came to visit the occupants of the castle after having passed under the raised portcullis, to scale the crag seated upon his fiery stallion, to mount the dizzy rampart, and thus make a circuit to show his exceeding daring, that his lady-love might the more admire.

"The Crusaders returned, having been routed and defeated by the heathen Saracen. The Duke of Montferrat had, nevertheless, distinguished himself in battle, and he came home with personal honors and triumphs amid the tramp of steeds, waving banners and nodding plumes, the reverberating din of martial music, the glitter of steel armor and shield, golden spurs, flashing swords and lances.

"When this valiant knight reached the castle where dwelt the fair maiden of his choice and announced his arrival to its occupants, the earth was bathed in a radiant sheen of the moon. The fairies of the Elbe all arose to its surface in their array of silver, and were seen here and there in groups holding consultation. They were gliding, dancing, whispering—all in a shimmer. Now they vanished, now reappeared, anon they would pause—ever, ever whispering.

"The castle of Kynast loomed into space, a kingly, magnificent pile. The tips of its pinnacles and turrets and towers were silvered with light. The shadows hung in mystic corners. There was a sad presence in the air that echoed woe, which the breeze stole and bore to the tops of the tall trees to echo and reëcho. The fairy sprites came gliding down the moonbeams in shimmering aerial groups, breathing of some foreboding.

"Who is that fair, graceful, snowy-robed

form? Did the elfin sprites bear to her ear some ill-omened prophecy? What mystic, evil misgiving was this she felt? Ah joy! She knew that familiar clanking sound of horse's hoofs upon the rampart. The war-horse neighed, and with the tact of love she knew that her Ladislaus had returned. No other would dare that deed. Ah yes! he wore upon his helmet a silken jeweled scarf of pale azure, her gift; his same familiar, noble bearing.

"Gleefully she ran to greet and welcome him; and, coming as she did like a white phantom from out the dark shadow, the horse was seen for a moment reared on its haunches. Then a terrible leap to the other side, a man's fearful cry, and all was still.

"They found the fair Margaret in a dead swoon, and kind hands bore her gently to her chamber in a tower to the west.

"Next day, down on the cruel rocks below, was seen an unrecognizable mass. Nothing was left to distinguish the once bold and handsome warrior from the noble black steed. Once so proud and grand, now a shapeless heap of clay.

"Margaret recovered after a long illness, but it was many a month before the roses again bloomed on her cheeks. Youth is strong, however, and nature is kind.

"The knight that would now aspire to the hand of the lovely mistress of the Castle of Kynast must mount that selfsame fatal wall and thus ride thrice around.

"For so much beauty and winsome grace almost anything would be dared by impetuous youth familiar with the ringing of steel, the blood of battle, and the terrible fray. Scorning danger, knight, prince, Templar, seated upon their prancing steeds, in turn mounted the perilous rampart, and all of them met a fate like that of the first unfortunate lover.

"Presently, there arose in the field a hero very similar in lineaments and form to the Duke Ladislaus of the strife, who rode a similar black courser that he had carefully trained, first by requiring it to walk the length of a wall scarcely more than a foot high, artfully increasing the height until the animal felt as free and natural to walk on the top of the highest wall as on *terra firma*.

"The night came when he essayed to make the fearful circuit thrice for the hand of the lily maid. She, seeing the resemblance of this hero to the other gone before, deigned to show him more favor than the rest, and bade him not to mount the wall. But, disdaining fear, thrice he made the circuit.

"Now the deed was done—through which



she had waited with breathless fear—she sought to show her admiration and approval, and approached with outstretched hands. Without a word of warning, he lifted her aloft and tossed her into the abyss among the graves that she had made.

“O, golden-haired, peerlessly molded beauty! thy wicked caprice is ended. Be avenged, O noble, fearless knights, lured to your deaths by a woman’s wanton whim!”

“Thus spake the mysterious warrior who had won the feat to which all aspirants to

the hand of the beauteous mistress of the Castle of Kynast had been challenged. Then horse and rider faded into space. The moon shone calmly, and naught disturbed the serene tranquillity of the night.

“They say it was her lover returned to earth.

“Now every night when the moon is high there is seen on the rampart a rider and horse, and the white-robed figure of a woman wringing her hands and looking into the abyss, weeping.”

## THE BEATIFICATION OF A SAINT.

BY CHARLES BURR TODD.



F the many ecclesiastical ceremonies which make Rome so interesting to the stranger, few are more splendid and imposing than those which celebrate the beatification or canonization of a saint. There is a difference between the two, although in the popular mind both mean the same thing. When a holy person has been nominated to the Roman authorities as worthy of saintly honors, the case is inquired into very closely by competent judges, and if in their opinion the facts warrant the decision of “extraordinary holiness,” the pope is petitioned to allow a formal trial to be opened. Should he consent, the person is by that act declared “venerable,” that is, worthy of veneration, but is not allowed any public honors.

After a certain lapse of time the trial is begun before the Sacred Congregation of Rites, at which expert testimony and special pleading for and against is admitted. If, before this court, the person’s sanctity is proven, the holy father is asked to declare the candidate “blessed,” or to “beatify” him, the declaration being accompanied with much formal ceremony and pomp. This declaration allows the person to be honored by some special religious body, or by the city or nation of his birth, but does not confer the title “saint,” nor allow a general public devotion all over the Catholic world.

Months and even years pass; then if the public devotion and additional miracles confirm the sanctity of the blessed person the process of canonization is opened and more severely carried on than in the preceding trials. If the issue is successful, the holy father is asked to give his solemn sanction and to declare the person a saint. This is

the magnificent festive ceremony called “canonization” which confers the title of saint, and allows public homage and devotion to be rendered all over the world. If there are candidates—which is not always the case—the ceremony of beatification is celebrated by the pope in the months of January and February of each year, and is much sought after by the citizens and strangers in Rome, not only from its rarity and splendor but because Leo from his advanced age is now rarely seen in public.

Formerly the ceremony was celebrated in the Vatican Basilica, but since the Piedmontese spoliation of Rome it does not take place in the body of the Basilica but in one of its many chapels. That in honor of the venerable servant of God, Brother Gerard Majella, I had the rare pleasure of attending. From the “decree” of beatification I learn that he was born at Muri in Lucania, in the year 1726, and was attached wholly to Christ from early childhood. The decree continues:

“That bond of faith was strengthened during his youth, while working at the tailor’s trade, and as an ordinary servant, and after his entrance to the Congregation of St. Liguori he advanced rapidly toward perfection, so that before the age of thirty he had reaped the abundant and consoling fruits of every virtue.

“The light of these virtues, especially humility and patient submission to injuries of all kinds in imitation of Christ Jesus spreading beyond the convent walls, called forth universal admiration, so that he was looked upon as a chosen instrument of God to reflect His goodness and procure His glory.

“His reputation for sanctity, widely spread during life, was greatly increased after death, especially through heavenly favors, and on June 10, 1877, Pope Pius IX., of sacred memory, solemnly proclaimed him ‘illustrious for heroic virtues.’”

Four miracles were said to have been wrought through the intercession of Brother

Gerard, and the discussion to verify his claim was held by the Sacred Congregation of Rites at three distinct sessions, the first on November 18, 1888; a second on March 9, 1891, and the third on January 25, 1892, in the presence of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., at a general session of the congregation in which the cardinal promoter stated the question, "Is there proof of the miracles required and claimed?" The most reverend cardinals and reverend consultors all voted "yes," but the most holy father, deferring his decision, urged that in a matter of so great importance the aid of heavenly light should be sought in prayer.

Today, sacred as the festival of the Annunciation made to Mary by an angel, his holiness, after the holy sacrifice of the mass, coming to this memorable hall of the Vatican and, seated on his throne, having summoned the most reverend cardinals, declared: "We may proceed in security to the solemn beatification of the venerable servant of God, Gerard Majella."

The ceremony of beatification consists now of two parts: one taking place in the morning and purely religious, the other in the afternoon of the same day, the holy father assisting only at the latter; indeed, the afternoon ceremony is wholly for the presence of the pope.

By canon law the morning service must be held in the presence of the following persons: cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the consultor of the same congregation, the cardinal arch-priest, together with the canons and other clergy of St. Peter's Church. The morning services consist of, first, the "Indulgence," or papal favor in honor of the newly blessed; second, public exhibition of the "Apostolic Brief"; third, the reading of the same; fourth, the *Te Deum*, or hymn of thanksgiving intoned by the bishop and chanted by the full choir of the Basilica; fifth, the picture of the newly beatified, previously veiled and placed on the altar, is uncovered together with the sacred relics, and the bells of St. Peter's announce the glad tidings to the people of Rome (formerly accompanied with salvos of triumph from the cannon of Castle San Angelo); sixth, veneration of the newly beatified, and a prayer in his honor; seventh, offering of incense before the picture; and eighth, the holy sacrifice of the mass, which closes the ceremony.

The afternoon ceremonies, which took place in the same church—the chapel over the portico of St. Peter's—I will describe

as an eye-witness. For this ceremony tickets of admission are required; ours were secured from the rector of the American College at Rome, by virtue of a letter from the American minister, and entitled us to a box seat. The costume for this function is also prescribed—evening dress for men, black gowns and black veils for women.

The hour set for the ceremony was three in the afternoon. At half-past two our cab set us down in the Piazza di S. Pietro, or Square of St. Peter's, on which the great structure fronts. On its right are imposing Doric colonnades built by Bernini in 1667, and on its left the Vatican, with its twenty courts and eleven thousand apartments. Before the huge doors of the palace a large company has already gathered—fair women and distinguished men, not of Rome only but of all nations.

Swiss guards stand at the doors; and as they will play a brilliant part in the coming function, a word in regard to them may not be out of place. They form the pope's body-guard, and are the selected men of their nation. Their uniforms, designed by the great Michael Angelo, are unique. They consist of tunics of detached strips of blue, yellow, and scarlet cloth, fastened at the neck, shoulders, and wrists. Their small clothes and stockings are of the same colors, the former fastened at the knee with bands and buckles. Over these tunics they wear polished steel armor with overlapping steel scales on shoulders and arms—such as was worn in mediæval times.

The officers' armor is richly inlaid with ornamental devices in brass; the latter also wear purple velvet small clothes, or under uniform, with a gold lace band around the knee, fastened with golden cords and pendent tassels tied under a large silk rosette. Their purple silk stockings are richly embroidered with gold tissue, and they wear a silk rosette on the shoe. Officers and privates both wear burnished steel helmets, conical in shape, with a scarlet plume pendent from the top. The officers also wear kilts, some of silk velvet, others of netted chain work, with broad belts and long swords, and both officers and men wear a double-plaited row of ruffles around their necks.

Angelo saw that the clothing worn by people and ecclesiastics was dark in color and gave a somber aspect to all gatherings, and as the guards were to be dispersed among the people he designed this brilliant uniform to relieve the cold and somber tone.

By and by the doors are thrown open, and the people stream in—up the grand staircase of Pius IX., turn to the right through a few of the magnificent apartments of this grandest of palaces, then turn sharply to the right again, ascend a short flight of stairs, and find themselves in the "Chapel over the Portico of St. Peter's."

Not the equal of the Pauline, Sistine, and other chapels of the Vatican in some respects, it is larger and more decorative in its tone than they. In America it would be called a church. As in all the Roman churches of Europe, whether cathedral or chapel, there are neither pews nor seats. A high altar of marble with gold and silver vessels and purple hangings occupies a third of the floor space; about midway of the ceiling on either wall is a row of boxes like those in an opera house, hung with purple curtains, and above these, over the window cornices, beautiful marble statues of winged angels; the ceiling is decorated with frescos, as in all the chapels of the Vatican.

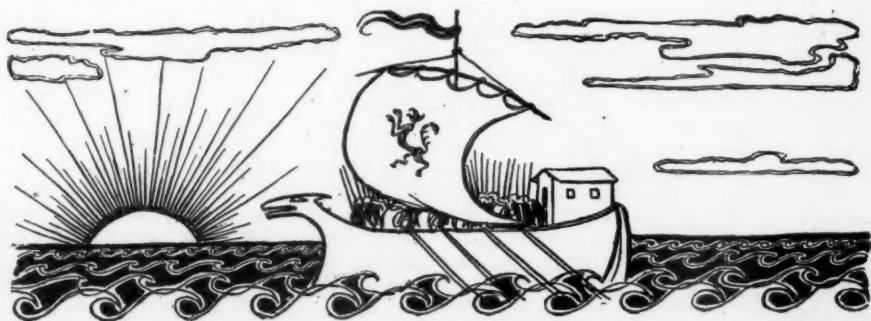
The boxes are devoted to the elect of the different nations, as the English, French, German, American, and others. The American box is midway between the door and altar, so that we have a fine view of the whole. The floor space below rapidly fills with a packed mass of humanity, which from our coign of vantage presents no more individuality than a swarm of bees; but the brilliantly uniformed officers keep open an aisle from the doorway to the altar.

There is a hush of expectancy; attention is concentrated on the door, through which the pope must enter. Presently there is a little bustle at this door, and we see officers in red uniform aiding an old man to alight from a chair; the latter is not the "sedia gestitoris" of more solemn occasions but the "portantius," or smaller chair. The

holy father, for it is he, is attended by his full court—guard of nobles, young men, sons of the nobility of Rome, Swiss guards, monsignori, auditors of the rota, and bishops, all members of his palace, with the bishops and cardinals resident in Rome. The pontiff is in full canonicals—white cassock, stole, and cope—and wears on his head during the procession the tiara, but the miter is worn during the ceremony. At the door he is received by the canons of St. Peter's and the seminarians of the Vatican, who, preceded by officers of the guards, escort him to the altar.

One rarely hears anything more hearty and spontaneous than the cheer which bursts from a thousand throats as the pope appears. "*Viva il papa! viva il papa!*" (live the pope!), they cry; and the audience goes wild with enthusiasm, clapping hands, waving handkerchiefs, and shouting. As the pope advances up the aisle he extends his hands on either side in benediction, but they are seized and held so firmly by eager devotees that his progress is impeded, and he is forced at last to hold them closely to his sides. On the altar the picture and relics of the blessed have been exposed. Before these the pope kneels and remains in veneration some twenty minutes. He then rises and sits on his throne surrounded by his cardinals and other clergy, and receives the homage of his court, and after that a special offering from the postulator of the cause of the newly beatified—a richly ornamented reliquary containing his picture, some relics, and a richly bound copy of his life.

All through the ceremony hymns and psalms of joy have been chanted by the choir to the accompaniment of the great organ; at its close the pope returns as he came; the throngs emerge upon the Piazza and melt into the world multitudes of old Rome.



## A PESTALOZZIAN PILGRIMAGE.

BY S. LOUISE PATTESON.



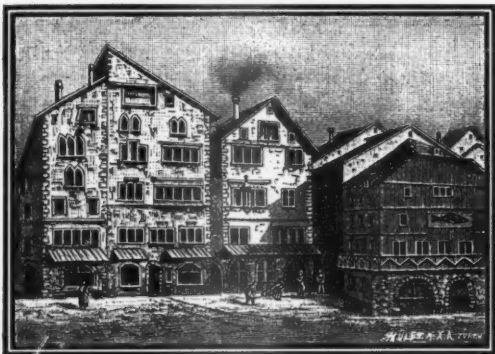
MOST unpromising child was Heinrich Pestalozzi. The sinister epithet "Inquisitive Harry of Fooltown," although very unkind, to be sure, was, nevertheless, the most natural characterization of a lad who, in turn, surprised his teachers by his precocity, and exasperated them by his stupidity. And yet probably no man has left so lasting an impress upon posterity as has the one who today is revered in his home-land as Father Pestalozzi, and acknowledged throughout the civilized world as the pioneer of the modern spirit of education. To his countrymen only one other name is equally dear; it is that of Tell, the fearless archer; and side by side the pictures of these two adorn every schoolroom in Switzerland. The one with bold, intrepid countenance and stalwart attitude impersonates the Swiss ideal of personal freedom; the other with care-worn, haggard, and distracted visage, looking tenderly into the face of a neglected child, is the herald of the new education which recognizes the brotherhood of man.

Our dream of years was realized when on a sultry summer day we found ourselves in the ancient city of Zürich, in the Rüdtenplatz, standing in front of the "Haus zum Schwarzen Horn." We feasted our hungry eyes on the old structure; we walked around to the side and viewed the entrance to the residence portion, the ponderous door with massive iron grip, the stone floor, the broad staircase with its substantial railing of ancient pattern. We conjectured that in view of all these things, the house did really look ancient enough to date back one hundred and fifty years; when, lo! over the entrance we espied "A. D. 1691," and our credulity was justified. Travelers abroad have more faith in what they see graven in stone concerning the antiquity of things, than in what their guides tell them.

We made inquiries in the store below, but were told that the rooms upstairs were private offices, so we did not venture in, but walked across the pavement, and there, leaning against a stone wall with an August sun pouring upon our heads, we indulged in a

sort of day-dream, gazing the while at the historic structure. Gradually the spell of the place took hold on us; and we seemed as if riveted to the spot, to us made sacred by the memory of him who was "all for others, for himself, nothing."

After thus musing for a time, our reverie was suddenly interrupted by the approach of the gentleman from the store, who surprised us with the information that he would take us upstairs. Had our yearning looks been such eloquent pleaders? We did not ask. We simply followed him, up two flights of stairs, into a very plain but spacious, well-lighted room at the rear.



"HAUS ZUM SCHWARZEN HORN."

"This," said our guide, "was the living-room of the Pestalozzi family, and here (pointing to a corner) is supposed to have stood his cradle. It is just as it was so far as the bare room is concerned."

The walls and ceiling were finished in hard wood, after the fashion of ancient Swiss architecture, and the windows were broken up into small square panes. But we had the uncomfortable feeling that we were intruding and detracting the attention of clerks and bookkeepers from their work, so we retraced our steps more hastily than was our pleasure.

Upon emerging from the building, we felt an inclination to still linger about the place, and to abandon ourselves anew to the magic spell of retrospection and introspection. The very cobblestones seemed to shine out like precious gems, as we imagined the little



feet of the retiring, home-loving motherchild pattering over them in innocent glee.

On the house a memorial tablet bears a legend which, translated into English, is as follows:

"The house 'zum Schwarzen Horn,' according to tradition, is the birthplace of Heinrich Pestalozzi, born January 12, 1746. In the neighboring house 'zum Pflug' was born Anna Schulthess, Pestalozzi's wife."

The house next door alluded to is called "The Plow," for in Zürich it was formerly a custom to give to every house a sign and a name. In this house the Schulthess family had a confectionery store, and it is related by Pestalozzi's biographers that once upon a holiday when the little Heinrich had a few coins in his pocket he was tempted by the good things in the show-window to step inside and make a purchase. Little Anna was keeping shop at the time, and the question as to what was the real attraction affords some opportunity for speculative doubt. But

whatever may have been the motive that actuated the boy, the sensible little girl advised him to save his money till he could make better use of it. She showed thus early her ability to manage Pestalozzi's financial affairs, a part which as Mme. Pestalozzi she filled with great efficiency.

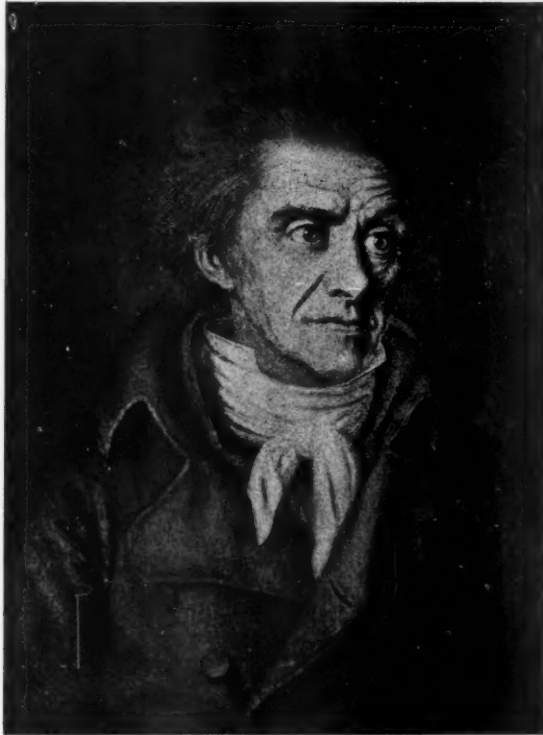
Much as little Heinrich delighted in childish sports, he was constantly restricted in this mode of expression by the autocratic domination of the housekeeper, who looked very closely after the economic management of the family, for the Pestalozzis were but scantily furnished with this world's goods.

The poor little fellow was no sooner engaged in a game of hide-and-go-seek out in the open than he was called away from his playmates, and it seemed as though I could see old Barbara's face at the window calling out, "Oh, Heinrich, why do you want to wear out your shoes and tear your clothes all to no purpose?"

These things passed in review before our eyes so vividly that we saw them acted out,

as it were, while gazing upon the scene where they actually occurred.

Our next trip was to the Pestalozzianum, the permanent exhibition of the products of mental and manual training, according to the Pestalozzian idea, to the reverent pedagogue, a worthy shrine, a temple, of which the "Pestalozzi Stübchen" forms the holy of holies. In the stübchen the most striking objects are an almost life-size statue of Pestalozzi in white marble, the famous painting by Schoener, and "Pestalozzi in Stanz."



From the painting by Schoener.

HEINRICH PESTALOZZI.

Here are pictures of Mme. Pestalozzi, gracious and benign, the idolized "Jakobli," and little Gottlieb, frail and pure; also of Bodmer, Breiting, Lavater, Nägeli, Füssli, Iselin, Krüsi, Niederer, Zschokke, and others. In the cabinets are original letters of Pestalozzi and men of his time, original publications containing his articles, his baptismal certificate—superfluous thing for a man who was so evidently baptized of God—locks of his hair, his snuff-box, and various other mementoes. In the stübchen is also to be seen Pestalozzi's cradle, a substantial though clumsy affair of oak, with rockers

and wire supports for a canopy. The entire exhibition of the Pestalozzianum proper fills the space of about twenty large rooms, the products being graded in systematic order from the simple to the complex, very much resembling some of the rooms at the World's Fair.

The dean and leading spirit of the Pestalozzianum is Dr. Hunziker, whose grand-



STATUE OF PESTALOZZI IN ZÜRICH. UNVEILED IN OCTOBER, 1899.

father was a warm personal friend of Pestalozzi. I almost felt as though I touched finger-tips with Pestalozzi himself when I presented to Dr. Hunziker my letter of introduction from Dr. Hermann Krüsi, whose father had been a pupil of and a co-laborer with Pestalozzi.

Since this pilgrimage was made, a bronze statue of Pestalozzi, erected in the Linth-Escher Platz, Zürich, has been presented to the city. A noteworthy incident of the occasion was the fact that Dr. Pestalozzi, then mayor of the city and a collateral descendant of the great educator, conducted the ceremony of unveiling.

After Zürich, the next point of interest in chronological order was Neuhof, the country home of Pestalozzi, near Birrfeld, in the Canton Aargau.

Neuhof is visible from the train some time before Birrfeld is reached, and we easily recognized the square white structure with Italian roof and green shutters as one we had frequently seen in print. The road from the station leads through a level expanse of land under high cultivation, flanked on either side by a hill, crowned with an ancient castle, Brunegg on the left, and old ancestral Hapsburg on the right. A half hour's walk from the station brought us to the village of Birr, and thence, accompanied by the village school mistress, we set out for Neuhof. It verily seemed as though our sainted friend was walking by our side as we talked of him by the way.

Upon arriving at Neuhof we were met by a workman, who had already guessed our errand, and was smiling in expectation of the customary *trinkgeld*.

The original dwelling which Pestalozzi built in 1769 for the reception of his bride was burned in 1858, but the walls and roof were restored so that the exterior of the present building is substantially like its original. A new and stately dwelling, the exterior of which is modeled somewhat after the old, was begun by Pestalozzi, and finished by his grandson. In 1891, by the death of Prof. Karl Pestalozzi, the family became extinct, and the estate of Neuhof is now owned by an alien.

It is difficult to reason why the Swiss should allow a foreigner to become the possessor of Neuhof, when they have declined fabulous sums from the Austrian government for Old Hapsburg. But we believe the time will come when Neuhof will be cherished with equal fondness as a proud heritage.

In front of the old house stands a stately tree which Pestalozzi himself planted, and under which we gathered mementoes in the shape of little unripe nuts.

Although the original Pestalozzi residence is now but a storehouse for wagons and farm implements, yet, as the cradle of so much that has blessed mankind, it must ever, so long as one stone remains upon another, be of sacred interest to all lovers of the human race, for many so-called nineteenth-century reforms had their birth within its walls. Here, for instance, Pestalozzi planted the seed from which has grown the social settlement idea of today, when, as he says, he "lived with beggars in order to teach beggars how to live like men." Here he inaugurated the present system of helping the dependent and indigent classes, "not through alms, but through development of their own inherent powers." Here he

founded the modern system of ethical culture, the coördinate training and symmetrical development of the three H's—head, heart, and hand—in contradistinction to the stern and prosaic drill in the "three R's—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic." Here Pestalozzi first defined and demonstrated education to be the awakening of the soul, through a process of organic development, rather than the mere receiving and hoarding of information. Here the modern system of instruction by means of object lessons—*"Anschaulichkeits Unterricht"*—had its first trials and triumphs. And here in his famous classic *"Leonard and Gertrude"* (which, by the way, was written between the lines in an old account book for lack of means to buy stationery), Pestalozzi struck the initial blow at the liquor saloon as an institution, branding it the prime evil, the underlying cause of the degeneracy of the people and of the low moral tone of domestic life. Truly desolate, forgotten Neuhof, with its hallowed associations and traditions, deserves to be enshrined in the hearts of all lovers of humanity, and should be cherished by the Swiss people as one of their proudest possessions.

Upon our return to the village we visited the churchyard where rest the mortal remains of Father Pestalozzi. Once when asked what he would like for a monument, he replied: "A rough-hewn stone will do; I myself am nothing else," and for nearly twenty years nothing but a common field stone and a rose-bush marked his resting-place beside the old schoolhouse. But, in 1846, when a new schoolhouse was built, an imposing monument was erected to his memory, the gift of

priety this memorial is incorporated into the very structure of the schoolhouse, forming the rear gable end thereof, which meets the churchyard at the very spot where his remains are interred; and here is written the incomparable and expressive sermon in six words: "All for others; for himself, nothing."



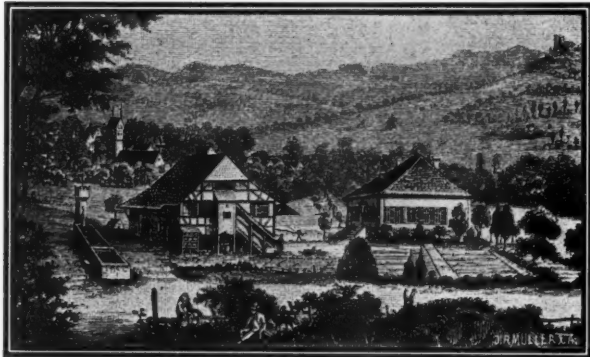
MADAME PESTALOZZI.

We made inquiries of some of the older villagers for anecdotes and reminiscences of their great forebear, and among the things they told us was that he was fond of visiting the village school; that he had a constant habit of sucking the corner of his neckerchief; that whenever he conceived a new idea along the lines of his cherished plans he would go to bed and stay there until he

had worked it out to his liking; and that he was in the habit of entering stealthily into taverns and other public places, and secreting himself during a whole evening, in order that he might be able to contemplate the real condition of the classes whom he was endeavoring to elevate. It is told of him that on one such occasion he secreted himself in a chest, and, not being able to raise the lid when he wished to make his exit, he rapped upon it, so much to the consternation of the loungers

thereon that they believed the devil was coming after them bodily.

Unfortunately, when Pestalozzi lived and

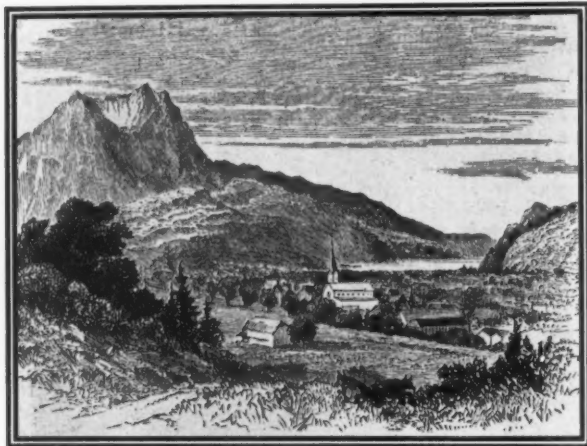


NEUHOF.

"Grateful Aargau"; and nature, with loving attention, has profusely strewn his grave with Swiss ivy. With singular pro-

died among the people of Aargau he was regarded only as a dreamer, a visionary, impractical man who had tried many things, but failed in all; and no one then supposed that a hundred years thereafter inquiries would be made concerning him and his theories.

His work there terminated after six months of the most arduous and thankless labors, aggravated by persecution, misrepresentation, and distrust; and yet he was wont to look back to his sojourn in Stanz as among the most blissful days of his life.



From Krusi's "Pestalozzi." American Book Company.

VIEW OF STANZ.

Our next objective point was Stanz, Canton Unterwalden, which, by the way, was one of the three original cantons, and which has preserved its primitive customs to a remarkable degree. Here is the convent where in 1799 Pestalozzi conducted an orphan asylum; but the building has been so completely remodeled that absolutely nothing visible is left that can be traced to Pestalozzi with any degree of certainty, and the authorities of the convent actually discourage inquiry concerning him.

We were met at the entrance by a veiled sister who talked to us through an iron grating not more than eight inches square. At the sound of Pestalozzi's name she quickly started to close the little aperture, saying, "There is nothing here of Pestalozzi." But we found a convenient seat near by, and spent two blissful hours within sight of the old building which had once sheltered Father Pestalozzi with a hundred orphan children.

It is a well-known fact that Pestalozzi was not popular with the people of Stanz. At that time Switzerland was not the firmly united republic that it is today, and he was looked upon as the tool of a hated faction of the government. Moreover, he was a Protestant of the most progressive kind, sent as a teacher of youth to a Catholic canton that has always been noted for its conservatism.

It was indeed a sad day for Father Pestalozzi when the exigencies of the Napoleonic campaigns compelled him to dissolve his institution and send his children adrift on the cold mercies of the world, in order that the convent might be fitted up for the reception of disabled soldiers.

In Burgdorf, the old castle which sheltered the Pestalozzian school is now used for the administration of the public affairs of the city and the residences of the stadtholder and sheriff. Only one little room high up in the tower, and known as "Pestalozzi's Stübchen," is definitely identified with

his memory; it is said to be the place to which he was wont to retire for seasons of solitude and spiritual refreshing. A nameless spell about this room seemed to fill us with a blissful and heavenly sadness very much akin to joy. From the little window an enchanting view is had of the surrounding landscape, but Pestalozzi, if he ever looked out upon it, was probably more oppressed by the thought of the undeveloped possibilities in the human



From Krusi's "Pestalozzi." American Book Company.

OLD SCHOOLHOUSE AT BIRR, WITH PESTALOZZI'S GRAVE BEFORE IT.

souls all about him, than he was cheered and soothed by the charms and beauties of nature.



The school council of the city of Burgdorf was the first educational body to report favorably on Pestalozzi's method and to offer him an opportunity to demonstrate its worth. Here, in those days when education was regarded as a luxury to be enjoyed only by the highly favored, Pestalozzi proclaimed the astounding doctrine that education should be conferred and even forced, if need be, upon the poor, because it is the only thing that begets self-help and independence; and here, in establishing the first public school in the world, he planted the seed from which has sprung our great and benign system of common school education.

The customary tablet (which, however, is missing at Stanz) adorns one of the inner walls of the castle. This tablet is a tribute of gratitude from the people of Burgdorf to Pestalozzi. When translated, it reads as follows:

1799 HEINRICH PESTALOZZI, 1804  
OUT OF GRATITUDE, DEDICATED BY  
THE CITY OF BURGDORF, 1888.

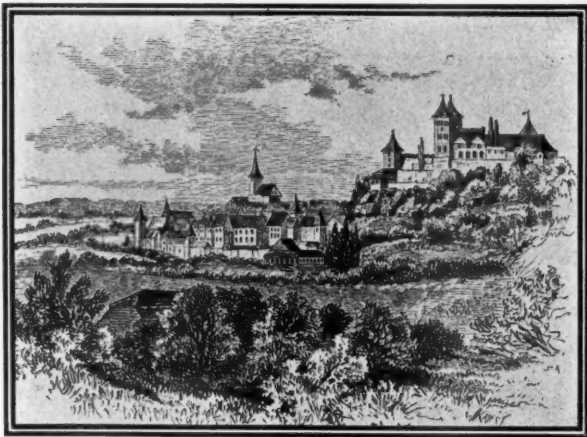
The voice within us says:

Live not for *thyself* only!  
Live for the *Brethren*!

In Yverdon, Canton Vaud, is the old feudal castle which in the early part of the nineteenth century was the scene of Pestalozzi's most flourishing period, and here the lives of the

link the two together for a brief space.

Pestalozzi is justly credited with being the forerunner of Froebel. Certainly he blazed a path through the trackless wilder-

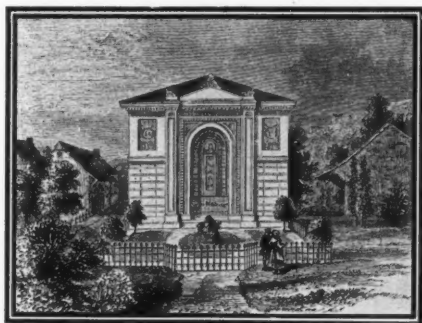


From Kruzi's "Pestalozzi," American Book Company.

VIEW OF BURGDORF.

ness of bigotry and superstition, and from his central idea that mankind must be regenerated through proper elementary education, emanated the institution which Froebel afterwards extended and elaborated into the kindergarten of today. Pestalozzi had his kindergarten, as outlined in "Leonard and Gertrude," but it was in the home, presided over by the mother, which is perfectly natural in view of the tender mother-love and the ideal home influences in which he had been nurtured. That Froebel should separate his kindergarten from the home is equally obvious to any one acquainted with his early life.

While Froebel was still groping after his real calling in life, he fell in with one of Pestalozzi's pupils, and this proved to be the turning point in his life. What an impetus this young man gave to elementary education when he followed some divine intuition which led him to urge Froebel to give up architecture and become a teacher! Very soon after Froebel's meeting with Grüner we find him going to Yverdon for a brief period of observation, and two years later he returned thither to "throw himself," as he says, "into the very heart of Pestalozzi's work." At this time nearly every government in Europe had its representatives at Yverdon to study the Pestalozzian method with a view to introducing it at home. The name of Pestalozzi was the watchword of education,



From Kruzi's "Pestalozzi," American Book Company.

NEW SCHOOLHOUSE AT BIRR, WITH INSCRIPTION TO PESTALOZZI.

two greatest exponents of child culture—Pestalozzi and Froebel—had their confluence. It may be pardonable at this point to

*David wrote for Pestalozzi*

*and I have great and true love for him —  
 • I have written many words — I have  
 filled many papers & I have done yet much  
 and I have great and true love for him, David  
 wrote many words — I have  
 by his hand I have done yet much*

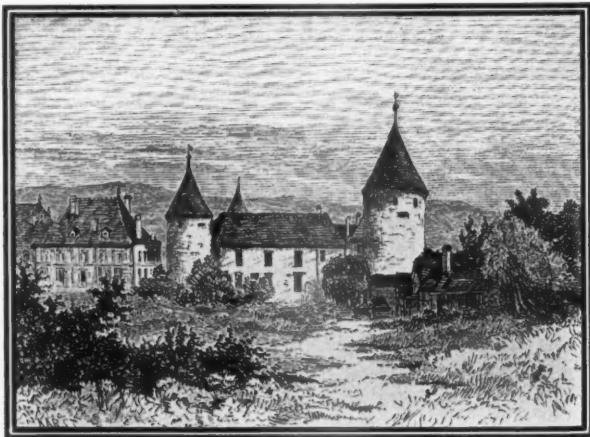
EPITAPH FOR PESTALOZZI. FROM THE ORIGINAL.

and Yverdon was the mecca to which all journeyed in search of the most approved method. And yet, in the face of all this, the publisher of the American edition of Froebel's autobiography says that Pestalozzi was an "eminently ignorant man"; which ignorance he attempts to prove by stating that his penmanship was bad, that he could neither sing nor draw, and that he wore out all his handkerchiefs by collecting pebbles in them which he never looked at afterwards.

Froebel found some things to criticize in Yverdon, it is true, as he naturally would in an institution that was conducted so largely upon mere experimentations. But, speaking of this period in his autobiography, he says: "The powerful, uplifting, and indefinable effect produced by Pestalozzi when he spoke set one's soul on fire for a higher, nobler life." Here we have the secret of Pestalozzi's power over his pupils. His chief aim was to arouse the inner consciousness to an appreciation of its true dignity and power, "in order that they might be raised," to use his own words, "not merely

unworthily of his high destiny." He frowned upon the notion that instruction must always be in the guise of amusement, contending that a child should early be encouraged to healthful exertion; that the teacher's first duty is to awaken the pupil's interest, and that, in case of failure, he should look to himself for the cause.

That Froebel expected to find more support and sympathy where Pestalozzi had gone before him than elsewhere, is evident from



From Krusi's "Pestalozzi." American Book Company.

VIEW OF YVERDON.

above the plowing oxen, but also above the fact that the second Froebel school in the man in purple and silk, who lives history, and the first after Keilhau, was

located close to Yverdon; and in the city of Burgdorf was established one of the earliest Froebel schools under the personal direction of Froebel himself.

The beneficent lives of these two men, so far-reaching in their influence, although very unlike in their outward expression, had much in common of that which goes to make up the inner life. They were slavishly devoted to the one idea of regenerating mankind through elementary education. Both were too far in advance of their time to be appreciated by their contemporaries; and having been despised and crucified during life, they rose again and live today in the splendid system of elementary education which has become our blessed heritage. As one has said, "They sowed, and reaped not, yet were thankful for having had the privilege of sowing." They "counted not their lives dear unto themselves."

The old castle of Yverdon, which played such a conspicuous part in the early history of modern education, is now used as the public school building of the town, and the large room with brick floor which served as dormitory when Froebel was a student there is now the public library. A large, well-lighted room in the second story, which is said to have been the private apartment of Mr. and Mme. Pestalozzi, is broom-clean and empty; likewise a dark, gloomy cavern in the main tower which is said to have served as their kitchen, and which has only two narrow openings in a solid stone wall ten feet thick. Here we were shown a plank suspended over the chimney-place, on which our guide said Pestalozzi hung his meat — when he had any. The numerous rooms devoted at present to the public school did similar duty during the Pestalozzian period; likewise some of the furniture. The benches are so old and uncomfortable that I supposed them to be relics of the Pestalozzian period, but our guide said no. In Room 7, where Pestalozzi himself taught, is the old platform upon which, it is said, he was wont to stand when addressing his pupils.

The inner court, which in Pestalozzi's time was a beautiful garden, has been paved with cobblestones, and presents a barren appearance. The walls are dirty, and the building as a whole is murky and repelling, and lacks

almost every quality to make it an ideal spot for educational purposes.

Immediately outside the castle stands the well-known bronze statue representing Father Pestalozzi in his characteristic attitude of talking with two children. The inscription, which has probably no parallel in all the



STATUE OF PESTALOZZI IN YVERDON.

world, translated into English, is as follows:

Heinrich Pestalozzi  
Born in Zürich, January 12, 1746,  
Died in Brugg, February 17, 1827.  
Savior of the poor at Neuhof,  
Preacher of the people in Leonard and Gertrude;  
In Stanz the father of orphans;  
In Burgdorf and Münchebuchsee  
Founder of the public school.  
In Yverdon educator of humanity.  
Man, Christian, Citizen,  
All for others, for himself nothing.  
Blessing to his name.

The very gutters surrounding the castle are an eloquent reminder of Pestalozzi's



From a painting by Greb.

FATHER PESTALOZZI.

prophetic saying, "I wish to be interred under the eaves of the school building, and to have only my name inscribed upon the stone that shall serve as my covering. When the action of the water shall have effaced it, the world will perhaps be more just toward my memory than it has been toward me during life." It seems that the unhappy man did have visions of a far-off time when his labors would be appreciated, for after his death, among his effects were found drafts of two epitaphs for his grave, of which the following is a translation:

Epitaph for Pestalozzi.

Upon his grave a rose will bloom, which will cause eyes to weep that long beheld his misery, and yet remained dry.

Upon his grave a rose will bloom, the sight of which will cause eyes to weep which remained dry on beholding his sorrows.

Five minutes' walk from the castle brought us to the cemetery, where we visited the grave of Mme. Pestalozzi. The spot is marked with a tablet dedicated to her memory by the municipality of Yverdon. As in the case of her husband, her grave is covered with the creeping ivy so common in Switzerland.

When Mme. Pestalozzi died, the institution at Yverdon received its death blow. Pestalozzi, who had no executive ability and no idea of the value of money, was compelled to entrust the economic management of the school entirely to strangers, and his own integrity and purity of mind caused him to become a victim of misplaced confidence. In 1825, the world-renowned institution of Yverdon was dissolved, and Pestalozzi, after a lifetime of the most strenuous and unselfish labors, was doomed to drain to the very dregs the cup of human thanklessness. Overwhelmed with mortification and defeat, he retired to Neuhof, "*ein armer Muedling*," as he called himself, and there remained until the curtain mercifully descended upon the tragedy of his sad life.

The house in which Pestalozzi died in the ancient city of Brugg is a stone structure in perfect preservation, and bears the usual memorial tablet. The identical room is now the office of a dentist, who, himself an ardent admirer of Pestalozzi, cordially welcomes any of the good man's friends.

It is customary in Switzerland to name all schools for neglected children Pestalozzi schools, and nearly every canton has such an



institution. On returning from Brugg to Zürich we visited one of these schools at Schlieren, and were fortunate in being able to attend part of a morning session, at which we took the following notes:

Teacher: Tell me a flower that is now blooming, or just about ceasing to bloom.

A pupil: The rose.

Another pupil: The rose balsam blooms yet; white, red, and blue colors and violet.

Third pupil: The Wuchern flower is still in bloom.

Teacher: Where did you see it?

Pupil: By the mill this morning.

Fourth pupil: Wind clover; I saw some yesterday.

Teacher: Are you sure you saw it yesterday?

Pupil: Yes.

Teacher: How do you know it was wind clover?

Pupil: It was yellow.

Teacher: There are other yellow flowers. What is the characteristic of wind clover?

Pupil: It is more fuzzy than hop clover, and it has butterfly blossoms.

Teacher: All clovers have those blossoms.

Fifth pupil: Ensian is still in bloom; I found some in the marsh, and it was blue.

Teacher: Which is the nicest of the ensians?

Pupil: The spring ensian.

Teacher: The Alpine ensians are nicest of all, and greatly prized by the people in the Alps.

Pupil: Yes, you showed us one once; it was pressed.

Sixth pupil: Maidenface and aster are still in bloom, and oleander.

Teacher: Why do they bloom so well this year?

Pupil: Because they have had so much sun.

Teacher: It is because they have what they want. In the Nile river, where the crocodiles are, the oleanders abound like willows along our streams, and there they have the most beautiful life because they have so much sun.

Here our time was up, and we left teacher and pupils talking about the flowers, a fitting finale to our Pestalozzian pilgrimage.

And as we sped along on our homeward journey the thought that seemed paramount, as the result of our observations, was that all fulness and completeness of life must proceed from the idea of more for others, less for self; that the broken and incomplete life of Father Pestalozzi, and his final and seemingly irretrievable failure was like the bursting of a chrysalis, and that from the apparent ruin and desolation of his career proceeded that new life which has since burst into bloom to bless and to beautify the earth.

## INDIAN BASKETRY IN HOUSE DECORATION.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.



IN the pottery and baskets of the Amerind,<sup>1</sup> as well as in the blankets, the house decorator of the future will be compelled to deal. It is no fad that makes us seek to know something of the art-life and expression of the people whom we are thrusting to the wall after dispossessing them of the home of their forefathers. So far as we know they are the native-born, true Americans—the blue bloods of this continent—and just as the antique furniture, architecture, and records of our own nation's past are interesting and instructive to us, so should be the art manifestations of these aboriginal peoples. And when, added to the antiquarian interest, there is presented in

aboriginal blanket making, pottery, and basketry a distinctive and effective, though somewhat crude, decorative art, in which the expert may read the mythology, history, poetry, or religious thoughts of the designer and maker, it will be apparent that in these manifestations of Indian life and thought the true student has a wide and fascinating field.

What must be sought in the decoration of a room? The eye must be pleased. There must be agreeable forms tastily arranged, with due observance of proportion and harmonious combination or contrast of colors. The mind, the imagination, the memory, the sentiments, must all be appealed to in the decorations and furnishings. Every picture tells a story, suggests a thought, arouses an emotion, awakens a sentiment, stimulates a desire, evokes a question—hence serves its pur-

<sup>1</sup> This is a new word coined by Maj. J. W. Powell, Director of the Bureau of Ethnology, from the two words American and Indian.

pose. The host or hostess delights in pleasing the intelligent guest, for a house is made beautiful not only for its immediate occupants, but also for its transient visitors and occasional guests.

Decorations and furnishings, also, are, in a measure, indexes to the mind of their possessor. The parvenu shows a want of artistic perception and a lack of innate refinement in the gorgeous ostentation with which he decorates his home. A man of wide sympathies, broad culture, and refined mind, unconsciously reveals himself in the chaste, appropriate, and yet widely differing articles of decoration and art with which he surrounds himself in his home.

Surely, then, the use of those articles with which the intimate and inner life of our predecessors in the possession of the soil we now call our own is inseparably connected,

will appeal to the man of culture, refinement, and fine sensibilities. And basketry is widespread; it is interesting evidence of the earliest development of the useful faculties and gave the first opportunities for the exercise of the dawning esthetic senses; in its late development it became to the aborigine what the cathedral was to Europe in the middle ages: the book of record of aspirations, ideals, fears, emotions, poetry, and religion. Victor Hugo strikingly exclaimed, "the book has killed the building!" and thus aroused in all minds a desire to preserve the original significance attached to the cathedrals — the lofty spires speaking of man's aspirations heavenward; the solemn and silent aisles of the solemnity

with which he should approach God; the statues of apostles, prophets, and martyrs, acting as historic reminders of grand and godlike lives in the past; the figures of demons reminding him of the constant warfare of the soul to overcome evil; the more beautiful figures of angels and saints keeping him in remembrance that the powers of good were watching over him and were ever ready to

give him help; the crook reminding him of the Good Shepherd who longed to lead His flocks into green pastures; and the cross, of the sacrifice of Himself that the Savior made that the world might be saved — all these and a thousand other things which the bookless middle ages read into their sacred structures, we now see and remember with veneration and delight. And so, though of course in a less measure, do these more modest memorials of a simpler and less devel-

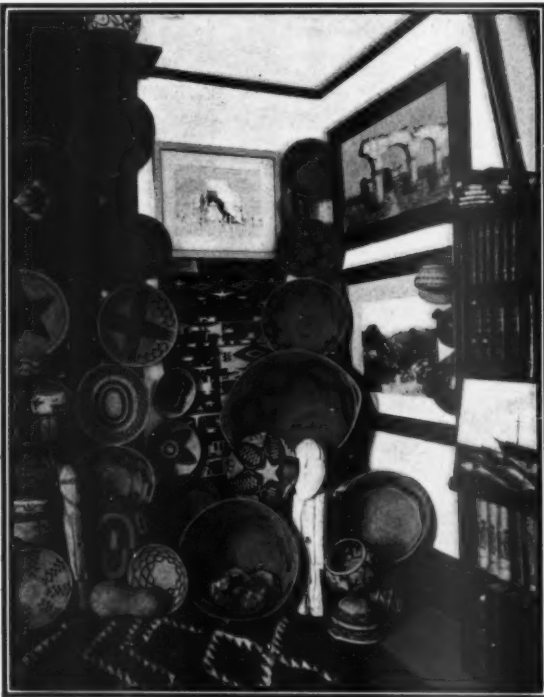


FIG. 1. INDIAN CORNER IN LIBRARY OF GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.

oped people appeal to our sympathies and ask us to preserve their original significance. It would be a misfortune to our advancing civilization to lose sight of that which meant so much to those of a dying civilization. We know ourselves better when we know what stirred the hearts, moved the emotions, and quickened the higher faculties of the races of the past. These baskets, thus looked at, become the embalmed mummies of the mentality and spirituality of ages that are past — of a civilization that would soon otherwise be lost.

Every well-appointed house might appropriately arrange an Indian corner. Here baskets, pottery, blankets, arrow-points, spear-heads, beads, wampum, belts, kilts,

mocassins, head-dresses, masks, pictures, spears, bows and arrows, drums, prayer-sticks, boomerangs, katchina dolls, fetishes, and beadwork might be displayed with artistic and pleasing effect.

Such a corner is shown in Fig. 1. This is in the library of the author in Pasadena, California, and while by no means a model, it will serve to illustrate, and perhaps will stimulate to higher endeavor those who are open to the suggestion.

Those who were privileged to see it, will remember the great charm of the library of Mrs. T. S. C. Lowe in Pasadena, California. Mrs. Lowe possesses the largest and finest collection of Indian baskets in the world. Her collection numbers over a thousand specimens, many of them exceedingly rare and precious. In this library many choice baskets were tastefully displayed on and around the book cases; Indian blankets adorned the floors, chairs and tables; Indian baskets were used as receptacles for waste paper, newspapers, photographs, cards, etc.; and other trinkets were displayed that made this room a most unique and highly pleasing one, with a marked individuality that impressed and stimulated effort in like direction.

Without attempting to make a large collection, a dozen or a score of well-selected baskets could be so artistically arranged as to give a very pleasing effect to any room where they were displayed.

Take such a basket as that in Fig. 2, which is in the Plimpton collection, San Diego, California. It is mellow in color and striking in

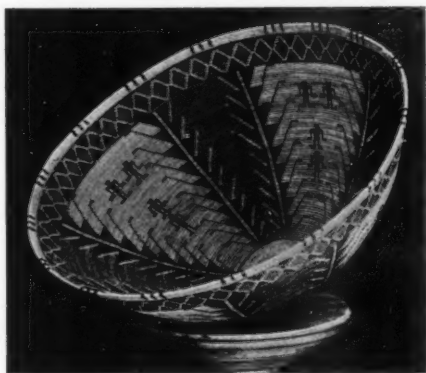


FIG. 2. TULARE BASKET IN THE PLIMPTON COLLECTION.

design. Suspended on the wall as a plaque, or hung in some corner, it would produce an artistic and agreeable effect. The observer would note the pattern, and if curious would

ask the meaning of the design. The human figures, the terraced steps, from which quail plumes protrude on the sides where the figures are, the diamond-back rattlesnake design forming a beautiful border around



FIG. 3. HAVASUPAI BASKET IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. WILLIAM WHITING, HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS.

the top of the basket, all demand explanation. For, gradually, the world is learning that the Indian woman has poetry and mythology and symbolism and imagination in her soul, and that she uses these powers in the making of her baskets, incorporating into her designs ideas of every conceivable character.

Fig. 3 shows a Havasupai basket which holds an honored place in the drawing-room of Mrs. William Whiting of Holyoke, Massachusetts. While the weave of the Havasupais is not nearly as fine as that of the Monos, Kerns, Pomos, or Yokuts, this is a beautiful basket of bold, pleasing, and effective design. I happened to be in Havasu canyon when this basket was in process of manufacture, and knew its maker well. She was a most devout woman, and, as her father owned (for a Havasupai) a large number of horses and cattle, she was making this basket 'as a propitiation of the powers that controlled the rain, so that her father's stock would have an abundance of water and feed. The central figure is the sun, and the radiating figures with steps are the rain clouds. In this basket she, accompanied by her mother and other female relatives, carried the sacred meal, which she sprinkled before the shrine shown in engraving No. 4. Then, with prayers and dancing, "Those Above" were pleaded with to send the rain. Without the sprinkling of the sacred meal all prayers would be ineffective, but when sprinkled

from a basket made with special prayers of propitiation, and with designs symbolic of the powers propitiated, both prayers and dancing were made efficacious and of great power.



FIG. 5. TULARE BASKETS IN THE PLIMPTON COLLECTION.

Any one or all of the so-called Tulare baskets in Fig. 5, in the Plimpton collection, could be used to good advantage. Even to the tyro they are interesting and beautiful. They are of fine weave, smooth and even in texture, and are the highest art expression of this fast dying race. The large basket in the center of the bottom row shows water and the ripples upon it, in a highly conventionalized zigzag design. Reaching out from the zigzags are the plumes of the quail. These inform the hunters, four of whom are seen, that on the left side of the stream there is good quail hunting.

The simple but beautiful design of the smaller basket to the left, on the bottom, is a highly conventionalized form of the diamond-back rattlesnake pattern, the regular

form of which is represented in the basket to the right. The row of human figures in this basket shows it to be a dance basket, and it was undoubtedly used by the woman who made it to hold ceremonial water or food during the performance. When one remembers that every dance was a religious rite to the Indian—that he never danced for pleasure—this memorial is regarded with a reverence that would otherwise not attach to it.

In the basket above it a beautiful illustration is offered of the changes designs are subject to, whereby their original appearance is lost, and they become no longer imitative in character, but symbolic. The two center rings are of imperfect double St. Andrew's crosses. Few ordinary observers looking at this design would see any resemblance to the diamond-back rattlesnake design below, and yet this is but the development of that. The diamond is divided into segments, and thus affords pleasing variety. But its original significance is not lost. The early weavers incorporated the rattlesnake design into their weave for two reasons: the first was undoubtedly in obedience to the imitative faculty, which suggested that here was a simple and easily copied design, ready at hand,



FIG. 4. HAVASUPAI SHRINE, WHERE THE INDIANS DANCE AND SPRINKLE MEAL DURING THEIR PRAYERS FOR RAIN.

one that would be pleasing to the eye; the other was a religious motive. The



incorporating of this design into the basket signifies that its maker was desirous of propitiating the evil power behind all rattlesnakes, and that she constantly prayed that none of them should ever harm any of her family. In this basket she kept the sacred meal—prepared by herself, but consecrated by the shaman or medicine man, with many smokings, prayings, and other rites—which she daily sprinkled around her house and at a certain shrine in order to secure the protection of herself and family from all evil.



FIG. 6. KUCHEAMPSI, THE MASHONGNAVI BASKET WEAVER.

A careful study of the various weaves found in North American basketry reveals wonderful ingenuity, taste, and skill. The Pomos alone have nine distinct weaves now in use and five that are obsolete, all of which have appropriate names; and there are perhaps twice as many other weaves in use by different peoples. To see the various methods by which the stitches are made—how colored splints are introduced; how strengthening ribs are placed; how the bottle-neck baskets are narrowed and again widened; the various ingenious methods of finishing off the basket—all these afford subjects for interesting study.

Fig. 6 is a photograph of Kuchyeampsi,

a Hopi basket-maker at Mashongnavi, one of the cliff cities of this interesting people whose Snake Dance has made them famous throughout the world. Connected with the basketry of the Hopi are many singular facts. There are seven villages of this people, and yet at only four are baskets made. Three of the villages—Mashongnavi, Shimopavi, and Shipauluvi—produce one kind of basket, and Oraibi another. This engraving represents the style made at the three villages. These baskets are more often found in the

round tray or plaque form, and are generally known as the sacred meal trays of the Moki. The name Moki should never have been given to these people by the whites. It is not their proper name, and is a term of reproach applied to them by the Navaho, on account of their uncleanly sanitary conditions. They call themselves the Hopituh, or People of Peace, and all well-informed writers and speakers refer to them now as the Hopi. To return to the basketry. These trays receive the name "sacred trays" because they are used in the ceremonies of the Hopi to hold the sacred meal, without which no prayer is effective. Meal is sprinkled upon every possible occasion.

Fig. 7 shows a number of Hopi women during the thrilling Snake Dance, standing where the dancers, carrying the snakes, pass them and so receive a pinch of the sacred and beneficial meal. They are also thus made the beneficiaries of the prayers that accompany the sprinkling of the meal. The ceremony is most weird and interesting.

In the finishing off of the baskets the Hopi woman is required by inexorable custom to symbolize her own physical state. There are three styles of finish, known respectively as "the flowing gate," "the open gate," and "the closed gate." The first is well illustrated in the rear basket to the left in Fig. 6. This is made by a maiden.

The open gate shows the ends of the inner grass cut off and the basket finished by tightly winding the wrapping thread of yucca over them, leaving about half an inch exposed. This is the style of finish required



FIG. 7. HOPI WOMEN READY TO SPRINKLE MEAL UPON THE SNAKE DANCERS

of a matron capable of bearing children.

The closed gate, as its name implies, shows the inner grass completely enclosed in the yucca wrapping, and is the style of finish observed by the barren married women and widows.

Nor are these facts all that are connected with these singular and interesting social revelations. Recently I learned that by a strange law of correlation between symbol and thing symbolized existent in the Hopi mind, the simple-hearted maiden or mother weaver implicitly believes that if she closes the "flowing" or "open" gate of her basket, she produces a similar result in her own condition, which thus precludes her, in the one case, from becoming a happy wife, and in the other deprives her of the further joys of motherhood. For to the unsophisticated and uncivilized "heathen" Hopi woman marriage without many children is unhappy and unblest.

In some baskets the whole history of a nation is symbolized, and to an intelligent sympathy expressed towards the weaver and her ideas, I owe the gleaning of much mythological, traditional, and historical lore that had hitherto entirely escaped ethnologists and others interested in the history of the Indians.

Colors, also, to the Indian are often significant of religious interpretation, and to learn the many methods for producing splints of pleasing color followed by the Indian woman, is to have a revelation of patience, industry, skill, and invention.

Indian baskets can be made to contribute to the intellectual pleasures of any ladies' club or social gathering. Let a loan collection be made of as many baskets as can be found. Then let some intelligent and interested member of the club prepare a paper or deliver an extempore talk covering the following points: the geographical home of the tribe of the maker of the basket under consideration; the weaver's own home; the material used in making the basket; how the colors are made, and the significance of the design, whether imitative, conventionalized, imaginative, ideographic, or symbolic. Such a talk could be followed by a general discussion and exchange of ideas that would prove to be profitable and instructive to the whole company.

Merely a loan collection could not fail to give interest and increase knowledge, and if, to complement it, a number of photographs were placed on exhibition showing the "majellars" making the baskets, considerable added interest would be secured.

## HISTORIC SWORDS.

BY RANDOLPH ILTYD GEARE.



HERE is nothing that appeals with greater force to the American, or that is more likely to fire his enthusiasm and love of country, than patriotic acts of sterling heroism. Deeds of valor have for ages formed the favorite themes of bards in every land, and the nation is unknown which fails in some degree, at least, to appreciate and honor the bravery of its warriors.

The United States government, from its incipency, grasped the importance of this fact, and has bestowed thousands of medals upon its military and naval heroes. Swords, too, have been presented by congress, or purchased from the families of the heroes and given to the nation as a lasting tribute to their fame.

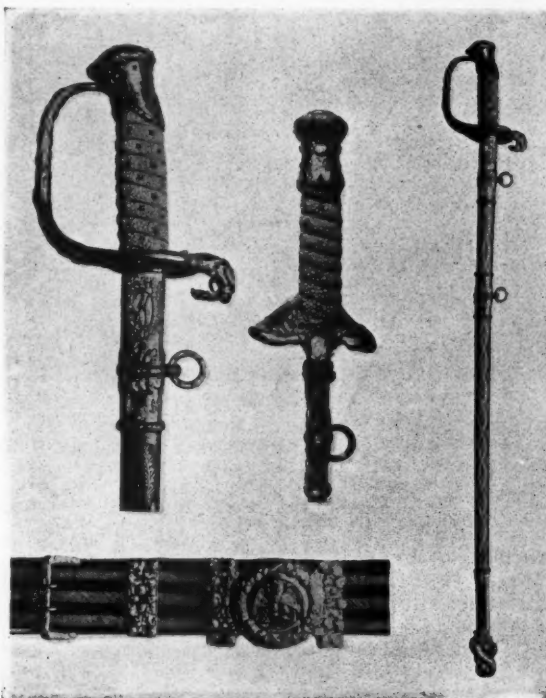
There is probably hardly any one in the country who has not read again and again the account of the victory which Admiral Dewey won over the Spanish fleet in Manila bay on May 1, 1898. For this, congress voted a costly sword, which was presented to him in October, 1899, by the president.

The sword, with the exception of the steel blade and the body metal of the scabbard, is made entirely of 22-karat gold. On the pommel is carved the name of the battleship *Olympia*, and the zodiacal sign for December, the month of Admiral Dewey's birth. Circling these, there is a closely woven wreath of oak leaves, the standard

decoration for rank. Farther down, the metal work takes the form of a gold collar, on the front of which are the arms of the United States with the blue field of the shield in enamel, and below them are the arms of Vermont, the admiral's native state, with the motto, "Freedom and Unity," and the colors of the shield in enamel. Stars serve to decorate the plain part of the collar, and

a graceful finish is given to this part of the hilt by a narrow band of oak leaves. The grip is covered with fine shark-skin bound with gold wire and inlaid with gold stars.

The guard is composed of a conventional eagle, terminating in a claw, clasping the top, indicating "control and confidence"; the outspread wings form the guard proper. The expression of the eagle is that of cool determination. The bird, while firm, still bears a message of peace in the laurel wreath

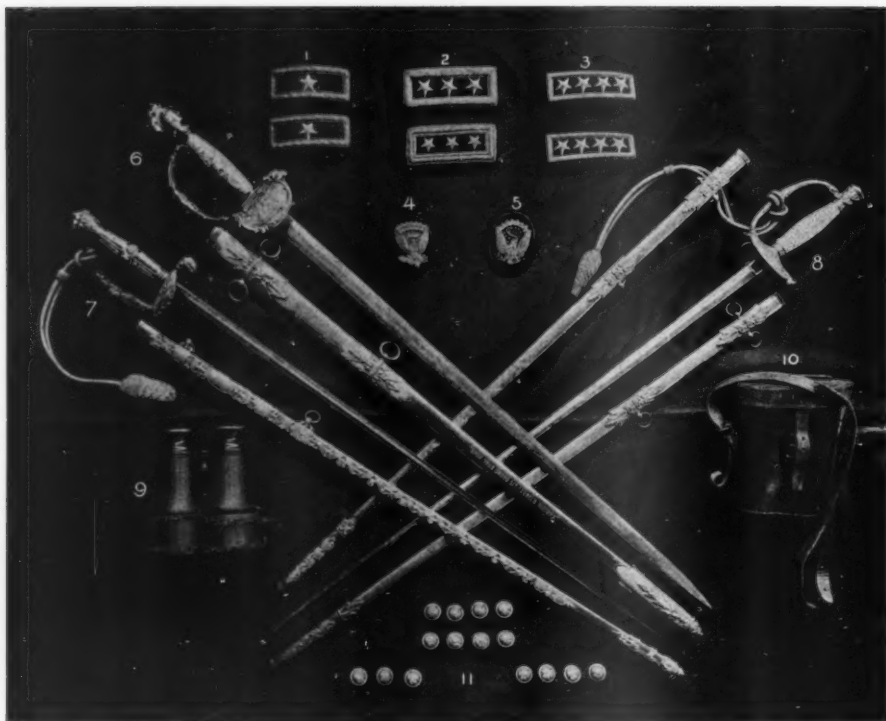


From a photograph loaned by Tiffany & Co., designers and makers of the sword.

THE DEWEY SWORD.

held in its beak. The wreath serves as a protection, covering the point of the beak, and preserving the proper outlines of the guard.

The scabbard is of thin steel, damascened in gold with sprays of *ros marinus*, a delicate sea plant, signifying fidelity, constance, and remembrance. Sprays of oak leaves and acorns secure the rings and trappings of the scabbard; above these, on the front of the scabbard, is a raised monogram in brilliants (diamonds) entwining the letters "G. D.," and immediately under them are the letters



THE GRANT RELICS.

1. Epaulets worn by Grant as brigadier-general at Belmont, Fort Donelson and Shiloh (1861-62). 2. Epaulets worn by Grant as lieutenant-general in the last campaign before Richmond and Petersburg. 3. General's epaulets worn by Grant after close of the war. 4. Hat ornament worn by Grant at Belmont, November 7, 1861. 5. Hat ornament worn by Grant at Fort Donelson, February 6, 1862. 6. The New York sword. 7. The sword of Chattanooga. 8. The sword of Donelson. 9. Field glasses used by Grant during Civil war. 10. Case for field glasses (No. 9). 11. Military buttons taken by Mrs. Grant from General Grant's coats as mementos.

"U. S. N.," surrounded by sprays of *ros marinus*. The ferrule, or lower end of scabbard, terminates in entwined gold dolphins.

The sword-blade is damascened with the inscription:

The gift of the Nation to Rear-Admiral George Dewey, U. S. N., in Memory of the Victory at Manila Bay, May 1st, 1898.

The letters are of an ornamental character, and sufficiently large to be dignified. The Phœnician galley, representing the first craft of the navies of the world, supplies the rest of the ornament on this side of the blade. On the other side of the blade is shown the flight of the eagles of victory, bearing festoons of laurel to the four quarters of the earth.

The mounting of the belt and the trappings are the regulation buckles, pierced slide rings and swivels, all of 22-karat gold,

and ornamented with the oak leaves and acorns. The bullion tassel and embroidered belting is specially made, and much superior to that usually employed. The sword was designed and made by Tiffany & Company of New York.

The city of Boston also presented Admiral Dewey with a sword, and both of these swords, together with the other presents showered upon him by a grateful nation, have been on exhibition in the National Museum. It is unfortunate that they are now withdrawn, temporarily at any rate, for not a day passes during which numbers of visitors, who have come perhaps hundreds of miles to see them, are not heard to express keen disappointment.

Two swords of General James Shields are exhibited. They were purchased from his widow and children in honor of his gallant services in the Mexican and Civil wars, and



several thousands of dollars were paid for them. One was presented to him by the state of South Carolina, and the other by the state of Illinois. General Shields was an Irishman by birth. He came to this country in early life, and at the commencement of the Mexican war was appointed a brigadier-general in the United States army.

A handsome sword and medal were presented by congress to Commodore Jesse Duncan Elliott for capturing two British vessels (*Detroit* and *Caledonia*) at Fort Erie, while serving under Perry. The exploit was remarkable for the lightning speed with which it was arranged and carried out. It is said that after the expedition left Buffalo Creek, hardly ten minutes elapsed before the vessels and their men were made captives. Crowds of people watched the brilliant capture from the shores. There is also exhibited the simitar, with hilt beautifully ornamented with gold, which was presented to Commodore Elliott during his command of the United States squadron in the Mediterranean (1835-36).

The victories of Commodore James Biddle are still fresh in the minds of students of American history. At the age of twenty-nine he was appointed first lieutenant of the *Wasp*, and when six days out at sea fell in with six British merchantmen convoyed by the *Frolic*. A terrific fight, ending with a hand-to-hand encounter, ensued, and the *Wasp* was victorious. His sword, presented to him by the viceroy of Peru, has a curved blade, a gold hilt set with five diamonds, and a jeweled scabbard. It now adorns the historical exhibit in the National Museum. Commodore Biddle was conspicuous in the Tripoli war (1801-1805), the War of 1812, and the war with Mexico. He was also instrumental in negotiating a treaty with the Ottoman empire in 1830-32, and in 1845 was appointed one of the commissioners to ratify a treaty with China.

By no means the least interesting object in the national collection is a Moorish flint-lock gun, ornamented with silver and coral, which was presented by the emperor of Morocco to President Thomas Jefferson. A naval cutlass, captured from the English ship *Serapis* by John Paul Jones, commanding the *Bonhomme Richard*, is a reminder of the pluck of that indomitable fighter. In 1779 he sailed for the British coast for the purpose of intercepting the British Baltic fleet. After a number of thrilling adventures, which are well recorded in Wilson's "American Military and Naval Heroes" (Vol. I.), he engaged

in fight with two British vessels, the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*. The *Bonhomme Richard* was inferior both in size and in armament. In the beginning of the fight the American vessel was worsted, and, when in an almost sinking condition, Jones was asked to surrender. He replied that he hadn't commenced fighting yet, and that he would not strike his colors till he had been fairly beaten. Not long afterwards the British ships were forced to give up the fight. A sword given to John Paul Jones by the king of France is also exhibited, together with the simitar, as well as a sword, musket, and piece of the flag from the *Serapis*, and the entire flag from the *Bonhomme Richard*. Later John Paul Jones entered the Russian navy and served under the Prince of Nassau in a war against the Turks. The Turkish fleet being destroyed, Jones retired from the service and went to Paris, where he died in 1792, and was buried with every honorable distinction at the expense of the French National Convention. An effort is now being made by congress to have his bones exhumed, brought back to the United States, and buried beneath the flag he loved so well.

Brigadier-General Gabriel René Paul, who served with much distinction in the Seminole war, the war with Mexico, and the Civil war, has bequeathed two of his swords to the nation. One was presented to him by the Twenty-ninth Regiment of New Jersey volunteers, the other by the citizens of Missouri for gallantry. It was he who led the forlorn hope at the storming of Chapultepec, for which he was highly commended by congress.

There is an antique Spanish sword, a relic of the war with Mexico, which was presented to Captain J. T. Ord, U. S. A., when in Mexico. Prominent among the naval heroes of that war was Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, brother of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry. The story of his capturing several pirate ships in the West Indies is full of exciting interest. Later he was engaged in the siege of Vera Cruz, and in 1852 commanded an expedition to the China seas and Japan, which resulted in the negotiation of a treaty that opened the Japanese ports to American commerce. While with the *Concord* at Alexandria in 1832, Ali Pasha, bey of Egypt, presented him and several of his officers with thirteen simitars, all of which adorn this exhibit.

Enhanced by the luster of his grandson's bravery at the battle of La Guasima, Cuba, and of his son's warlike deeds through the

Mexican war, Indian wars, and the late war with Spain, the name of Captain Erastus Allyn Capron will always be gratefully remembered by the nation. A cadet in 1829, he was active in the war against the Seminole Indians when he distinguished himself for bravery and gallant conduct in the battle of the Withlacouchee. A year later he was made first lieutenant. Two years following, during the disturbance on the Canada border, he served on the northern frontier. He was afterwards stationed at Houlton, Maine, pending the "disputed territory" controversy, and became a captain in 1847. During that year he served in the Mexican war, and was engaged in the siege of Vera Cruz and in the battle of Cerro Gordo. He also fought in the battles of La Hoya, Oka Laka, and Contreras. In the battle of Churubusco, August 20, 1847, when gallantly leading his company in the storming of the strongly entrenched convent which served as a citadel, he was killed. His sword, with white leather baldric and plate, was deposited in the National Museum last year by his daughter. His son, Allyn, followed in his father's heroic footsteps. After filling many positions efficiently, he served conspicuously in the Mexican and Sioux campaigns, and was recommended for a brevet for gallantry in action at the battles of Wounded Knee and Drexel Mission. Later he went with General Shafter to Cuba. It is said that Capron's guns opened the fight at Santiago, and some days later when General Toral surrendered, the Capron battery was assigned the duty of firing the salute in honor of the victory. Captain Capron died at Fort Myer, Virginia, from the effects of a fever contracted in Cuba, and without knowing that he had been recommended for a brevet for conspicuous services during the Spanish-American war. Many interesting relics of this brave man are in the collection, including his regulation artillery sword, belt, and breastplate. His son Captain Allyn K. Capron (grandson of Captain Erastus Allyn Capron) was one of the earliest heroes and victims of the Spanish war. His last cry, "Don't mind me, boys, but go on and fight," is fresh in every mind. He enlisted when nineteen in Troop B, Fourth United States Cavalry, in order to obtain a commission, having failed to secure an appointment at West Point. After three years in the service he was commissioned second lieutenant in the Fifth United States Infantry. Shortly afterwards he was assigned to duty at St. Augustine, Florida, and a few months later was ordered to Mt. Vernon Barracks,

Alabama, to take charge of the Apache Indian prisoners of war. In 1894 he was transferred to the Seventh United States Cavalry, still remaining with the Indians, who had now been transferred under his charge to Fort Sill, Indian Territory. On the breaking out of the Spanish-American war, he was appointed a captain in Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and was killed on his twenty-seventh birthday while leading the advance at La Guasima, Cuba. The relics of this brave officer now in the National Museum number fourteen objects, including his regulation infantry sword and his cavalry saber, which he carried at the time of his death.

Another interesting relic of the Spanish war is the sword carried by Lieut. J. Garesché Ord in the battle of San Juan Hill. This hero was killed while performing the humane act of saving the life of a Spanish officer, who, mistaking his intention, fired at him, wounding him mortally.

A short similar with etched blade, carved ivory grip, and chain guard, was secured by Lieut.-Commander Stephen Decatur during the siege of Tripoli on August 3, 1804, in a hand-to-hand contest. His opponent had drawn a dagger from his belt, and was about to plunge it into Decatur's body, when the latter seized his arm and shot him with a pistol. The war with Tripoli was brought about by the refusal of the United States to pay the annual tribute demanded by Tripoli for the protection of American commerce from pirates.

Among the honored men of the Revolutionary war was Brigadier-General E. W. Ripley, nephew of President Wheelock of Dartmouth College. He rendered excellent service at Niagara for which he was brevetted major-general, and was also awarded a gold medal by congress. A handsome sword with etched blade, brass grip and guard, having a scabbard handsomely engraved with battle scenes, was presented to him by Daniel D. Tompkins, governor of New York, as a testimonial to his "talents, patriotism, and conduct."

Next comes the sword carried by Lieut. David Jameson. He fought in some of the most trying battles, and exhibited true American grit. The state of New York presented a sword, belt, and buckles to General Jacob Brown, U. S. A., for signal services at the battles of Chippewa, Erie, and Niagara in 1814, and the United States government gave him a gold medal. He was afterwards made senior major-general commanding the United States army. His remains lie in the

Congressional Cemetery at Washington, and over them has been erected a truncated marble column upon an inscribed pedestal.

Among the swords most recently added to this collection are: one presented to Brigadier-General John Wynn Davidson by the officers and enlisted men of the First Iowa Cavalry, United States volunteers, for his gallant coöperation with General Steele in the capture of Little Rock, and the gold sword presented by the state of Ohio to General George W. Morgan in recognition of his services during the Mexican war. With the sword are also a pair of silver-mounted pistols, presented by the citizens of Mount Vernon after his return from the Mexican war; two military belts and shoulder straps; a sword and spurs used during the Mexican war; and a sword which he carried in the Civil war.

Before passing to the other heroes of the Civil war it seems proper to mention the sword of Ransom Clark, who was the only one to escape death in the massacre of Major Dade's command of 117 men near Wahoo swamp during the second war with the Seminole Indians (1835-1842). At the time of the massacre Major Dade was on his way to relieve General Clinch at Fort Drane, when he was surprised by a party of Indians lying in ambush.

It has been the aim of this article to preserve somewhat of a chronological sequence, and therefore the splendid trophies of Grant, Hancock, McPherson, and Sherman which are on permanent exhibition in the National Museum are yet to be mentioned.

Of General Grant's swords there are four in the collection. These are shown in one, of the accompanying illustrations. The first, known as the "Sword of Chattanooga," was presented to him by citizens of Jo Daviess County, Illinois. It has a straight blade, is double-edged, and is etched with monogram and military trophies. The pommel is of gold, with grip-guard and guard-plate ornamented with tortoise shell, and inscribed, "The Hero of the Mississippi." The scabbard, which is of gold, is engraved with the names and dates of the battles of the Mexican war in which General Grant was engaged, and also of the battles at Belmont, Black River Bridge, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga, all of which occurred between 1861 and 1863.

The celebrated "New York Sword" was presented to General Grant by some of his friends through the Metropolitan Fair in aid of the United States Sanitary Commission, New York, April 23, 1864. Its blade is

straight, with beveled edges, and is etched with military trophies and other designs. The pommel is of gilded silver inlaid with rubies, diamonds, and sapphires. The grip is of oxydized silver, decorated with bas reliefs. The scabbard is of sterling silver, polished and gilded, and is engraved with General Grant's name, the date of presentation, etc.

When the Confederates at Fort Donelson fell upon the right wing of Grant's army, one of his officers, observing that their haversacks were filled with rations, reported the fact to Grant, saying, "They have come out prepared to fight for several days." Grant, however, understood the situation in a moment, replying, "This means retreat, boys. Soldiers don't fill their haversacks like this unless they are planning to run away. Now then, one more sharp attack and we'll finish the fight." After it became apparent that success must crown Grant's arms, General Buckner inquired on what terms Grant would accept his surrender. "Unconditional surrender," said Grant, "are my only terms." Soon afterwards Grant's army marched in and took possession of the fort. In honor of this triumph a splendid sword was presented to him by Messrs. G. W. Graham, C. C. March, C. W. Lagout, and John Cook. It is popularly known as the "Sword of Donelson," and is the one which Grant generally carried afterwards. Its straight blade is etched with military trophies. The pommel is decorated with bas reliefs. The grip is of carved ivory, and the gold-plated scabbard is engraved with Grant's name and the names of the donors. The fourth of General Grant's swords, a Spanish sword, was presented to him in 1873 by the Spanish Republic. It is 39½ inches long, has a fine Toledo blade, with guard of steel, ivory grip and steel scabbard, ornamented in gold and enamel. On the blade are inscribed the following words: "Belmont, Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Mission Ridge, Spottsylvania, Richmond. Let us have peace. U. S. G., Fabrica de Toledo, 1873," while on the hilt is the inscription "E pluribus unum."

It is appropriate here to speak of the relics of General William Tecumseh Sherman, whom Grant placed in full control of the Army of the West. Sherman's memorable march to Atlanta is known the world over, but it was not till after several days of hard fighting that he was able to telegraph to Lincoln, "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won." Later, on entering Savannah, he again telegraphed: "I beg to present to you as a

Christmas present the city of Savannah with 150 guns, plenty of powder, and 25,000 bales of cotton." His dress sword, sash, belt, uniform, and other objects have just been placed with this historic exhibit, and more of his swords, etc., are to be added shortly.

The nation is also the fortunate possessor of four swords commemorating the victorious career of General Winfield Scott Hancock, who was especially conspicuous as a military leader at the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, and as the leader of the Second Army Corps in the campaign of the Army of the Potomac. They are: The regulation sword which he carried through the Civil war; the sword of Captain Edward Johnson, given to him by the citizens of Virginia for service in Mexico, and presented by Captain Johnson to General Hancock; the sword presented to General Hancock at Yorktown, Virginia, in 1881; and his regulation sword which he carried as major-general.

Another handsome relic of the Civil war is the dress sword carried by General James Birdseye McPherson. At Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, and Iuka he served as chief engineer on Grant's staff. Later he organized and commanded the Seventeenth Army Corps, which held a very prominent place at the siege of Vicksburg. In 1863 he was commissioned a brigadier-general in the regular army, and in the following year he commanded 30,000 men in line of battle. He was killed at the age of thirty-five on Leggett's Hill in front of Atlanta. General Grant said of him that he was "correct in judgment, calm in danger, knew his ground, was untiring in energy and quick in perception." General McPherson was a descendant of Lionel McPherson, a knight in the Crusades, and on his body was found a sword which Lionel carried in the rescue of Jerusalem. That sword is now in possession of Helen Campbell of Washington, but it is hoped that it will be exhibited with his dress sword.

A saber and belt drawn from the army stores at Richmond, Virginia, and carried by Lieut. P. McDevitt while serving in Lieutenant Winfree's battalion, was presented to the National Museum by himself in 1886.

Among other swords in this collection is the sword of honor and sash presented to Col. Augustus G. Tassin by the members of his command and the citizens of Nevada in 1870 for meritorious services; a sword and belt presented to Capt. A. H. Foster of Company D, Twenty-fifth Regiment of the Massachusetts volunteers, by his men as a

token of their esteem for his bravery at the battle of Roanoke, February 8, 1862; a beautiful sword with a Toledo blade presented to Dr. George C. Clitherall by Hon. J. R. Poinsett, secretary of war, on the occasion of his appointment to the medical corps of the United States army, and given to the National Museum in 1888 by a relative through Senator J. T. Morgan; a regulation sword worn by Gen. Thomas Shields when a subaltern officer in the United States army in 1838; a regulation sword carried by Gen. John A. Halderman during the Civil war; a sword and belt presented to Admiral S. D. Trenchard by the government of Great Britain for his services in saving from destruction the British bark *Adieu* when disabled off Cape Ann in August, 1856; a very old Damascus sword and scabbard, with ivory handle, and eight ivory and gold-mounted knives of Arab manufacture, presented by the sultan of Zanzibar to Commodore R. W. Shufeldt; and a military cap and sword of General José Antonio Paez.

Several swords and other weapons in this collection were picked up on battle-fields, and although the names of their owners are unknown, they serve as silent witnesses to the sacrifice of brave lives. Thus, there is a regulation sword of an infantry officer in the Continental army; a sword which belonged to one of the heroes of the battle of San Antonio; a sword-blade from the British frigate *Rose*, sunk in the Savannah river in 1779 by a squadron of French vessels commanded by Count D'Estaing who cooperated with the Americans in recovering the city of Savannah from the British; a side arm, or "hanger," worn by a French soldier during the Revolutionary war; a short sword with wooden grip, presented to an Indian chief for "good conduct" by the first congress.

Although perhaps not strictly to be included in an article of this kind, it may not be amiss to make mention of some of the arms obtained during the Spanish-American war. Thus from Porto Rico and Cuba are exhibited swords of the municipal guard, a marine officer's sword, a general officer's sword, a non-commissioned officer's sword, a civil guard's sword, besides several machetes, sabers, cutlasses, etc., and two Toledo swords of the kind used by the militia of Porto Rico from 1650 to about 1850.

In a special case are shown a number of "bolos" from the Philippine Islands. This is a generic word, including various kinds of weapons, such as the "borong," carried by the official classes; the "campilon," worn



by officers of the Moro army; the "Punal de kris," a small dagger carried by women and children; various forms of "kris," "malay," "bolos," or naval cutlasses of the modern Spanish form; "terpilong," the official headsman's ax-sword; "quinbasi," or pocket knife of the private soldier; "pira," a sword used by the Moros; besides several daggers made from steel spear-heads.

It would be unjust to our enlightened and

generous government to close without reminding the reader that numerous other swords besides those herein mentioned have been presented by congress to military and naval heroes for gallant conduct, but it happens that they have not yet come into the national treasure-house. Thus, at least fourteen swords are known to have been presented to heroes of the Revolutionary war, the Mexican war, and the Seminole insurrection.

## A BLACK HUSSAR AT WATERLOO.

Journal of Maj. Chr: Hr: Nieman, April 30—July 24, 1815. "Written during the Wars, in short words, because time would not allow an exact account of all that I have seen."

TRANSLATED BY FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE.\*



**A**FTER the return of Napoleon from Elba, all Europe was in commotion. All the Prussian forces were ordered to the Rhine. Many volunteer companies were formed. I determined to fight for my country, and, with a number of other gentlemen, joined Lützow's famous corps which was already on the Rhine. I served in the campaign of 1815, in the Sixth Prussian Black Hussar Regiment, in Major-General von Lützow's brigade, in the First Corps d'Armée, under Field-Marshal von Blücher—80,000 men strong.

On the 31st April (1815), we left Bremen, accompanied by a numerous escort of friends, and arrived at Bassum where we were quartered for the night. After having emptied the wine-casks, our friends returned home. From Bassum we marched to Diepholz, where we rested two days; proceeded to Bohmte and had poor quarters among the farmers.

On the 4th (of May) to Osnabrück, a large town. On entering the city we were received with a hurrah. I had fine quarters with a merchant named Habicht. My dinner was ready and the table was ornamented with two bottles of wine. I spent the evening

with the family and enjoyed myself much in the company of the ladies.

On the 6th, we took up our march to Glandort and admired the beautiful scenery near Flurg. Our pastime was drinking and exercising with the sword to prepare ourselves for battle.

On the 7th to Münster, six miles from which city we were received by Generals Heister and Finck, and the rifle regiment of Münster, which was on the eve of bending eager steps to France, also to meet the hated foe. In the beautiful garden of the castle we were regaled with a splendid dinner and plenty of Rhenish. We remained here three days and had a great deal of pleasure.

On the 10th, marched to the village of Werne.

On the 11th, to Witten, where Rossing gave a punch. My quarters were on the bank of the river Ruhr; a charming country; different mines and different costumes.

On the 12th, to Runsdort; passed Barmen and could not see enough of the sublime country and the splendid manufactures of all kinds. I had the good luck to be quartered, again, at the mansion of a beautiful young widow, but

"Love the French to fight  
Drove other love to flight."

Then I did not know what fighting was.

The 13th to Elberfeld, the well known manufacturing town. This place I admired in every respect more than any other we had passed; partly on account of the splendid factories and partly on account of the host of handsome women. I was quartered with a wine-merchant and cracked many a bottle during our short stay. We remained only two days.

\*Note by the Translator.—In March, 1887, the Journal of Major Nieman was placed in my hands by his grandson, Henri Nieman, of Philadelphia. The original is partly in German, partly in French, partly in English. It consists of some thirty pages, closely written, bound in hog-skin and fastened with a tongue like an old-fashioned wallet. It bears this title: "Tagebuch Des Franz: Feldzuges seit dem Ab-Marsche von Bremen in April, 1815. Chr: Hr: Nieman, Volontair." It narrates with soldier-like brevity the life of the invading Prussian army; draws a vivid picture of great battles, particularly at Wavre and Waterloo; notes the capture of Napoleon's famous iron carriage containing his private papers, and hastens with the speed of the pursuing army with the allied forces into Paris. Like all military journals, it hints at more than it tells.

The 15th to Düsseldorf, a beautiful town. The King of Prussia's birthday; balls, etc. Illumination and a great noise. Unfortunately I had stable-guard to attend to, and had hard work to keep the men in order.

On the 17th we crossed the Rhine near Hamm, and with a tremendous shout. Tavern on the Rhine and a beautiful girl. After having passed this river, we marched towards Neuss to Gatswester. Arrest and duel.

The 18th, marched through the fortress Jülich to Enden. Tolerable quarters; paper mill and windows.

The 19th, through Aix la Chapelle to Burtscheid. Mustered here by General Tor-shirt. Playhouse. Tomb of Charles the Great. Lausberg and splendid country surrounding. To leave "B. B." was not pleasant, for many reasons, and particularly on account of Miss "V. C."

The 21st to Petit Rechien, our first French village.

The 22d to Liège. Miserable quarters. I was quartered in the famous street, De Tuve. Unpleasant scenes with the French landlord; great noise in my quarters with my host and my volunteers. Beautiful shoemaker's girl; forgot my spurs. The 22nd was rest-day. Leaving Liège we marched through the enchanting valley of the river Maas. Both sides of this stream are lined with nature's rocky walls. We marched by the way of Huy to Fray.

On the 25th, marched the same way until we reached Namur; here Blücher received us.

The 27th to Gielay; miserable quarters.

The 28th to Charleroi, at which place we were reviewed by General Ziether and Major von Lussow. Our brave commander received us with six of the regimental trumpeters. After this we were ordered to the miserable village Riemnt, where we had the first bivouac and the day field guard. Our time had come for work. On account of the miserable accommodations for horses in the village, we were distributed among the large and elegant farms near Thuin, on the French frontier, where at last we had Napoleon before our noses. At these farms we had a very pleasant time, in spite of reconnoitering day and night to watch Napoleon's movements along the line. I found it very unpleasant to sit on my horse in a dark night, facing the enemy and watching every sound. My horse was of a restless disposition, like its master, and I had trouble to keep him quiet to enable me to finish my two hours' post. One night in particular I was, as a young soldier, in trouble. I was ordered to

ride along the line of our videttes, in a dark night, for several miles. I struck upon a Prussian sentinel. Coming within speaking distance, I demanded:

"Who is there?"

"A sentinel."

"The word," I replied.

"I forget," was the answer.

According to military rule, having my pistol in my hand, I should have shot him down, but being convinced he was one of my own regiment, I only put him in arrest. There was nothing of moment near Thuin, except a splendid garden containing perhaps the largest tree in the world. After having remained here five weeks, men and horses needing rest before the dance in reality began, we were relieved by a dragoon regiment, and were marched back six leagues to quarters.

It was known that the first three shots of heavy ordnance would be a signal that hostilities had commenced. We were ordered not to undress. I was lying on a bundle of straw when, early on the morning of June 15, I heard those three shots. This was three o'clock in the morning, and about two hours later we marched toward the frontier again. We passed through Gasly and took position on the other side of it.

Napoleon came nearer with his army. Firing commenced, and my heart began to beat; but I soon forgot I might be shot. By command of General Ziether, we engaged the French; but it was nothing but a pretense. They retreated before us.

Not yet having removed our wounded from the field, the French renewed the fight with a stronger force. We slowly retired, fighting. We were obliged to cover the retreat, and the hail of balls in covering our artillery from the enemy's attack was not very pleasant. However, it was of no use to make long faces. We lost, in all, about 3,000 men.

Towards evening of that day (June 15) our brigade—four regiments of cavalry—reached Fleury. We bivouacked before the city, but the order came to break up. We marched through Fleury and bivouacked on the other side that night. I would have paid five francs for a glass of water. On the right of the road was a windmill, old Blücher's headquarters on the 16th of June.

On the morning of the 16th we were ordered to change our position. It was a beautiful morning. Blücher's favorable position was afterwards turned. Looking along the line at sunrise as far as the eye could reach it appeared like silver moun-

tains — regiments of cuirassiers, artillery, muskets. About ten o'clock I was ordered into the city to procure food for the men and horses of my regiment. While I was attempting this, the French marched in at the other gate, and, of course, I said "Good-by" for the present. At the very first our thirty thousand men were ordered to fall back at a slow pace, and thus Blücher's beautiful position had to be changed. This day dreadful slaughter commenced; no quarter was given. Napoleon was determined to crush Blücher first, because he feared him, and then to finish Wellington. Therefore he attacked Blücher's corps with his whole army and two hundred and forty pieces of artillery. Foot for foot was disputed. The village of St. Amand I saw taken and retaken several times.

At nine o'clock my light hussar regiment was ordered to break a French square, but we were received with such a rain of balls that we became separated. Lützow was taken prisoner. Blücher's fine horse was here killed under him, and an officer of my regiment — Schneider — gave Blücher his horse and saved himself. The French cuirassiers drove us before them, but we soon rallied and drove them back. At this moment Blücher was yet lying under his horse. Nastich, his aid-de-camp, had covered him with his cloak. After the French, driven before us, had passed, Nastich sprang forward, took the first horse by the bridle, and Blücher was saved.

After eleven o'clock we left the field of this great battle, and halted half an hour's distance. Exhausted, thirsty, and hungry, I sucked clover flowers, halting in a large clover field. The French bivouac fires were before our eyes. Neither party was conquered. Napoleon estimated our loss in the French bulletin fifteen thousand men killed. Since no quarter was given on either side we were not troubled with many prisoners. Several of our brave generals were wounded.

The next morning, early on the 17th (of June), we moved towards Wavre, ten miles from Genappe, where we bivouacked. The rain fell in torrents all night. In the afternoon we heard a brisk cannonade towards Quatre-Bras. The English forces being posted in that neighborhood, it was supposed that none except them could be engaged by Napoleon. To guard, however, that my brigade might not come between two fires, I was ordered to reconnoiter in that direction and make report to General Tresko. I took three picked men of our lancers and a French

guide and rode, in a dreadful storm, in the direction of the thunder of the cannon. Fortunately, I hit the desired point. After inquiry of an English officer at a picket how the battle was going, he informed me that the English army was obliged to retreat. This was good news for us. After several hours I arrived safe at our bivouac and made my report to the old general, who also was glad to hear the news. He thanked me, and I turned on my heels.

At two o'clock in the morning of the 18th of June we broke up and marched towards Wavre, where Blücher's corps concentrated itself. After a long and dreadfully hard march — the whole day — and in spite of the great battle of the 16th and only one day's rest, and in spite of privation for men and horses, we arrived at last, in full gallop, on the field at Mont Saint Jean towards four o'clock. Our brigade of four regiments of cavalry was commanded by the brave Major-General von Folgersberg, Lützow having been taken prisoner on the 16th. Hard work for the Prussian army again. Wellington was almost beaten when we arrived, and we decided that great day. Had we arrived an hour later, Napoleon would have had Wellington surrounded and beaten.

By nine o'clock in the evening the battlefield was almost cleared of the French army. It was an evening which no pen is able to picture. The surrounding villages were yet in flames; the lamentations of the wounded of both armies, the singing for joy, no one could describe, nor could he find names to give to the horrible scenes. During the whole night we followed the enemy, and no one can form an idea of the quantity of cannon, baggage-wagons, etc., which lay on the road along which the French retreated. Brandy, rice, chocolate, etc., in abundance fell into our hands. We also took Napoleon's carriage,<sup>1</sup> and amused ourselves with it. Among other things we found in it Napoleon's proclamation, in which he said that he would dine at Brussels on the 18th, so certain was he of beating Wellington — not expecting old Blücher and Bülow at Waterloo, on account of the dreadful conflict of the 16th.

At sunrise of the 19th we passed Genappe and afterwards Quatre-Bras, where Wellington was beaten on the 17th. Six miles beyond Quatre-Bras, to the right of the road, we rested till afternoon. The heat

<sup>1</sup> This famous steel carriage has long been a conspicuous object at Mme. Tassaud's on Baker street, London. Doubtless many readers have personally investigated it.

was very severe. We marched forward again, crossed the road between Fleury and Gasly, the old grumbler, General Tresko, commanding our vanguard.

On the 20th, we marched to Charleroi and passed Chatelet and crossed the riverambre. Then we turned to the right, and here crossed the frontier of France.

On the 21st, through Beaumont, in bivouac; bad roads; found many obstacles in the forest made by the French to impede our advance.

On the 22d, to Chappelle.

The 23d, rest-day.

The 24th, near Gresen, a small fortress, in bivouac; Giesen surrendered this day.

The 25th, to Mai. Had a fine bivouac; provisions in plenty but at high price.

The 26th, to Majan.

In the morning of the 27th, to Campeigne which had been evacuated in the night by the French. Passed the forest of Campeigne in the afternoon, near Crécy, and bivouacked there.

On the morning of the 28th, Prince William's dragoons took two pieces of ordnance from the French. Our First Corps concentrated here, and our cavalry attacked Grouchy on the heights. Beaten, and left the rest of the artillery in our hands. We followed them up as far as Nanteuil, where we bivouacked. My regiment of hussars was put under command of General Steinmetz.

The 29th, to Grau Drousie, twelve miles from Paris, six miles from Mont Martre. Ruined Château of St. Denis. Beautiful view of Paris and Mont Martre.

The 30th of June and July 1, the first rest-days, it was hot. Nothing to praise.

On the 2nd of July we were relieved by the English and left, to the right, St. Denis which was yet in the hands of the French. We proceeded to St. Germain through Argenteuil, where I sold four horses. Here our army passed the river Seine.

On the 3rd, to Mendun; in bivouac in the vineyards — charming bivouac. At our arrival at Sèvres the French soon abandoned the bridge which was still defended by them. The quantity of bivouac fires was an indescribable sight.

The 4th was rest-day.

On the 5th we had to change our beautiful bivouac.

The 6th was rest-day.

On the 7th of July, after a campaign of twenty-three days, in action continually, we entered Paris. My brigade, which always led the van during the numerous actions, was

the first which entered the city. Although the inhabitants hated the sight of the Prussians, it was astonishing to see the waving of white handkerchiefs at the windows in every street we passed. The following was the march into Paris:

We arrived from Issy through the Gate of the Military School; crossed the Champ de Mars over the bridge of Jena to the Champs Élysées, Place de la Concorde, Quai des Tuileries, Quai du Louvre, Quai d'École, Quai de la Grève, Quai St. Paul, Quai Delertin to the Place de la Bastille, to the Boulevard St. Antoine, where we had to bivouac on the pavement, and with nothing to eat or drink.

On the 8th, several of us, by permission, visited some places of note — the Jardin des Plantes, Musée d'Anatomie, Musée d'Histoire Naturelle, Palais du Luxembourg, the Louvre with its picture gallery fourteen hundred (*sic*) feet long; to the Palais Royal, to the Jardin des Tuileries, and back. We witnessed the entrance of King Louis XVIII. There was an immensity of people. We joked in the Hôtel de Niemen.

On the 9th, after field-church, we were ordered to the Caserne Selection.

On the 10th, the king of Prussia arrived. Dreadful fuss; on account of the unfriendly commotions on this occasion our cavalry had to patrol the streets all night.

On the 11th, to the theater.

On the 13th, to the very great opera "Castor et Pollux."

On the 14th, to the Fabrique de Gobelins; then to the Palais de Luxembourg; to the Panthéon and the catacombs with 2,400,000 (*sic*) bodies; the church of Notre Dame; tour in the city to the Looking-glass Factory; the Observatory; Hôtel des Invalides, with 4,800 inmates; the Panorama, and the Palais du Corps Législatif.

On the 16th, large parade, and then church.

To our great regret, we had to leave Paris on the 22nd; but the soldier has to obey orders. We marched to Versailles — Castle, splendid Garden; Orangerie; Great and Small Trainon.

The 23rd, to the village of Rosemont; only average (*mittel-mässige*) quarters.

The 24th, to Bellechaise on the Seine, and so on to Normandy, near Caën, towards the sea. Here we had first-rate quarters among the farmers, but only engaged these for two weeks. Then we were ordered to Picardy, a poor country and poor people. Here we remained until the army was ordered home. I had better luck than others of my fellow officers, being commanded by Major-General von Lützwow, and worked in his bureau for two



months. I had fine living and fun, but had to write day and night.

When we arrived, on our march home, near Versailles, I was ordered there with another officer to receive at this fortress provisions and forage for our troops. My quarters were in the hotel at the Big Docks. I made the acquaintance of a Dutch captain

here with whom I spent many pleasant hours. Plenty of fun here — birthdays, punch-parties, and amusements of various kinds. Shortly after we left France, and I arrived safe. I had the good fortune to embrace my good old mother and all the rest. Wilhelm Geisse and Christie Dencklar had just arrived and saw me as a Black Hussar.

## MISSION SCHOOLS IN CHINA.

BY MARY H. KROUT.



THE educational work of Protestant missionaries in China began in 1818 with the establishment of an Anglo-Chinese college at Malacca, where Europeans might acquire Chinese learning, and the Chinese, while being grounded in western learning, might also be instructed in the principles of Christianity. The school was removed to Hongkong in 1844, and in the course of its history has sent forth hundreds of graduates.

From so small a beginning the various academies, colleges, and universities, maintained and officered by American missions have increased until they have spread throughout the empire. The term "American" is used advisedly, for at least ninety per cent of foreign schools and hospitals are endowed and supported by American missionary boards; while those that the Chinese themselves had begun to establish after the western models were largely controlled by Americans chosen by the imperial government. The educational institutions have not been confined to the accessible parts, but they have been doing most efficient work even in the remote western and northern provinces.

While it is true that there are among the teaching corps the dull and the commonplace, men and women of the most brilliant attainments are also included. Of these may be mentioned Dr. W. A. P. Martin, president of the Imperial University in Peking — a state institution founded and supported by the imperial government; Dr. Lowry of the Methodist University; Dr. Pott of St. John's College, Shanghai; Mrs. Charlotte M. Jewell, and Professor Gamewell, whose knowledge of engineering saved the British legation during the six weeks' siege.

Many of the teachers in the mission schools have been thoroughly trained in American normal schools, or have taken degrees, and

have taught in our own institutions before going out to China; and this has been the rule rather than the exception. Still others have left comfortable and even luxurious homes to endure the deprivation and practical exile inseparable from their chosen work.

In Peking, which is the educational center for North China, the various missionary boards provided comfortable residences for the corps of teachers, preachers, and medical men and women whom they have sent out. The building of substantial and convenient houses was a matter of practical business sense, the Boxer uprising in which all were destroyed not being, of course, foreseen. It was hoped that, by doing the work well in the first instance, the structures might last, instead of falling into speedy decay. In every case a stated allowance was fixed, to be expended in buildings, of which a careful account was rendered; and, in one instance, at least — the Sleeper Davis Memorial Hospital — a considerable sum was returned to the donor after the building was completed and equipped, the full amount of the bequest not being required.

The buildings of the various Peking missions stood within their own compound, or grounds, which were many acres in extent. The land had been secured by the purchase of native houses, at a price fixed by the government, and the houses were then torn down. Each compound was graded, planted with shrubs and such grass as could be induced to grow in the alkali soil, and the fine trees, which aside from the forests of the frontier survive only in the courtyards of towns and cities, were carefully preserved. Strong brick walls, fifteen or twenty feet high, with two heavy gates — one at the front and one at the rear — were built around the entire compound. The gates could be closed and barred, and the gate-keeper, who

was on duty day and night, lived in an adjoining lodge.

The buildings comprised the residences of the faculty, the school, college, hospital, and the Chinese houses of the students, servants, and employees.

The Methodist mission in Peking with its university, preparatory schools, Bible schools, and hospitals—all of which have been destroyed—was the most extensive, modern, and well-equipped in all China. The residences were plain houses of gray Chinese brick, built by a Chinese contractor who, supervised by the Americans, did his work well. The residences, although they would have been considered luxurious compared to those of other teachers elsewhere, were plainly but tastefully furnished. The floors were covered with Chinese matting which cost but a few cents a yard, or with the beautiful camel's hair rugs that were manufactured in Peking and warranted to last a lifetime. These could be bought for ten or twelve dollars, gold; a trifling sum for the purchaser, but representing ten or twelve thousand cash to the Chinese manufacturer. All the residences were simply but tastefully furnished, the walls hung with pictures, and in each were bookcases with well-filled shelves—the private property of the occupants, and generally gifts from their friends at home.

The houses stood in a row, a comfortable distance apart, a broad stone walk in front of each connecting the lawns and extending nearly the entire length of the compound. This walk was invaluable, since it was the only place where a constitutional could be enjoyed in that city of "dirt, dust, and disdain," with its idle, staring crowds and horribly filthy streets.

Commendable wisdom has been shown by teachers everywhere and of every denomination—for all have carried on their work upon much the same general plan—not to denationalize the people among whom they are laboring. No other foreigners so well understand the weaknesses and the virtues of the Chinese, and the steadfast effort required to develop their noble traits and to help them overcome those evils to which they yield most readily.

In many respects the schools were models for those in the United States. In the girls' boarding-schools the pupils were not crowded together in dormitories, but lived, three or four together, in small Chinese houses. These houses were ranged around a wide, open court, the playground, upon which the

earth was beaten as hard and smooth as a floor, which the pupils took special pride in keeping clean. The doors and windows were protected from the drip of rain or melting snow by the broad, overhanging eaves. Each was furnished in Chinese fashion with a *k'ang* or native bed. This is a brick platform, filling one end of the room, heated from a square hole in the floor with pipes passing under the bed, upon which the occupants of the room not only slept at night rolled up in wadded comforters, but sat during the day to study, sew, or gossip. The fuel used was "coal balls," which are composed of coal-dust mixed with earth, and molded into balls. These, after the gas had passed off—during which process doors and windows must be left open—became red-hot and retained the heat for hours. The other appointments were a wash-stand—which was an innovation—a Chinese table, and chairs or stools. The floors were paved, and were regularly swept and scrubbed as they might require; instead of the paper windows which were made ragged by wind and rain, glass was supplied, and this was considered the acme of luxury. The rooms were inspected daily, marks being given for neatness, and demerits for untidiness; the report being duly signed by the inspector and posted conspicuously, where it met the eye not only of the pupil but of any chance visitor. As pride, or vanity, is one of the strongest traits of the Chinese, each person desiring to appear well in the eyes of his neighbors, this conspicuous posting of the inspector's report worked well in both ways; the untidy pupil was shamed into better habits, and the neat were encouraged to continued well-doing.

Ordinarily, the lower and middle classes do not wear underclothing, and the people of all classes, unlike the Japanese, are decidedly averse to bathing. The girls in all mission schools are required to wear undergarments, to change them regularly, and Saturday is the day set apart for the weekly plunge. The water is heated in a huge kettle in the bath-house, and is carried to the big earthenware bath-tub of the pattern seen everywhere in the East.

In a short time the pupils look forward to the advent of Saturday with great pleasure, and seldom relinquish the habit of bathing when they leave school to take up their abode in homes of their own. They are also taught to wash their clothing, and for this, as for all the duties required of them, there is a fixed time. They make a sort of game of it, bringing the small wooden tubs which

they use out in front of the door, rubbing and scouring in jolly rivalry, as they laugh and talk over their work. When it is finished they regard the rows of clean blouses and white cotton socks strung on the line with commendable satisfaction. The clothes are not ironed, but are smoothed before they are quite dry, and are placed under a weight until not a wrinkle remains. That this is another innovation may be realized, when it is borne in mind that thousands of Chinese wear clothing that is washed but twice in the year: once, when the cotton wadding is removed in the spring, and again before it is replaced in the autumn. All over northern China, at least, at these seasons the washerwomen may be seen busy at the streams, the results of their labor laid out to dry wherever a place can be found — not a trifling consideration in a land destitute of grass, shrubbery, and clothes-lines.

Boys also, in their schools, take care of their rooms, are required to bathe, to wear underclothing, and to change it regularly. One never sees among them any with soiled or ragged blouses, socks, or trousers.

In the north the dress of both sexes is much alike: a long blouse, drawers wound closely about the calf and ankle, those worn by the girls fastened neatly just above the cloth shoe, with a pretty garter. Both girls and boys wear the queue, but the girls' heads are not shaved above the forehead, and the beautiful braid that reaches below the waist is confined close to the head by many windings of cord — black for every day, rose-color for state occasions, and white, to match their white garments, when they are in mourning.

Neither girls nor boys have to be driven to their tasks; they are instinctively industrious. Work is second nature with them, and they show the same and even more perseverance in their studies, being anxious and eager to learn. This inherited reverence for knowledge, which is almost universal, has lightened the labor of the foreign teacher very materially.

As the pupils' manner of living is not changed, except in the few particulars mentioned, so they are given the food to which they have always been accustomed, and with which, as Chinese, they must be content. Fortunately, it is the food which they prefer, having a strong dislike for many staple articles of foreign diet, especially milk, butter, and cheese. In almost all the mission schools — those for boys and girls alike — the cooking is done by the pupils, each

taking his or her turn. The usual diet is rice, millet — which makes delicious porridge — cabbage, carrots, turnips, soy, and tea, with fish or meat two or three times a week. A certain number are detailed to prepare the vegetables, others superintend the cooking, while a third relay serves at table. Food is supplied in abundance, and the pupils almost without exception are healthy and well-nourished.

In addition to a knowledge of cookery, the girls are taught to cut out, make, and mend their clothes; and, besides embroidery and other fine needlework, for which they have an inherited aptitude, they are taught lace-making, knitting, and crocheting, for which they receive orders from foreign customers. This advances them, at once, to the dignity and independence of wage-earners, and, from being unwelcome and dependent, they command a respect and exercise an authority in the family which is rare, indeed, among Chinese women.

I saw one girl who had learned lace-making at school who made more than her father and brothers were able to earn by working in the fields from the time the crops were planted until they were harvested — a statement that may be readily believed, since Chinese laborers receive but a few cents a day.

I have dwelt at some length upon the consideration which is given the physical well-being of pupils; one fact more should be mentioned, and that is the encouragement they receive to take active exercise, and the efforts made to interest them in the athletic games of western schools and colleges. With all the national industry, contradictory as it may seem, the Chinese student is slothful and averse to exerting himself — an inclination intensified by an etiquette which places the utmost stress upon reserve, deliberation, and studied repose of manner.

But, with a taste for western science and literature, Chinese lads, while they have not abandoned their kite-flying and top-spinning, are becoming proficient in leaping and running, in tennis, football, and baseball. These active sports are doing more to abolish the foolish and slavish queue than all the exhortations that could be brought to bear against it. It is grievously in the way; propriety forbids that it should be worn in any other fashion than neatly and smoothly braided, hanging down the back. In their practise, should none of their instructors be present, they deftly tuck it into the neck of the blouse, and realize how comfortable and

convenient it would be, could they abolish it altogether.

Girls also develop a fondness for ball, for running races, and other active exercises, which they can and do enjoy, since with many of the schools it is now an inexorable rule that no "bound-foot" girls shall be received except upon condition that the ligatures be immediately removed and the crippled feet, treated by the mission doctor, be restored as far as is possible to their normal condition.

The pupils, as goes without saying, come out of the schools with few exceptions a new race of beings, physically, mentally, and morally. Their bodily improvement is due largely to the abundant food, the physical exercise they are required to take, and the regular hours for work, play, and sleep—the latter, especially, being very little regarded in the ordinary Chinese household.

Not only do the boys strive to excel in the rivalry of the playground, but in all the schools and colleges are annual or semi-annual contests at which prizes are awarded, and the day is made a gala occasion. Invitations are issued, and there are present both "foreign" guests and a fair representation of Chinese of the better class, who are far more interested than might be supposed from their impassive demeanor.

In regard to physical training of the Chinese lad, a prominent English teacher writes:

"According to the Chinese standards, he should, from the time he begins to be a student, which is generally at a very early age, conduct himself like a little old man. The result of the Chinese system is pitiful. Not only does it turn out a set of weak-lunged, round-shouldered, pigeon-chested, dyspeptic pedagogues, but it often ends in injury to the mind. The boy's mental powers are overstrained in his childhood, for no natural relaxation is allowed him; promising brightness is blighted in the bud, and he becomes a poor, stupid plodder, with his reasoning faculties almost entirely destroyed."

To these defects of the ancient system is added another: the lack of holidays; for, with the exception of the few annual feast days and the two weeks of the New Year, vacations in Chinese schools are unknown. The child is in school from early in the morning until late in the afternoon every day; and there is neither Saturday nor Sunday, neither Thanksgiving nor Christmas, wherein he may rest from his labors.

Of the students in St. John's College, Shanghai, the writer above quoted says:

"They are highly intelligent young men, able to converse on a wide range of subjects, eager to learn more, and to look farther into the vast domain of knowl-

edge. In the college library one can see them looking over the journals, magazines, and scientific papers, reading with interest some of the great masterpieces of English literature. These youths are a few examples of the new Chinese who are to go out and help break down the pride, prejudice, and ignorance of their countrymen."

The students of this school issue a little magazine called *The St. John's Echo*. Those in charge of the paper in October, 1899, were: A. S. Tuew, V. D. Chang, F. K. Woo, T. C. Dzung, and T. S. Zau. The contributions of the students were extremely interesting, giving one, through the medium of intelligible English, some comprehension of modern Chinese thought and opinion. Among the local items in the news column was an account of the closing exercises of the summer term, on which occasion the forum scene from "Julius Caesar" was rendered by the Chinese students; in the cast appear such characteristic names as Tsu, Dzau, Sze, Dzung, and Tsang.

In the same issue of the *Echo* is an article on "The Alliance between China and Japan." As an opinion of New China in regard to preserving the autonomy of the ancient empire, it possesses special significance. The young editor, Y. S. Zau, in the admirable English he has acquired, writes as follows:

"Since the reign of Ivan the Terrible Russia has made a series of conquests over the Asiatic tribes, and it is from that time that Siberian princes owned Russian supremacy; such, then, is the history of the Siberian conquest. Russia, to this day, has well managed her acquisitions; the fact is shown by the springing up of many lucrative commercial centers, viz., Vladivostok (known to be the Russian San Francisco), Iskatek, Tobolsk, Tymien, Tomsk, and many others; some centers of the fur-trade, and others of mining, while the Siberian railway, running across the country, serves as a great highway for communicating with the various cities. Thus we find that Russia has thoroughly mastered the Siberian wilderness, so the next step is to descend farther south. Through the recent concessions of territory, the financial favor of loans, and being confident of her power, she deems the whole of Manchuria and adjacent territory hers. This next step is very likely to take place, if there should be no obstacle from without to blockade the plan. Let it be granted that China has fallen a victim to the northern power, then how should Japan contemplate further acquisition on the part of Russia? The rapacity of Russia is surely a danger to Japan, so she should be willing to lend a hand for its prevention, for the same fate threatens both the Asiatic empires. When Japan last attacked her neighboring continent, her object was not for new possessions, but to defend her own national welfare by the removal of stumbling blocks that lay in her way of progress; but it proved to be the reverse; so it seems to me that Japan, at present, should ally herself with China, and, with all her effort, oppose the final overthrow of China. What may we expect from this alliance? Japan will hold the remains of the *likin* (transit duties) and have possession of a few mines; she will be thus enriched to a certain extent; at the



same time by holding the power of the empire she will strengthen her own considerably. If Japan should be false, which can be barely believed, and break the alliance, thus turning for plunder and enlargement, can she be able to keep the booty in safety, being under the avaricious eyes of various greedy invaders? Why should we not think it wise for her to help the suffering, so as to gain a few compensations and, at the same time, to keep herself in security? If the two Asiatic empires are allied in sincerity, they may make a strong force, and, by mutual assistance, one may attain the name of benefactor and the other stand up before the world as a nation, if not a power. As it has been reported that England has wholly withdrawn from any intermeddling with Chinese affairs, the only hope now is that the nearest neighbor, whose language, customs, and history are most closely allied, should share a part in this grand and most magnanimous work. It is, indeed, the task that can be performed more smoothly and easily by Japan than by any other of the powers; for our adjacent empire knows well that the more Russia has control over China the worse it is for herself; and, through experience, she has learned that, unless peace prevails upon the continent, she cannot be assured of her own safety. Thus we see, finally, that Japan is far from wishing harm to China, and that, in reality, it was and is the policy of Japan to keep China in integrity."

This extract is deeply interesting for several reasons: first, because it proves clearly that instead of alienating the young Chinese who are destined to control the empire when the present generation shall have passed away, it has engendered in them a truer, because a more intelligent, patriotism; and, in the second place, while the Chinese educational system develops the memory at the expense of all the other intellectual faculties we have here an example of clear, sound, forcible reasoning. One of the greatest dangers which has threatened China has been the ignorance of the ruling classes concerning the outside world, its numerical power augmented by all the help that modern science has devised, against which she, with her undisciplined millions, would be helpless. These educated boys, with their knowledge of history, geography, civil government, and natural science, are perfectly well informed of these facts, and have learned conclusively that China is no match for the western powers unless she is able to meet them upon their own ground, and confront them with their own weapons.

This clear and rational estimate may be accepted as the almost universal sentiment of the young and progressive Chinese, with whom the deposed Emperor Kwang Hsü was deeply in sympathy.

It is equally interesting to see what professions the young graduates select. From seven classes graduated at St. John's College, Tsu Powniau was a candidate for the ministry; Woo Zung-tse, assistant teacher in Nau

Yang University; Lee Yen-Sang, a student in the imperial medical college at Tien-Tsin; S. Dzang-Gau, teacher of English in Shanghai; Chau Niou-Chung, law student; Zau Sih-King, teacher of English in the Anglo-Chinese college, Shanghai; Zau Fok-Kung, studying for degree in Vanderbilt University; Toang Yan-fong, employee in the China Merchants' Steamship Navigation Company; Sha Tsang-ziang, interpreter in the Chinese consulate, Kobé; Tsang Tsebal, silk broker; Sze Hoo-nie, bookkeeper for the China and Japan Telephone Company; Wong Yue-ding, interpreter in the British consulate, Shanghai.

It is a rare thing that these young educated Chinese do discredit to their teaching, and it is not an exaggeration to say that, in dignity, sobriety, and diligence they will compare favorably with an equal number of students in the western universities. Many of them, possibly the greater number, are from the poorer classes, and as such would have been hewers of wood and drawers of water all their days—laborers, coolies, capable of earning a mere pittance, doomed to grinding toil, exposure, and semi-starvation. It is urged as an objection to educating such lads that they gravitate too largely to clerical positions and the learned professions; but there is an increasing demand among the four hundred millions of Chinese for the skill and knowledge of the western medical practitioner, and, within the next ten years, when the political fortunes of the empire will be weighed in the balance, there must be place and work, in the rehabilitation of the government, for every liberally educated Chinese who can be pressed into the service.

There is not so great an opportunity for educated Chinese girls. Aside from the profession of teaching, there is almost no occupation for them outside the home; and although affection and sympathy have little to do with marriage in China, they are forced into domestic life, whether they desire it or not. Young women, even those educated in mission schools, are prohibited from going about unattended chiefly because they are in ever-present danger of being sold for immoral purposes to the houses of ill-repute with which all Chinese towns and cities abound. They cannot engage in any public calling without grave scandal, bringing serious reproach upon their teachers. There are thousands that are bitterly averse to marriage as it now exists—a state of practical slavery, in which the birth of sons offers the only hope of bettering their lot,

but there is no other provision for them, since the Chinese social economy has no provision for bachelor and spinster.

The missionary teachers dare not oppose established custom where opposition is not a matter of principle and would be of no avail, and where patience and moderation may accustom the people gradually to reforms which they may finally be induced to accept. Occasionally girls postpone the evil hour as long as they can, realizing that their school days, full of interesting work, laudable ambition, and pleasant recreation, are the happiest that they will ever know.

A few young women have studied medicine with success, finding patronage among the women and children of the native families. Prior to the *coup-d'état* of 1898, a school for the higher education of Chinese girls, a non-sectarian institution, was founded in Shanghai by Mr. King, a liberal and cultured Chinese gentleman, manager of the Imperial Telegraph Company, in which a number of Chinese ladies of the higher classes became interested. The school was under the management of two Chinese women physicians, who, however, had become Christians. They had accepted the positions offered them with the understanding that the Confucian sacrifices to posthumous tablets should not be required of the pupils upon the ground — a remarkable protest from enlightened Chinese women — that "the idea of sacrifice to human beings seemed too blind in the light of the nineteenth century!"

The school opened with an attendance of sixteen girls, most of them the daughters of parents who themselves had been educated in mission schools. Mrs. Archibald Little, the author of "Intimate China," pronounced these aspirants to higher education "the first promise of the regeneration of China."

By some means the obstacle of the sacrifice was overcome, and the two brave pioneers secured the support which was required in the attitude they had taken, declaring that they would not be doing their countrywomen the best service in grounding them in the principles of Confucianism — a system of philosophy that had done nothing to ameliorate their condition, and which gave small consideration to the rights and dignities of womanhood. Two additional schools were founded by the same liberal benefactor, but when the empress dowager resumed control of the government upon the deposition of the emperor, it was necessary for them to be placed under the charge of Mr. Timothy Richards of the Society for the Diffusion of

Christian Knowledge, thus making them, to all intents and purposes, missionary institutions, and as such entitled to protection under existing treaties. But for this precaution, they must have been instantly closed in the wave of reaction incited and encouraged by the zealous and conservative literati who are the most active enemies of western learning.

Among the pupil-teachers in the girls' schools are many of remarkable ability; one was pointed out to me in Peking, a healthy, finely-developed young woman of eighteen, who, a prodigy in mathematics, stood at the head of her classes in other studies. Chinese girls learn English readily, and, in addition to the common branches, are instructed in history, literature, and the natural sciences.

As in the boys' schools, they form English literary societies, declaiming choice selections in verse and prose, reading original essays, and, more remarkable still, conducting spirited debates in which they display excellent powers of reasoning with information upon questions in which we would not suppose that they could be greatly interested.

Marriages are becoming more and more frequent between the young men and women educated in the mission schools and colleges; for, enlightened himself, the cultured Chinese does not want a stupid and ignorant wife. I visited half a dozen such families, and in every one the position of the wife and mother was incomparably beyond that of the uneducated woman, who is subservient to her mother-in-law, and if she have no sons, is little better than a chattel as long as she lives.

The educated wife, so great is the reverence for learning, sits in the reception-room beside her husband, and is paid that deference which women enjoy in Christian lands. She has a wholesome and salutary influence over her children, and her house is far cleaner and more comfortable than those of her neighbors, thanks to the thorough domestic training she has received with her literary instruction.

It is argued by a certain class that the education of Chinese girls unfits them for wives, and lessens their chances of marriage, which, as Chinese society is constituted, is the only safe and desirable career open to them. It is the old, familiar objection, brought forward by a class of narrow, illiberal men in our own country, who are inspired purely by a selfish fear that they may lose something of that personal ministry they demand of their wives, and have no

consideration whatever for the personal inclinations of those whose lives they wish to absorb.

Education, no doubt, will engender an aversion for marriage on the part of the educated woman with the ignorant, superstitious husband who may be selected by the ubiquitous go-between. But the sooner a system based upon an inevitable and appalling sacrifice of womanhood, not only in China but throughout the entire Orient, is overthrown and destroyed, the better for humanity.

There have been western apologists, chiefly French and Englishmen—never women—who have heartily endorsed Oriental marriage and concubinage, the most degrading form of all subjection, notwithstanding the widespread corruption it has engendered, the national enervation, and finally, the extinction of whole races. Whenever once powerful dynasties in China have been overthrown, it has been due to the increasing degeneracy of the rulers given up to luxury, and steeped in the vices of the seraglio.

The views of these not disinterested apologists will not be corroborated by those who advocate that high moral standard which finds its loftiest expression only in countries where women are most enlightened; where they are taught self-control, the exercise of individual judgment, and where they enjoy the greatest measure of personal liberty.

It is even probable that the present generation of Chinese women may be called upon to suffer keenly for the good of many, the inevitable destiny of the pioneer of either sex and of all lands. But the greater number, like the heroic girls of Mrs. Jewell's school, facing a death unspeakable at the hands of the Boxers, stand ready to do and to suffer all that may be exacted, for the uplifting of their sisters, down-trodden and degraded through ages of oppression.

There are others who oppose the expenditure of foreign funds in China while we have so much ignorance and misery and crime within our own borders. Great Britain owes the strength and purity of her present government, in no small measure, to the effort she put forth in devising an equitable government for India; good government there inspired a genuine—not merely a professed—desire for a better system at home; and we may reach the same end by the same process. Furthermore, there are no longer any "hermit nations." The steamship has brought the Orient to our doors, with the vice, the evil, the disease developed by the segregation of centuries. All the exclusion acts devised will not shut them out. We may help cure the evils at the fountain source, or apply the remedy when they come among us with the contagion that they will sow broadcast. Our relations have been made closer still by the promulgation of innumerable treaties on either side. Race prejudice must disappear, and the truth promulgated by Terence, "Nothing that is human is foreign to me," must prevail throughout the globe. So far as China is concerned, this new doctrine is being taught in the mission schools, both by precept and by example, as it is being taught nowhere else. And it is being taught there, almost exclusively; because, thus far, the religious bodies of the United States are the only organizations that have provided the necessary funds, and have sent into the field men and women qualified for the work. These teachers have dedicated their lives to their profession; they have acquired the language, having at heart neither the acquisition of territory nor the acquirement of important commercial advantages; but simply the enlightenment and uplifting of those who, with all their boasted learning, still "sit in darkness."

## THE NIGHT HAWK.

BY JAMES COURTNEY CHALLISS.

A grim, fast-flying herald of the night,  
The warp and woof of whose untiring flight  
Is woven in the wind's mysterious loom  
As swiftly he wheels through the twilight gloom.  
Etched dark against the timber lines he darts  
Zigzag, then swoops and curves, then upward starts  
And sweeps with his sharp-pointed wings the skies,  
Their hollow spaces echoing his cries.

# Talks on Civics

The new problem of governing an oriental population, involved in our possession of the Philippines, gives particular value to Lawrence Lowell's book on "Colonial Civil Service." Mr. Lowell discusses the selection and training of colonial officials in England, Holland, and France, with estimates of the results of the systems. The book includes a history by H. Louise Stephens of the English East India College at Haileybury, where from 1806 to 1855 the young men intended for colonial service received their training. Such a college Mr. Lowell holds to be the best method for giving us an efficient colonial administration. He considers the present English method of competitive examination, based on a general university education, supplemented by further examination at the end of a year's special study, as impracticable for us. We have no standard of university education; and besides it is contrary to American habits of thought to limit the possibility of obtaining such positions to a small section of the people. He suggests instead a government college, its members selected in the same way as in the case of West Point, where three-fourths of the time could be spent in obtaining a general education, and the remainder assigned to the technical studies of the profession.

A. H.  
[Colonial Civil Service. By A. Lawrence Lowell. \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Co.]

Comments on topics of current interest which are admirably adapted to the editorial columns of a newspaper, or those even which deserve a place in a magazine, may not be equally fitted for publication in a book. Writing of any kind should either possess high literary merit, or it should make an appreciable contribution to knowledge, to justify presentation in permanent form. The essays now collected under the title, "Some Questions of Larger Politics," appeared in various periodicals during 1900; and, because opportune, they merited the attention they received. Excellent for the original purpose, they do not seem to have in any marked degree the elements which give lasting value.

S. C.  
[Some Questions of Larger Politics. By Edwin Maxey, D. C. L., LL. D. \$1.00. New York: The Abbey Press.]

"Liberty Documents" is a text-book on constitutional history prepared to meet all the ordinary classroom needs. The period covered by the documents chosen for consideration is a long one, beginning with the charter of Henry I. in 1101, and ending with President McKinley's message of December, 1899. The arrangement of the book is well conceived and consistently carried out. Each of the twenty-four chapters is devoted to an epoch-making document. The first ten chapters deal with the great English charters, and the remaining chapters with the development of the American constitution. Each chapter opens with a brief introduction, then the text of the document is given, followed by contemporary exposition and subsequent critical comment. The method of treatment is one which will be helpful alike to beginners and to

more advanced students. The former will find in the single volume sufficient material for the understanding of the subject, and the latter will receive suggestions for further research. The volume is useful because it traces the development of free political institutions. Study along these lines is essential, for, as Professor Hart points out in his introduction, "Personal liberty does not defend itself;" and, "it behooves a free people not to give up principles for which they and their forefathers have been contending during more than eight centuries."

S. C.  
[Liberty Documents, with contemporary exposition and critical comments drawn from various sources; selected and prepared by Mable Hill; edited with an introduction by Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph. D. \$2.00. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.]

If Henry Holt's "Talks on Civics" does succeed, as the author hopes, in making even a small number of people think, its publication will be amply justified. Much thought is desirable on the theme with which the book deals; and though the volume has many faults, it is worthy of attention. The author is not skilled in the use of the Socratic method,—and his adaptation of it reminds one of perfunctory lessons from a catechism. He is evidently partisan, and devotes too much space to the overthrow of theories which he considers erroneous. The student who can appropriate that which is valuable in this treatise will, if he has the patience, find much that is worth his consideration.

S. C.  
[Talks on Civics. By Henry Holt. \$1.25. New York: The Macmillan Co.]

"The Royal Houses of Israel and Judah" is a new and valuable work, the first of its kind. In his preface the author says: "As a teacher, I was impressed with the need of a harmony for the profitable study of the period of the Kings of Israel and Judah." All students of the Bible, theological teachers, and wide-awake pastors have been impressed with the same need, which has been so well met in this work. The book is more than a harmony; it is a history of the two royal houses, as their life is vitally interwoven during the monarchy. This history begins with Israel's demand for a king, and ends with the return of the wanderers from their long captivity. By the arrangement in Dr. Little's book, this history is presented in four parts: The Founding of the Monarchy, The United Kingdom, The Divided Kingdom, and The Surviving Southern Kingdom. This interwoven history is made up in part from the poets and prophets, but mainly from the historical books Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles. These clear divisions, the parallel passages, the rearranging of the order of events, and the facts and incidents from other books make this a most admirable book of ready reference, and most valuable in giving a comprehensive view of the most obscure portion of Hebrew history.

E. M. J.  
[The Royal Houses of Israel and Judah. By Rev. George O. Little, D. D. \$3.00. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.]

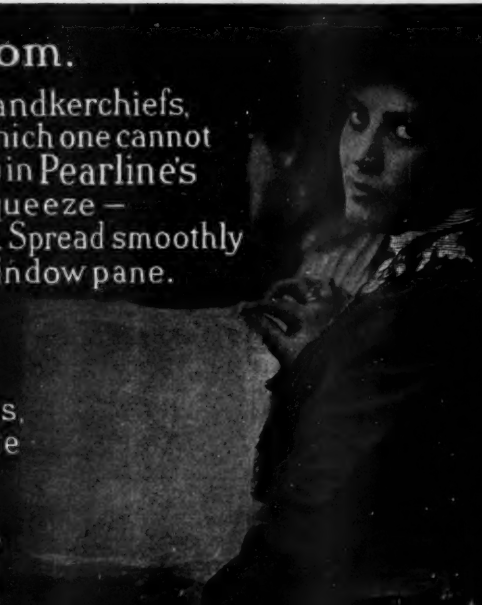


## In your Room.

Wash delicate things — handkerchiefs, laces, doilies etc. (things which one cannot send to the ordinary wash.) in Pearlline's way, viz: Soak, rinse, squeeze — directions on each packet. Spread smoothly while wet, on a mirror or window pane.

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Pearline is trust-worthy for washing and cleaning where-ever water can be used.



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*A Tonic for Debilitated  
Men and Women.*

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In "The Evolution of Immortality," S. D. McConnell has scored a success by handling so worn a subject in such a manner as to stimulate thought. It is no easy task to restate, in the light of modern knowledge, the grounds for belief in a future life. This task Dr. McConnell set himself. The treatment of the subject is clear, simple, cogent. Starting with the proposition that "so doctrine of the resurrection of the dead or of the life of the world to come, formulated even fifty years ago, can be satisfactory to the man of today," the author endeavors to determine wherein formulated doctrine is faulty and to discover a modification of that doctrine which is more convincing. Two assumptions, familiar in this connection, viz.: that the soul is essentially immortal and that the same kind and quality of soul attaches to all men, are rejected as unwarranted. The author holds that the dividing line, separating life which may survive death from life which may not, is determined by psychological development rather than by physiological differences. He, therefore, reaches the conclusion that man is "immortal," or potentially immortal. It is shown that this conclusion does violence neither to the findings of science nor to the teachings of the New Testament. S. C.

[The Evolution of Immortality. By S. D. McConnell, D. D., D. C. L. \$1.25. New York: The Macmillan Co.]

The trend of contemporary religious writing diverges more and more from the older lines. Another illustration of this fact is found in the little volume entitled, "The Changing View-points in Religious Thought." The author, who is a Baptist clergyman, emphasizes the fact that, while the view-point varies, the essentials of religion remain; that it is "our present conception of truth" and not "eternal truth itself" which is being modified. He holds that the causes most powerful in their influence upon the minds of men today are: "the idea of evolution, the results of recent biblical criticism, and the idea of a social rather than a doctrinal expression of Christianity." Doctrine or dogma which embodies the religious conception of a single age is not final. The idea that the last word has been spoken on religion cannot fail to be repugnant so long as men constantly come into new environments, have new experiences, and make new discoveries. Realizing these things, the author is able to put his message in a way which Christians generally will be able to read with great profit. Although none of the other chapters is so carefully prepared as the first, yet the treatment of each subject shows an appreciation of existing difficulties and a familiarity with the more enlightened attempts to meet them. S. C.

[The Changing View-Point in Religious Thought, and Other Short Studies in Present Religious Problems. By Henry Thomas Colestock, A. M., B. D. \$1.00. New York: E. B. Treat & Co.]

A man's point of view determines to such an extent the importance and significance of events, and the conclusions which he draws from them, that it may be impossible for others to agree with him, since they cannot look out upon the world through his eyes. "Forward Movements of the Last Half Century" emphasizes the truth of this statement. The author believes in the possibility and efficacy of personal holiness, which he defines as "a life of sevenfold privilege, power, and blessing, that the Holy Spirit is urging upon God's people by many forms of appeal." He sees striking proof of the struggle for holiness in the religious activities of the past fifty years; and he describes certain of these activities, laying stress upon the way in which they are related to his theme. There is a tendency throughout the volume to exaggerate the

importance of the movements selected. For example, the statement: "In this Lake District, forever famous by association with Coleridge, Southey and the poets of the Lake School, Keswick's vale is unsurpassed for picturesque beauty. . . . But Keswick is yet better known by the annual convention of believers." Are we to infer that these poets uttered no truth comparable with the utterances of the annual convention, or simply, that the poets are unknown to the believers who meet in this convention? There is also a tendency to multiply hackneyed words at the expense of clearness. The following sentence on prayer is only one of many illustrating this point: "But, so far as we are swayed by faith, love, obedience, zeal for God's glory, the Spirit groans within, and our prayers find their way into Christ's censor, and come back in answers which are mingled with the fire from the altar above." The reader of emotional temperament may find this volume quite to his liking. The reader not *en rapport* with mystic expression can, if his patience holds, find many interesting facts not generally known. S. C.

[Forward Movements of the Last Half Century. By Arthur T. Pierson. \$1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.]

Although it is only a few years, comparatively, since experimental psychology began to have a place in American colleges and universities, yet a very considerable amount of excellent work has been done and many contributions to the science have been made. Professor Titchener of Cornell has now prepared a manual of laboratory practice, based upon his own class-room work, which cannot fail to be a valuable guide. The work is published in two parts, one for the use of instructors, and the other for the use of students. The experiments cover: sensation, affection, attention, and action; perception, idea and the association of ideas. They are qualitative in character, and only such as have been tested are chosen. In the choice and presentation "real disciplinary value for the undergraduate student" is the end to be obtained. The suggestions to teachers include records of results, copious references to literature, carefully prepared question hints, and a description of the most satisfactory apparatus. The directions to students are free from complication, and full enough to be understood. The book seems admirably adapted to its purpose. By its publication, the author has not only given a further proof of his own scholarly ability, but he has also furnished a powerful stimulus to original research. S. C.

[Experimental Psychology. A Manual of Laboratory Practice. By Edward Bradford Titchener. Vol. I., Part I., Instructor's manual, \$2.50. Part II., Student's manual, \$1.60. New York: The Macmillan Co.]

George Wharton James is thoroughly familiar with the scenes he describes in his book, "In and Around the Grand Canyon," having explored the place for nearly ten years. It has been his intention to write a handbook descriptive of its grandeur, that may interest those unfamiliar with the region and serve as a guide to those intending to visit it. Some account is given of early explorations, from the time of the Spaniards, often in the words of the adventurers themselves. A practical discussion of the method of approach, the most advantageous view-points, the first impressions, and a careful description of available trails through the canyon follow. There is inevitably a certain monotony in descriptions of scenery, particularly of a kind the imagination finds difficult to picture, and interest in the book lags somewhat on this account. However, a region so inaccessible is deprived of the interest that comes from association with human activity. The

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story of the perilous adventures of the author and his friends in exploring the canyon are the most interesting portions of the book. A large number of beautiful photographs admirably supplement the text. A. H.

[In and Around the Grand Canyon. By George Wharton James. \$3.00. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.]

"A Journey to Nature," by J. P. Mowbray, is really a collection of papers that were originally contributed to the *New York Evening Post*. It is the story of a Wall Street broker who has an attack of heart failure, and, at his doctor's order, goes into the backwoods for a year. The broker is a widower, and is accompanied by his seven-year-old boy. The account of the first acquaintance with nature which father and son make is exceedingly entertaining, instructive, and humorous. The book is an interesting one. J. M. S.

[A Journey to Nature. By J. P. Mowbray. \$1.50. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.]

The blending of picturesque effects in the life of Old Albany in the colonial days, when Dutch persistence in national tastes and customs was but slowly yielding to English mastery, unrolls before us in vivid color as we follow the fortunes of the story named "The Black Gown," for the fine-natured Jesuit priest devoted to missionary labors among the Indians, who dies in service to a foe of his religion and his native country. In many a novel of the historical setting love introduces complications that pass unnoted on the pages of the historian's calm summary. "The Black Gown" is no exception to this general rule, but with a charm all its own depicts action moving swiftly through romantic and tragic episodes. The faithful love of a servant for his master, and of a lover for his lady, is told in a very winning and spirited fashion. A. E. H.

[The Black Gown. By Ruth Hall. \$1.50. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Under the title "The Fortune of a Day" are gathered a number of charming stories of Italy. They are simply told, centering around incidents small in themselves, but which mirror the Italian peasant life, its isolation and provincial standards, its piety and passion, and the nobility and the baseness that it shares with the common human life of the world. Long descriptions of sky and scene are happily unnecessary to render the atmosphere of the book. The characters are unmistakably Italian in all they say and do. The book is dramatic in quality, the words and acts of the characters tell the story and there is a subtle pleasure in being allowed to trace the undercurrent of feeling beneath the flow of their common talk. A. H.

[The Fortune of a Day. By Grace Ellery Channing-Stetson. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.]

In "Old Bowen's Legacy" Edwin Asa Dix, author of "Deacon Bradbury," has put forth a story that is strong, true to life, and full of difficult situations which are well met. Old Simeon Bowen, a hermit, dying, leaves a sum of money to be disposed of within a year by three trustees in whatever manner they may choose. Many complications arise, and numerous suggestions are offered by the townspeople as to the disposal of the money, and these incidents make up the story. There is very little humor in the book, and nothing weak or sentimental. In direct contrast to the jovial good nature of "David Harum," "Eben Holden," and other tales of northern farm and village life is the somber atmosphere of this story which dwells upon the darker side of human nature. In spite of this fact, however, the book is one which compels attention, and it is well worth reading. L. E. T.

[Old Bowen's Legacy. By Edwin Asa Dix. \$1.50. New York: The Century Co.]

It so happened that "The Crisis" was read for review on the Fourth of July; and let it be said at once that there is no book more *apropos* to the day. Mr. Winston Churchill of St. Louis has again utilized very successfully historical incident as the chief matter of a very readable novel, and in so doing he has written a book which is a veritable Fourth of July oration, a perfect bath of patriotism. The revelation of the human side of Lincoln and Grant and Sherman are so vivid, and the intensity of the ardor of patriotism is so keenly aroused as to almost submerge the love story that is threaded through the fabric. It is a refreshing lesson in American citizenship, a lesson which shows just where the strength of our country lies. It will be a convenient book to thrust into the hand of the pessimist who would turn the immigrant ship from our shores. As a book with a purpose, and as an exhibition of what a painstaking writer who has no great talent can accomplish, the book is a conspicuous success. But it is unfortunate that the author of a book of over four hundred pages should have such a continuous, unimpassioned style; that there should be a total void of flashes of brilliancy or humor or even grotesqueness to enliven it. T. W. L.

[The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Co.]

"Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip" is a simple and interesting story written by Clara Louise Burnham. The principal character is an elderly woman who was disappointed in love early in life. The man she loved dies, but has first asked her to care for his motherless young daughter. This girl resembles her father so much that a trip abroad seems quite like the wedding journey Miss Pritchard had planned to take with her father. Miss Pritchard and her ward spend a year traveling through foreign countries, and have many interesting experiences. A real romance, in which Miss Pritchard adds to the happiness of her ward, closes a story that is replete with instances of unselfish devotion. L. E. T.

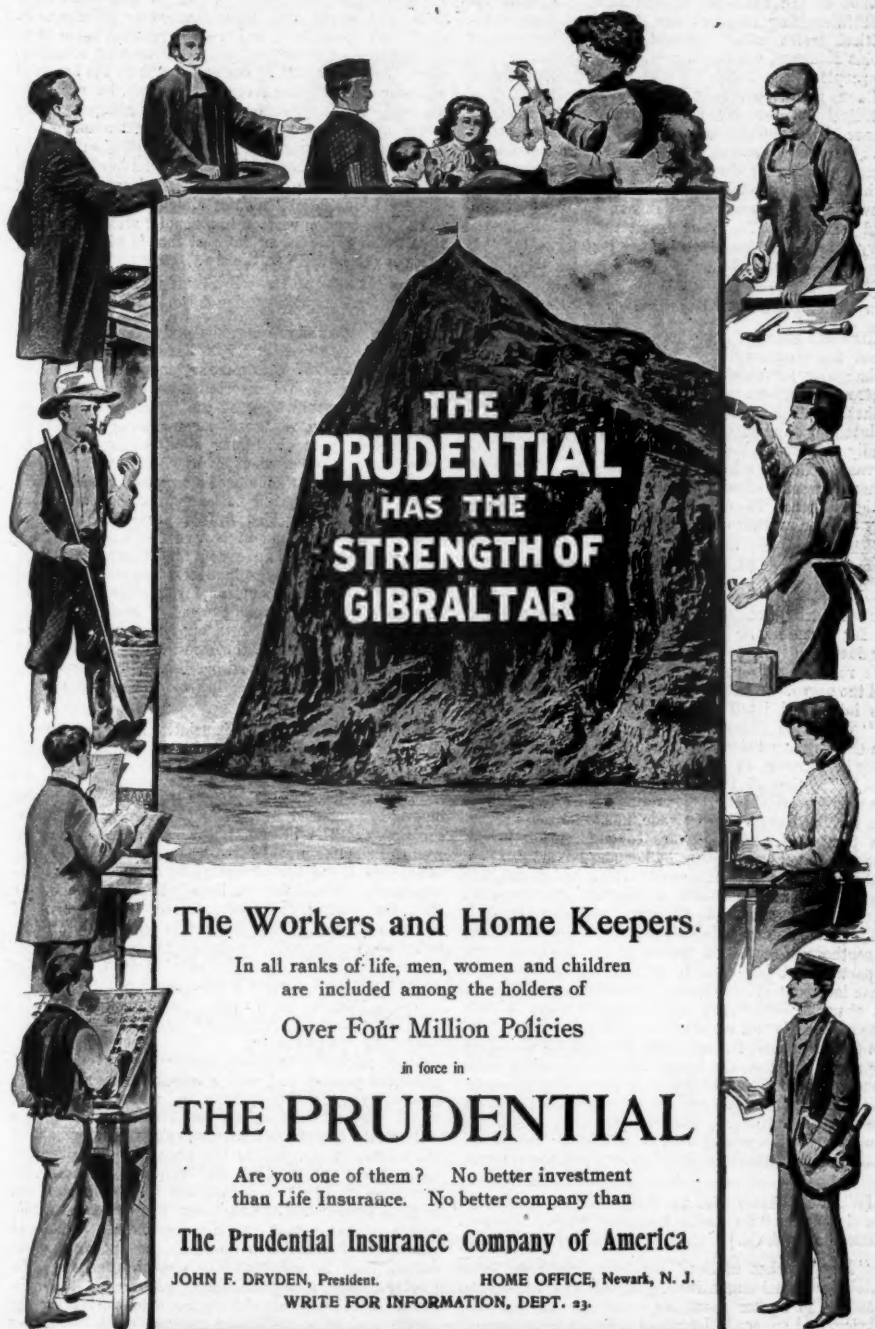
[Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip. By Clara Louise Burnham. \$1.50. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

"A Quaker Scout," by N. P. Runyan, is a mechanical production nowhere instinct with real life. The story is as impersonal as a news paragraph, and as neutral as the Quaker gray of the cover. The plot is laid in the time of the Civil war. The hero assaults his uncle and enlists. His falsely reported death gives his sweetheart to his rival, but the latter's death makes it possible for the author to rush the two through a marriage service in their first meeting after twenty years. There is no character-drawing, no attempt to appreciate human feeling under given conditions. The author marks his characters good or bad, but the labels are changed with arbitrary inconsequence as the plot needs, for example, a cruel and exasperating or a generous and forgiving uncle. The dramatic possibilities which the plot offers are rarely grasped. The story becomes an account merely of incidents, which at the turning-point of the plot are so improbable that one is never unconscious of the author pulling at the threads of his pattern. A. H.

[A Quaker Scout. By N. P. Runyan. \$1.25. New York: The Abbey Press.]

"The Lion's Brood" is a historical novel quite different from the ordinary type. It is a story of life in Italy during the Second Punic war, when Hannibal and his terrible followers—"the lion's brood"—were ravaging the country. Though there are many exciting encounters in the field, the author does not confine





himself to the activities of the army. Indeed, the most interesting chapters are those that portray the political tricks which resulted in the retirement of Fabius Maximus, whose policy had become distasteful to the people. The battle of Cannæ and the occupation of Capua give opportunity for excellent descriptions of historical persons and events. Interwoven with the clamor of war and the intrigue of politics is a love story. Both hero and heroine are young Roman patricians, friends and lovers; they have a misunderstanding, and in bringing them together the author displays deep knowledge of the customs of Roman society two thousand years ago. The book is interesting both for the story it tells and for the glimpses it gives of life "in the brave days of old."

C. C. T.

[The Lion's Brood. By Duffield Osborne. \$1.50. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.]

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has made an amusing story about the troubles which came to a family because of a change in servants. The abject helplessness of the mistress in her own house is quite as humorous as it is pathetic. This story places the responsibility for maintaining the peace of the home and for saving the family life from the slough of despond upon the servant. This is a large responsibility to be borne for a meagre weekly stipend, a room in the attic, and meals in the kitchen. The domestic service problem will probably call for another solution.

S. C.

[The Successors of Mary the First. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

The negro question is one that is constantly coming up for discussion, and in order to give it intelligent consideration it is necessary to fully comprehend the true relation existing between the genuine southerner and the negro. A social barrier, fostered by sentiment, has interposed itself between the races. The author of "When the Gates Lift up Their Heads" sets forth the existing conditions so clearly that one has no difficulty in forming an opinion as to the merits of the case. The time of the story is in the early seventies; the scene is laid in the mountains of North Carolina. The heroine, Portia Van Ostrade, has inherited a southern plantation, and endeavors to support her invalid mother and her grandfather by keeping boarders. Several northerners are numbered among her guests, and the description of their life of pleasure and recreation among the forests and mountains cannot fail to hold the undivided attention of the reader. Various phases of southern life are set before us, the negro sketches in particular being cleverly written. Interwoven with these incidents is a romance which is almost idyllic in its charming simplicity. The characters are skilfully drawn, the dialogues are bright and witty, the descriptions are full of artistic feeling. The original discussions of the negro problem, the humor and pathos which occasionally crop out, render the book more than passable. The story moves along quietly—no revolutionary theories are advanced, and few startling scenes are depicted, yet the reader is well content to bask in the sunny southern atmosphere and to drift with the current.

L. E. T.

[When the Gates Lift up Their Heads. A Story of the Seventies. By Payne Erskine. \$1.50. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.]

"Dog-Watches at Sea," by Stanton H. King, is an autobiographical narrative of experiences before the mast. The author spent six years in the merchant service, and an equal length of time aboard a man-of-war. The story of his life during those years is told in a manner that carries conviction of its truth. Leaving

a comfortable home when a lad, he underwent hardships that might well have daunted an older person. Hard work, poor food, and cruel treatment seem to be the common lot of sailors, and his case was no exception. Though he often suffered much at the hands of overbearing officers and cruel shipmates, he occasionally received kind treatment; and these glimpses of the better side of sea-faring life lighten what would otherwise be a gloomy picture. A boyish optimism and the memory of home carry him through the hardest trials. During his voyages the author visited many parts of the world, and he writes entertainingly of the things he saw. The book is written in a simple, straightforward style which gives it an interest that is wholly lacking in many tales of life on the sea.

C. C. T.

[Dog-Watches at Sea. By Stanton H. King. \$1.50. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Pierre Loti's story of his childhood is fascinating. In his own words, the title might be: "A journal of my extreme and inexplicable sorrows, and some of the boyish pranks by which I diverted my mind from them." Such a title would suggest the undertone of sadness which characterizes these memories of sensations experienced by an awakening mind in the struggle to place itself. The student of psychology finds here a remarkable record of childhood emotions. The ordinary reader can scarcely fail to be charmed by a narrative so deftly told. He who fails to have a sympathetic thrill, as he lights upon traces of familiar feelings in these pages, must be an exceptional being. The book will appeal in vain only to him for whom the memory of childhood's exquisite suffering from indefinable fears, and of its joyous imaginings which "run in the overgrown paths that lead to the unattainable," has died forever. It is fortunate that the translator has caught the spirit of the author, and has been able to reproduce in considerable measure his beauty of expression.

S. C.

[The Story of a Child. Translated from the French of Pierre Loti by Caroline F. Smith. \$1.25. Boston: C. C. Birchard & Co.]

"Queen Victoria, 1819-1901," is a reprint of the biography published in 1897 by the librarian at Windsor Castle. The present volume contains a supplementary chapter in which the leading events of the last few years in the life of the queen are narrated. The superiority claimed for this book is based upon the fact that the earlier chapters received the approval of Victoria herself. The statements can therefore be relied upon as correct. Although the book is readable, it does seem that, with the material at hand, the author might have made it more interesting.

S. C.

[Queen Victoria, 1819-1901. By Richard R. Holmes. \$1.50. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.]

Much curious information concerning the customs of primitive peoples has been gathered into a volume by Lewis Dayton Burdick. While the author has engaged in no original research, he has evidently consulted a wide range of published sources. The greater part of the volume is devoted to the rites which, in different ages, have accompanied the laying of foundations. Attention is called to many present-day ceremonies, the original significance of which has long since been forgotten. That human sacrifice was once a prominent feature of foundation ceremonial, the author is quite certain; and he points out, on what he believes to be good evidence, that the offering of animals, of vegetables, or of inanimate objects is a substitution, for the earlier and more gruesome custom, which increasing respect for human life made necessary. The great number of incidents cited breaks up the continuity of

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# STATEMENT of The Travelers Insurance Company OF HARTFORD, CONN.

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Total Assets, (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents NOT INCLUDED.) \$30,861,030.06

Total Liabilities (Including Reserves) . . . 26,317,903.25

Excess Security to Policy-holders, . . . 4,543,126.81

Surplus, . . . 3,543,126.81

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864, . . . 42,643,384.92

Paid to Policy-holders in 1900, . . . 2,908,464.03

Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life) . . . 1,586,652.20

Life Insurance in Force, . . . 109,019,851.00

### GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900.

In Assets, . . . \$3,167,819.96

In Insurance in Force (Life Department Only), . . . 8,685,297.06

Increase in Reserves (Both Departments), (3 1/2% basis) . . . 2,484,392.52

Premiums Collected, . . . 6,890,888.55

Sylvester C. Dunham, Vice-President

John E. Morris, Secretary

J. B. Lewis, M. D., Medical Director and Adjuster

Edward V. Preston, Superintendent of Agencies

Hiram J. Messenger, Actuary

the text and detracts considerably from the pleasure of the reader. S. C.

[Foundation Rites, with Some Kindred Ceremonies. By Lewis Dayton Burdick. \$1.50. New York: The Abbey Press.]

"Elements of the Theory and Practise of Cookery" is a text-book on household science; the authors, Mary E. Williams and Katherine Rolston Fisher, are well-known teachers of cookery in New York City. The book is designed for public school use, but will also be found valuable in girls' clubs and to young house-

keepers. The twelve chapters into which the book is divided are devoted to various phases of cookery and household economy. No particular method of teaching is suggested, and the book can be used by individuals as well as by classes. The work is not especially adapted to the young pupils in the public schools, but is better suited to mature students. It aims to supplement the instruction of the teacher, and to aid in unifying the work of classes and schools. L. E. T.

[Elements of the Theory and Practise of Cookery. By Mary E. Williams and Katherine Rolston Fisher. \$1.00. New York: The Macmillan Co.]

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

### THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, WASHINGTON.

Special Report of the United States Board on Geographic Names, relating to the Geographic Names in the Philippine Islands. Pamphlet.

A Forest Working Plan for Township 40, Totten and Crossfield Purchase, Hamilton County, New York State Forest Preserve. By Ralph S. Hosmer and Eugene S. Bruce. Pamphlet.

Fifteenth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor. 1900. A compilation of wages in commercial countries from official sources. Vols. I. and II. 6½ x 9½.

### PHILIPPINE INFORMATION SOCIETY, BOSTON.

Facts about the Filipinos. As Found in United States Documents and Other Authentic Publications. Vol. I., No. 8. Issued every other week. 10 cents each, \$2.00 per annum.

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The Rand-McNally Official Railway Guide and Hand Book. August, 1901. .25.

### WINN & JUDSON, CLEVELAND.

Western Reserve University Bulletin. Reports of the President and Faculties. Vol. IV., No. 4, July, 1901. Annual Subscription 50 cents. Issued bi-monthly by Western Reserve University.

### THE FORMAN-BASSETT-HATCH CO., CLEVELAND.

Thirty-second Report of the Cleveland Public Library Board. For the period from Sept. 1, 1899, to Dec. 31, 1900. With accompanying documents. Pamphlet.

### THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK.

Notes on Child Study. By Edward Lee Thorndike, Ph. D. (Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology, and Education.) Vol. 8, Nos. 3-4.

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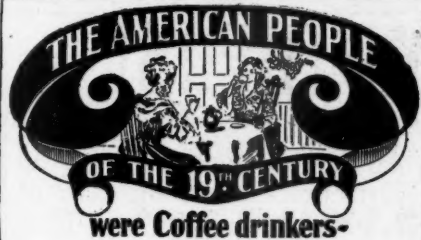
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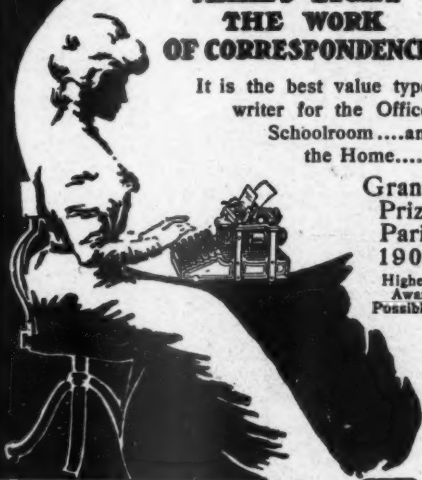
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### Contents for September, 1901.

Portrait Cover Design.

Illustration accompanying "The Ruin and Legend of Kynast."	Frontispiece
Highways and Byways.	549-562
The Great Steel Strike. Blacklisting and Boycotting. Municipal Taxation Problems. Taxation of Franchises. Trade with Porto Rico. United States Foreign Trade. American Cotton Goods in China. The Political Situation in France. Movement for Public Libraries. Regulating the Book Trade. The National Council of Women. Woman Suffrage in Norway. Death of Horatio J. Sprague. The Largest Ship Afloat. Outline of Chautauqua Reading Course for the Coming Year. With cartoons and illustrations.	
The Queen of Quelparte.	Archer Butler Hulbert. 563
A Tale of the Far East. Chaps. XIV-XX.	
A Bit of Spain Under Our Flag.	Leonora Beck Ellis. 578
Illustrated.	
A Florentine Monk's Romance.	Elizabeth M. Elgin. 585
Illustrated.	
Arcady. Verse.	Clinton Scollard. 590
A Day in Teneriffe.	Mary Choimondeley. 591
Illustrated.	
Mammy's Love-Story.	Julia B. Tenney. 597
"The Hearing Ear and the Seeing Eye."	N. Hudson Moore. 601
Nature Study for September. Illustrated.	
The Ruin and Legend of Kynast.	Anna Louise Vester. 605
The Beatification of a Saint.	Charles Burr Todd. 607
A Pestalozzian Pilgrimage.	S. Louise Patteson. 610
Illustrated.	
Indian Basketry in House Decoration.	George Wharton James. 619
Illustrated.	
Historic Swords.	Randolph Iltud Geare. 625
Illustrated.	
A Black Hussar at Waterloo.	Francis N. Thorpe. 631
Mission Schools in China.	Mary H. Krout. 635
The Night Hawk. Verse.	James Courtney Challiss. 641
Talk About Books.	642-648
Books Received.	650

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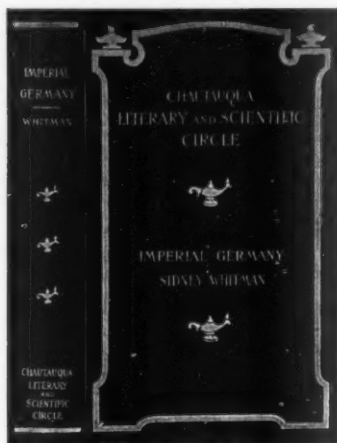
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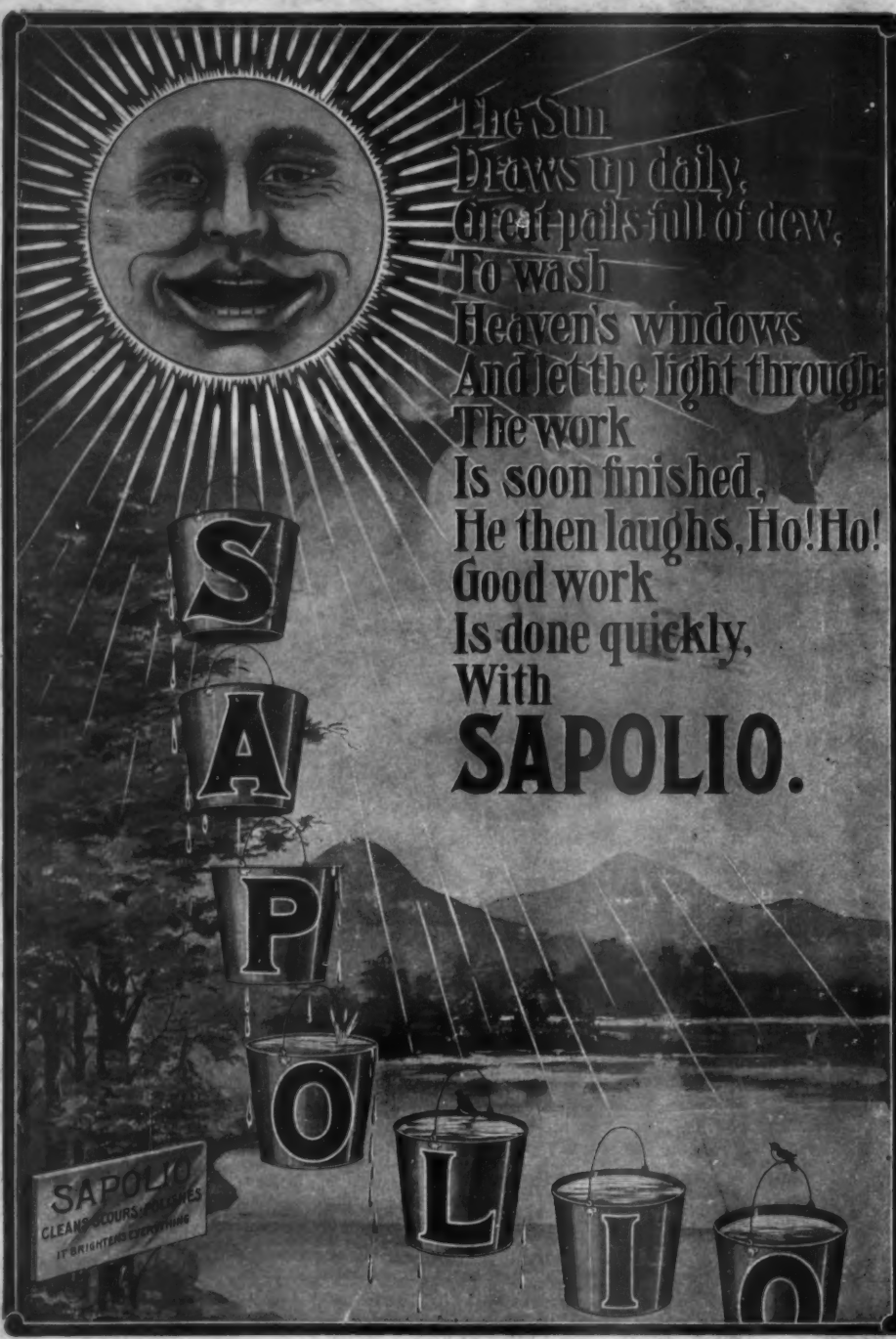
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**Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago**



The Sun  
Draws up daily,  
Great pails full of dew,  
To wash  
Heaven's windows  
And let the light through  
The work  
Is soon finished,  
He then laughs, Ho! Ho!  
Good work  
Is done quickly,  
With  
**SAPOLIO.**

**SAPOLIO**  
CLEANS, SCOURS, POLISHES  
IT BRIGHTENS EVERYTHING



